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THE

WORKS

OF

PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED

MEMOIRS OF THE AUTHOR'S LIFE.

A NEW EDITION,

REVISED AND CORRECTED;

WITH A COPIOUS INDEX.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

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CONTENTS.

1. PETER'S PENSION 1

2. PETER'S PROPHECY 43

3. SIR JOSEPH BANKS AND THE EMPEROR OF MOROCCO 85

4. EPISTLE TO A FALLING MINISTER 105

5. SUBJECTS FOR PAINTERS 129

6. EXPOSTULATORY ODES TO A GREAT DUKE AND A LITTLE LORD 213

7. A BENEVOLENT EPISTLE TO SYLVANUS URBAN 253

8. A ROWLAND FOR AN OLIVER 285

9. ADVICE TO THE FUTURE LAUREAT 329

10. COMPLIMENTARY EPISTLE TO JAMES BRUCE, ESQ. 347

11. THE RIGHTS OF KINGS 379

12. ODES TO MR. PAINE 457

13. THE REMONSTRANCE 415

14. MORE MONEY! 489

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PETER'S PENSION,

A SOLEMN EPISTLE

TO

A SUBLIME PERSONAGE.

"My heart is inditing of a good matter: I speak of the things which I have made, unto the King." PSALM XLV.

Non possum Tecum vivere, nec sine Te.

THE ARGUMENT.

A grand Exordium, containing News from Jericho—Peter informeth Majesty of the great Noise on their respective Accounts—and talketh of Samson and Dalilah, the London Coffee-houses, and the Royal Exchange—Peter explaineth the Cause of the great Noise, and ejaculateth—talketh of Preparations at the Palace for his Disgrace and Murder—Peter *informeth* Majesty of what Majesty hath been *informed*—complaineth that he hath been pictured a downright Devil—beggeth that a proper Inquiry may be instituted—Peter pronounceth himself no Devil—Peter writeth *soft* Sonnets, to prove that he hath not a *hard* Heart.

Peter talketh of Courtiers and Court Matters—of what the World wickedly sayeth of him—Peter cannot convince the World—mentioneth the Despondence of the Newspapers, Magazines, and Reviews—also the Famine in Poetry—Peter exculpateth Majesty—Peter refuseth modestly—hinteth at Royal *Misfortunes*, Diamonds, Nabobs, and an Action of Trover—Peter prophesieth mournfully—giveth the History of Nebuchadnezzar's Grass-Diet—Peter affordeth good Reasons for *refusing* a Pension—relateth an Anecdote of a dead Archbishop—formeth a Scheme for universal Happiness, by discovering Sin and Shame to be a Pair of Impostors, and for making mournful Sunday merry—Peter outdoeth old Poets in Egotism—condemneth Mistress Damer, the great She-statuary, for *attempting* our most sublime Sovereign—Peter, like many Authors, exhibiteth prodigious Acquaintance with ancient Literature, by mentioning the Names of Jupiter, Phidias, Praxiteles, Virgil, and Augustus Cesar—Peter puffeth again—Peter produceth a Tale about Majesty, Mister Robinson, Alderman Skinner, and *choaked* Sheep—also a Tale of Majesty and Parson Young, whose Neck was unfortunately *unhinged* at a Hunt.

Peter still hankereth after Pensions—declaimeth on the Powers of Poetry, as also on his own *miraculous* Powers——Peter professeth Independency, and

great Capability of making a hearty Mutton-bone Dinner, like Andrew Marvel—Peter distrusteth his Fortitude—quoteth Opposition-Men for pitiful Desertion of Principle, and descanteth on Money—Peter telleth an apposite Tale of Lady Huntingdon's Parson, a Dog, and a Squire.

Peter quoteth the *Wind* and Mr. Eden—exhibiteth more Symptoms of Pension Love—concludeth in a Foam against Knighthood.

PETER'S PENSION.

Dread Sir, the Rams' Horns that blew down
The walls of Jericho's old town,
  Made a most monstrous uproar, all agree:
But lo! a *louder* noise around us rages,
About two most important personages;
  No less, my Royal Liege, than *you* and *me*.

In short, not greater the Philistines made
When Dalilah, a little artful jade
      (Indeed a very pretty girl),
Snipp'd off her lover Mister Samson's curl;
Who well repaid the clamours of the bears,
By pulling down the house about their ears.

Prodigious is the shake around:
Still London keeps (thank God) her ground,
Yet how th' Exchange and Coffee-houses ring!
Nothing is heard but "Peter and the King."
The handsome Bar-maids stare, as mute as fishes;
And sallow Waiters, frightened, drop their dishes.

At first 'twas thought the Triumph of the Jews,
On some great Victory in the *boxing* way:
The news, the very Antichristian news,
Of Israel's Hero* having won the day;
And Humphries, a true Christian Boxer, beat:
Enough to give all *Christendom* a sweat.

Again, 'twas thought great news of the Grand Turk,
Who on his hands hath got some serious work:
'Twas fancied he had lost the day;
That every Mussulman was kill'd in battle,—
A fate *most proper* for such *heathen* Cattle,
Who do not pray to God *our way*.

But lo! unto the lofty skies,
Of sound this wonderful ascension
Doth verily, my Liege, from this arise;—
That you have given the gentle Bard a Pension.

Great is the shout indeed, Sir, all abroad,
That you have order'd me this handsome thing;
On which, with lifted eyes I've said, "Good God!
Though great my merits, yet how great the King!"

And yet, believe me, Sir, I lately heard
That all your doors were doubly lock'd and barr'd

* Mendoza.

Against the Poet for his tuneful art;
And that the tall, stiff, stately, red Machines,
Your Grenadiers, the guards of Kings and Queens,
Were order'd all to stab me to the heart:

That if to House of Buckingham I came,
Commands were given to Mistress Brigg,
A comely, stout, two-handed Dame,
To box my ears and pull my wig;
The Cooks to spit me; curry me, the Grooms;
And Kitchen Queens to baste me with their brooms.

You're told that in my ways I'm very evil;
So ugly, fit to travel for a show:
And that I look all grimly where I go,
Just like a Devil;
With horns, and tail, and hoofs, that make folks start,
And in my breast a Mill-stone for a Heart.

This cometh from a certain Painter*, Sire:
Bid story-mousing Nicolai inquire;
Your Page, your Mercury, with cunning eyes;
Who, jumping at each sound, so eager opes
His pretty wither'd pair of Chinese chops,
Like a Dutch Dog that leaps at butterflies.

* The *great* Mr. West.

He, Sire, will look me o'er; and will not fail
To swear that I've no horns, nor hoofs, nor tail.

Lord, Lord! these sayings grieve me and surprise.
Dread Sir, don't see with other people's eyes:
No Devil am I, with horns, and tail, and hoofs.
As for the likeness of my Heart to Stone—
No, Sir; it's full as tender as your own:
Accept, my Liege, some simple love-sick proofs.

TO AN UNFORTUNATE BEAUTY.

Say, lovely Maid with downcast eye,
And cheek with silent sorrow pale;
What gives thy heart the lengthen'd sigh,
That heaving tells a mournful tale?

Thy tears which thus each other chase,
Bespeak a breast o'erwhelm'd with woe;
Thy sighs, a storm that wrecks thy peace,
Which souls like thine should never know.

Oh! tell me, doth some favoured Youth,
Too often blest, thy beauties slight;
And leave those thrones of love and truth,
That lip, and bosom of delight?

What though to other Nymphs he flies,
And feigns the fond impassion'd tear,
Breathes all the eloquence of sighs,
That treacherous won thy artless ear?

Let not those Nymphs thy anguish move,
For whom his heart may seem to pine:
That heart shall ne'er be blest by Love,
Whose guilt can force a pang from *thine*.

FOR CYNTHIA.

Ah! tell me no more, my dear Girl, with a sigh,
That a coldness will creep o'er my heart;
That a sullen indifference will dwell on my eye,
When thy beauty begins to depart.

Shall thy graces, O Cynthia, that gladden my day,
And brighten the gloom of the night,
Till life be extinguish'd, from memory stray,
Which it ought to review with delight?

Upbraiding, shall Gratitude say with a tear,
"That no longer I think of those charms
Which gave to my bosom such rapture sincere,
And faded at length in my arms?"

Why yes: it may happen, thou Damsel divine;
To be honest, I freely declare;
That e'en now to thy converse so much I incline,
I've already forgot thou art fair.

TO LAURA.

How happy was the morn of love,
When first thy beauty won my heart!
How guiltless of a wish to rove!
I deem'd it more than death, to part.

Whene'er from *thee* I chanced to stray,
How Fancy dwelt upon thy mien,
That spread with flowers my distant way,
And shower'd delight on every scene!

But Fortune, envious of my joys,
Hath robb'd a Lover of thy charms;
From me thy sweetest smile decoys,
And gives thee to another's arms.

Yet, though my tears are doom'd to flow,
May tears be never Laura's lot!
Let Love protect *thy* heart from woe,
His wound to *mine* shall be forgot.

HYMN TO MODESTY.

O Modesty, thou shy and blushful Maid,
Don't of a simple Shepherd be afraid.
Wert thou my Lamb, with sweetest grass I'd treat thee:
I am no Wolf so savage, that should eat thee.
Then haste with me, O Nymph, to dwell,
And give a Goddess to my cell.

Thy fragrant Breast, like Alpine Snows so white,
Where all the nestling Loves delight to lie;
Thine Eyes, that shed the milder light
Of Night's pale Wanderer o'er her cloudless sky;
O Nymph, my panting, wishing bosom warm,
And beam around me, what a world of charm
Then haste with me, O Nymph, to dwell,
And give a Goddess to my cell.

Thy flaxen Ringlets, that luxuriant spread,
And hide thy bosom with an envious shade;
Thy polish'd Cheek so dimpled, where the Rose
In all the bloom of ripening summer blows;
Thy luscious Lips, that heavenly dreams inspire,
By Beauty form'd, and loaded with desire;

With sorrow, and with wonder, lo! I see
(What melting treasures!) *thrown away* on *thee.*
Then haste with me, O Nymph, to dwell,
And give a Goddess to my cell.

Thou knowest not that Bosom's fair design:
And as for those two pouting Lips divine,
Thou think'st them form'd alone for simple chat;
To bill so happy with thy favourite Dove,
And playful force, with sweetly fondling love,
Their kisses on a Lapdog or a Cat.
Then haste with me, meek Maid, to dwell,
And give a Goddess to my cell.

Such thoughts thy sweet *simplicity* produces:
But I can point out far *sublimer* uses;
Uses the very best of men esteem,
Of which thine innocence did never dream.
Then haste with me, meek Maid, to dwell,
And give a Goddess to my cell.

Oh! fly from Impudence, the brazen rogue
Whose flippant tongue hath got the Irish brogue:
Whose hands would pluck thee like the fairest Flow'r;
Thy cheeks, eyes, forehead, lips, and neck, devour.
Shun, shun that Caliban, and with me dwell:
Then come, and give a Goddess to my cell.

The world, O simple Maid! is full of art;
Would turn thee pale, and fill with dread thy heart,
Didst thou perceive but half the snares
The Devil for charms like thine prepares.
Then haste, O Nymph, with me to dwell,
And give a Goddess to my cell.

From morn to eve my kiss of speechless love,
Thy eyes' mild beam and blushes shall improve;
And, lo! from our so innocent embrace,
Young Modesties shall spring, a numerous race!
The blushing Girls in every thing like thee,
The *bashful* Boys prodigiously like *me*.
Then haste with me, O Nymph, to dwell,
And give a Goddess to my cell.

Is not this pretty, Sir? can aught be sweeter?
Instead of that vile appellation, Devil,
So blackguard, so unfriendly, and uncivil,
Should not I be baptized the *gentle* Peter?

Great is the buz about the Court,
As at th' Exchange, where Jews, Turks, Christians, meet;
Or Smithfield fair, where *beasts* of *every* sort,
Pigs, sheep, men, bullocks, all so *friendly* greet.

Busy indeed is many a sly Court Leech,
Afraid to trust each other with a speech;
In hems, and hahs, and half-words, hinting;
Some whispering, listening, tip-toe walking, squinting:
For, lo! so warily each Courtier speaks,
They seem to talk with Halters round their necks.

Some praise the King for nobleness of spirit,
For ever studying how to find out merit;—
While from its box their Heart doth slily peep,
And ask the Tongue with marvelling eyes,
How it can dare to tell a heap
Of such unconscionable bare-faced *lies*.

"How are the mighty fall'n!" the People cry,
Meaning *me:*
"Another Hog of Epicurus' sty,
This vile Apostate bends to Baal the knee.
Lo! for a little meat and guzzle,
This sneaking Cur too takes the muzzle.

"In Lyric Scandal soon will be a chasm:
He wrote for bribes, 'tis plain; and now he has 'em.
This mighty War-horse will be soon in hand,
By means of meat, the price of venal notes;
Calm as a Hackney-coach Horse on his stand,
Tossing about his nose-bag and his oats.

" Whatever he hath said, he dares unsay,
In native impudence so rich;
Explain the plainest things away,
And call his Muse a forward Bitch;
Treat fire of friendly Promises as Smoke,
And laugh at Truth and Honour as a Joke."
Such, Sir, is your good people's howl,
As thick as small Birds pestering a poor Owl.

In vain I tell the World around,
That I have *not* a Pension found;
Which speech of simple truth the Mob enrages:
" Peter, this is an arrant lie;
The fact is clear, too clear," they cry;
" Thou hast already *touch'd* a quarter's wages.
Varlet, it always was thy vile intention:
Thou hast, thou hast, thou liar, got a Pension."

Still, to support my innocence, I've said
(Most sinfully, I own), " I han't, by God:"
Yet, had I sworn my eyes out of my head,
They never had believed: how vastly odd!

The morning and the evening Papers,
Struck by the sound, are in the vapours,

And mourn and droop to think I'm dead:
Stunn'd by the unexpected news,
The Magazines and the Reviews
For grief can scarcely lift the head.

" Nothing but poor mechanic stuff," they cry,
" Shall now be quoted for the public eye;
Nothing original in song;
No novelty of images and thought
Before our fair Tribunal shall be brought,
But trifling transpositions of our tongue.

" Nought but a solemn pomp of words,
Bearing a lifeless thought, shall Readers meet:
The picture of a Funeral that affords,
So solemn marching through the staring street;

" Where flags, and horse, and foot, a sorrow ape,
With all the dread *dismality* of crape,
Near the poor Corpse; perhaps a puny Brat,
Or dry Old Maid, as meagre as a Cat."—

No, Sir, you never offer'd me a Pension;
But then, I guess it is your kind *intention:*
Yes, Sir, you *mean* a small douceur to proffer;
But give me leave, Sir, to *decline* the offer.

I'm much obliged t'ye, Sir, for your good will;
But Oratorios have half undone ye*:
'Tis whisper'd too, that thieves have robb'd the Till
Which kept your milk and butter money.

So much with Saving-wisdom are you taken,
Drury and Covent-Garden seem forsaken:
Since *cost* attendeth those theatric borders,
Content you go to Richmond House† with *orders.*

Form'd to delight all eyes, all hearts engage,
When lately the sweet Princess‡ came of age,
Train-oil instead of Wax was bid t' illume
The goodly Company and Dancing-room.
This never had been done, I'm very sure,
Had not you been, *some way or other*, poor.

You now want guineas to buy live stock, Sir,
To graze your Windsor hill and vale;
And Farmers will not let their cattle stir,
Until the Money's down upon the nail.

* His Majesty's baby Oratorios in Tottenham-street, after a great struggle to live, are absolutely dead. Poor souls! they died of a famine. Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden Oratorios eat away their meat.

† Here is a pretty little nut-shell of a Theatre, fitted up for the convenience of Ladies and Gentlemen of Quality who wish to expose themselves.

‡ Princess Royal.

I'm told your Sheep have died by dogs and bitches,
And that your Fowls have suffer'd by the fitchews;
And that your Man-traps, guards of goose and duck
And cocks and hens, have had but so-so luck.
Scarce *fifty* rogues, in chase of fowls and eggs,
Have in those *loving* engines left their Legs.

The Bulse, Sir, on a visit to the Tower,
Howe'er the Royal visage may look sour,
Howe'er an object of a deep devotion,
Must cross *once more* the Eastern Ocean.

Indeed I hope the Diamonds *will* be off,
  Or Scandal on us rolls in floods:
Some Nabob may be vile enough
  To bring an action for *stolen goods;*
An action, to speak lawyer-like, of trover;
And Heaven forbid it should come over!

For Money-matters, I am sure,
  The Abbey Music was put off;
Because the Royal purse is poor,
  Plagued with a dry consumptive cough:
Yet in full health again that purse may riot,
By God's grace and a *skim-milk diet.*

Close as a Vice behold the nation's Fist!
Vain will be mouths made up for Civil List;
And humble prayers, so very stale,
Will all be call'd an old wife's tale.

Your *faithful* Commons to your cravings
Will not give up the Nation's savings:—
Your favourite Minister, I'm told, runs restiff,
And growls at such petitions like a Mastiff.

What if my good friend Hastings goes to pot?
Adams and Anstruther have flung hard stones:
He finds his situation rather hot:
Burke, Fox, and Sheridan, may break his bones.

As surely as *we* saw and felt the Bulse,
Hastings hath got a very aukward pulse;
Therefore in jeopardy the culprit stands:
Like Patients whose disorders Doctors slight
Too often, he may bid us all good night;
And slip, poor man, between our hands.

Then, Sir, oh! then, as long as life endures,
Nought but *remembrance* of the Bulse is ours;
And to a stomach that like *ours* digests,
Slight is the dinner on *remember'd* feasts.—

I think we cases understand, and ken
Symptoms, as well as most *ingenious* men;
But Lord, how oft the wisest are mistaken!
Therefore I tremble for his badger'd bacon.
We may be *out*, with all our skill so clever;
And what we think an Ague, prove *jail fever*.

Nebuchadnezzar, Sir, the King,
As sacred histories sweetly sing,
Was on all-fours turn'd out to grass,
Just like a Horse, or Mule, or Ass:
Heavens, what a fall from kingly glory!
I hope it will not so turn out
That we shall have (to make a rout)
A Second Part of that old story.——

This Pension was well meant, O glorious King,
And for the Bard a very pretty thing:
But let me, Sir, refuse it, I implore;
I ought not to be rich while *you* are poor.
No, Sir, I cannot be your humble Hack:
I fear your Majesty would break my back.

I dare refuse you for another reason.
We differ in Religion, Sir, a deal:
You fancy it a sin allied to treason,
And vastly dangerous to the Commonweal,

For Subjects minuets and jigs to play
On the Lord's day.

Now, Sir, I'm very fond of Fiddling;
And, in my Morals, what the World calls *middling:*
I've ask'd my Conscience, that came straight from heaven,
Whether I stood a chance to be forgiven,
If on a Sunday, from all scruples free,
I scraped the old Black Joke and *Chère amie.*

"Ah, fool!" exclaimed my Conscience: "know,
God never against Music made a rule;
On Sundays you may safely take your bow,
And *play* as well the Fiddle as the Fool."

A late Archbishop* too, O King,
Who knew most *secrets* of the Skies,
Said, Heaven on Sundays relish'd pipe and string,
Where sounds on sounds unceasing rise;
And ask'd, as Sunday had its Music *there,*
Why Sunday should not have its Music *here.*

In consequence of this *divine* opinion,
That Prince of Parsons in your great dominion

* Cornwallis.

Inform'd his *fashionable* Wife
That she might have her Sunday Routs and Cards,
And meet at last with Heaven's rewards
When Death should take her precious life.

Thus dropping pious qualms, religious doubts,
His Lady did enjoy her Sunday Routs:
Upon Good Friday too, that awful day,
Lo! like Vauxhall, was Lambeth all so gay.

Now if his *present* Grace, with sharpen'd eyes,
Could squint a little *deeper* in the Skies,
He might be able to inform his Dame
Of two impostors perhaps, call'd Sin and Shame,
Who many a pleasure from our grasp remove,
Pretending to Commissions from above.

Like this a *secret* could his Grace explore,
What a proud day for *us* and Mistress Moore!
For, lo! two greater Foes we cannot name
To this world's joys, than Messieurs Sin and Shame.

Then might we think no more of Praise and Pray'r,
But leave at will our Maker in the lurch;
Sleep, racket, lie abed, or take the air,
And send our *servants* and the *dogs* to *church*.

Sunday, like other days, would then have *life;*
Now prim, and starch, and silent, as a Quaker;
And gloomy in her looks, as if the Wife
Or Widow of an Undertaker.

Happy should I have been, my Liege,
So great a Monarch to oblige;
And, Sir, between you and the post
And me, you don't know *what* you've *lost.*

The loss of me, so great a Bard,
Is not, O King! to be repair'd.
My Verse, superior to the hardest Rock,
Nor earthquake fears, nor sea, nor fire;
Surpassing therefore Mistress Damer's *Block,*
That boasts so strong a *likeness* of you, Sire.

That Block, so ponderous, must with age decay,
And all the lines of *wisdom* wear away.—
I grant the Lady's loyalty and love;
Yet " none but *Phidias* should attempt a *Jove.*"

The Macedonian Hero graced the stone
Of famed Praxiteles alone;
Forbidding others to attempt his knob,
It was so great and difficult a job.

Augustus swore an oath so dread,
He'd cut off any Poet's head,
But Virgil's, that should dare his praise rehearse,
Or mention even his name in verse.

Then, Sir, if I may be a little free,
My Art would suit your merits to a T.

Lord in my adamantine Lays
Your Virtues would like Bonfires blaze:
So firm your tuneful Jeweller would set 'em,
They'd break the teeth of Time to eat 'em.

Wrapp'd in the splendour of my golden Line,
For ever would your Majesty be fine;
Appear a Gentleman of first repute,
And always glitter in a Birthday-suit.

Then to all stories would I give the lie
That dared attack you, and your fame devour;
Making a King a Ninepin in our eye,
Who ought like Egypt's Pyramids to tower:
Such as the following Fable, for example;
Of impudence, unprecedented sample.

THE ROYAL SHEEP.

Some time ago a dozen Lambs,
Two reverend patriarchal Rams,
And one good motherly old Ewe,
Died on a sudden down at Kew;

Where, with the sweetest innocence, alas!
Those pretty inoffensive Lambs,
And reverend horned patriarchal Rams,
And motherly old Ewe, were nibbling grass:
All the fair property of our great King,
Whose deaths did much the Royal bosom wring.

'Twas said that Dogs had tickled them to death;
Play'd with their gentle throats, and stopp'd their breath.

Like Homer's Heroes on th' ensanguin'd plain,
Stalk'd Mister Robinson* around the slain,
And never was more frighten'd in his life.
So shock'd was Mister Robinson's whole face,
Not stronger horrors could have taken place
Had Cerberus devour'd his Wife.

* The hind.

With wild despairing looks and sighs,
And wet and pity-asking eyes,
He trembling to the Royal presence ventur'd,
White as the whitest Napkin when he enter'd;
White as the Man who sought King Priam's bed,
And told him that his warlike Son was dead.

" Oh! please your Majesty," he blubb'ring cried;
And then stopp'd short.—
" What? what? what? what?" the staring King replied:
" Speak, Robinson, speak, speak; what, what's the hurt?"

" O Sire," said Robinson again.—
" Speak," said the King; " put, put me out of pain:
Don't, don't in this suspense a body keep."—
" O Sire," cried Robinson, " the Sheep, the Sheep!"—

" What of the Sheep," replied the King, " pray, pray?
Dead, Robinson? dead, dead; or run away?"—
" Dead!" answer'd Robinson; " dead! dead! dead! dead!"
Then, like a drooping Lily, hung his head.

" How? how?" the Monarch ask'd, with visage sad.—
" By Dogs," said Robinson, " and likely mad."—

"No, no, they can't be mad, they can't be mad:
No, no, things arn't so bad, things arn't so bad,"
Rejoin'd the King:
"Off with them quick to *market;* quick, depart;
In with them, in, in with them in a cart:
Sell, sell them for as much as they will bring."

Now to Fleet Market, driving like the Wind,
Amidst the murder'd Mutton rode the Hind*;
All in the Royal cart so great,
To try to sell the Royal meat.

The news of this rare batch of Lambs,
And Ewe and Rams,
Design'd for many a London dinner,
Reach'd the fair ears of Master Sheriff Skinner;
Who, with a hammer, and a conscience clear,
Gets glory, and ten thousand pounds a year;
And who, if things go tolerably fair,
Will be one day proud London's proud Lord Mayor.

The Alderman was in his pulpit shining,
'Midst Gentlemen with night-caps, hair, and wigs;
In language most rhetorical defining
The sterling merit of a Lot of Pigs:

* Mister Robinson.

When suddenly the news was brought,
That in Fleet Market were unwholesome Sheep;
Which made the Preacher from his pulpit leap
As nimble as a Taylor, or as Thought.

For justice panting, and unawed by fears,
This King, this Emperor, of Auctioneers,
Set off: a furious face indeed he put on.
Like Lightning did he gallop up Cheapside,
Like Thunder down through Ludgate did he ride,
To catch the man who sold this dreadful Mutton.

Now to Fleet Market full of wrath he came;
And, with the spirit of an ancient Roman,
Exceeded I believe by no man,
The Alderman so virtuous cried out "Shame!

"Damme," to Robinson said Master Skinner,
"Who on such Mutton, Sir, can make a dinner?"—
"*You*, if you please,"
Cried Mister Robinson with perfect ease.

"Sir!" quoth the red-hot Alderman again.
"*You*," quoth the Hind, in just the same cool strain.

"Off, off," cried Skinner, "with your Carrion heap!
Quick, damme, take away your nasty Sheep.

While I command, not e'en the King
Shall such vile stuff to market bring,
And London stalls such garbage put on;
So please to take away your stinking Mutton."—

"*You*," replied Robinson, "*you* cry out Shame?
You blast the Sheep, good Master Skinner, pray?
You give the harmless Mutton a bad name?
You impudently order it away?

"*Sweet* Master Alderman, don't make this rout:
Pray clap your spectacles upon your snout;
And then your keen surveying eyes regale
With those same fine large letters on the cart
Which brought this *blasted* Mutton here for sale."—
Poor Skinner read, and read it with a start.

Like Hamlet frighten'd at his Father's Ghost,
The Alderman stood staring like a Post:
He saw G. R. inscribed, in handsome letters,
Which proved the Sheep belong'd unto his *betters*.

The Alderman now turn'd to deep reflection;
And, being blest with *proper* recollection,
Exclaim'd: "I've made a great *mistake;* oh! sad:
The Sheep are really not so *bad*.

" Dear Mister Robinson, I beg your pardon,
Your Job-like patience I've borne hard on:
Whoever says the Mutton is not good,
Knows nothing, Mister Robinson, of food.

" I verily believe I could turn glutton,
On such neat, wholesome, pretty-looking Mutton.
Pray, Mister Robinson, the Mutton sell.
I hope, Sir, that his Majesty is well."

So saying, Mister Robinson he quitted,
With Cherubimic Smiles and placid brows,
For such embarrassing occasions fitted;
Adding just five and twenty humble Bows.

To work went Robinson to sell the Sheep;
But people would not buy, except dog-cheap*:
At length the Sheep were sold, without the fleece;
And brought King George just Half-a-crown apiece.

Now for the other saucy *lying* Story;
Made, one would think, to tarnish Kingly glory.

* Indeed the Mutton could be sold only for Dog's Meat.

THE KING AND PARSON YOUNG.

The King (God bless him) met old Parson Young
Walking on Windsor Terrace one fair morning:
Delightful was the day, the scent was strong;
A heavenly day for howling and for horning;
For tearing Farmers' hedges down, hallooings,
Shouts, curses, oaths, and such-like *pious* doings.

"Young," cried the King, "d'ye hunt, d'ye hunt to-day?
Yes, yes: what, what? yes, yes: fine day, fine day."

Low with a reverent bow the Priest replied,
"Great King, I really have no Horse to ride:
Nothing, O Monarch, but my founder'd Mare;
And she, my Liege, as blind as she can stare."—

"No horse?" rejoin'd the King: "no horse, no horse?"—
"Indeed," the Parson added, "I have none:
Nothing but poor old Dobbin; who of course
Is dangerous, being blinder than a Stone."—

"Blind, blind, Young? never mind: you must, must go;
Must hunt, must hunt, Young. Stay behind? no, no."—

What pity that the King, in his discourse,
Forgot to say, "I'll lend you, Young, a horse!"

The King to Young behaving thus so *kind*,
Whate'er the danger, and howe'er inclin'd,
At home with *politesse* Young could not stay:
So up his Reverence got upon the mare;
Resolv'd the chase with Majesty to share,
And risk the dangers of the day.

Roused was the Deer. The King and Parson Young,
Castor and Pollux like, rode side by side;
When, lo! a ditch was to be sprung:
Over leap'd George the Third with *kingly* pride.

Over leap'd Tinker, Towzer, Rockwood, Towler,
Over leap'd Mend-all, Brushwood, Jubal, Jowler,
Trimbush and Lightning, Music, Ranter, Wonder,
And fifty others with their mouths of thunder;
Great names, whose Pedigrees so fair
With those of Homer's Heroes might compare.

Thus *gloriously* attended, leap'd the King;
By all those Hounds attended with a spring:
Not Cesar's self a fiercer look put on,
When with his Host he pass'd the Rubicon.

But wayward Fate the Parson's palfry humbled,
And gave the Mare a sudden check;
Unfortunately, poor blind Dobbin stumbled,
And broke his Reverence's neck.

The Monarch, gaping, with amaze look'd round
Upon his dead Companion on the ground.
"What, what?" he cried, "Young dead? Young dead,
Young *dead?*
Humph! take him up, and put him home *to bed.*"

Thus having finish'd, with a cheerful face
Nimrod the Second joined the jovial chase.

A MORAL REFLECTION.

Fools would have *stopp'd* when Parson Young was kill'd,
And given up every thought of Hound and Deer;
And with a *weakness*, call'd Compassion, fill'd,
Had turn'd *Samaritan*, and dropp'd a tear.

But *better* far the Royal Sportsman knew:
He guess'd the consequence, beyond a doubt;
Full well he guess'd he should not have a *view*,
And that he should be shamefully *thrown out.*

Perhaps from the Royal eye a tear *might* hop;
Yet Pages swear they never *saw* it drop.

But Majesty may say: "What, what, what's death?
Nought, nought, nought but a little loss of breath."

To Parson Young 'twas *more*, I'm very clear:
He lost by death some hundred pounds a year.

A GREAT deal, my dear Liege, depends
On having clever Bards for Friends.
What had Achilles been without his Homer?
A taylor, woollen-draper, or a comber:
Fellows that have been dead a hundred year,
None but the Lord knows how or where.

In Poetry's rich grass how Virtues *thrive!*
Some, when put in, so lean, seem scarce alive;
And yet, so speedily a bulk obtain,
That even their *owners* know them not again.

Could *you* indeed have gain'd *my* Muse of fire,
Great would your luck have been indeed, Great Sire:
Then had I prais'd your nobleness of spirit;
Then had I boasted that Myself,
Hight Peter, was the first blest tuneful elf
You ever gave a farthing to for *merit*.

Though money be a pretty handy tool,
Of mammon, lo! I scorn to be the fool:
If Fortune calls, she's welcome to my cot,
Whether she leaves a Guinea or a Groat;
Whether she brings me from the butcher's shop
The whole Sheep, or a simple Chop.

For, lo! like Andrew Marvel I can dine,
And deem a Mutton-bone extremely fine:
Then, Sir, how difficult the task you see,
To bribe a *moderate* Gentleman like *me*.

I will not swear, point blank, I shall not alter:
A Saint (my namesake) e'en was known to falter.

Nay more: some clever men in Opposition,
Whose souls did really *seem* in good condition;
Who made of Pitt such horrible complaint,
And damn'd him for the worst of knaves;
Alter'd their minds; became Pitt's abject slaves,
And publish'd their new Patron for a *Saint*.

And who is there that may not change his mind?
Where can you folks of that description find
Who will not sell their Souls for Cash,
That most *angelic diabolic* trash?

E'en grave Divines submit to glittering Gold;
The best of consciences are bought and sold:
As in a Tale I'll show, most edifying,
And prove to all the World that I'm not lying.

THE PARSON,

THE SQUIRE, AND THE SPANIEL.

A TALE.

A GENTLEMAN possessed a favourite Spaniel,
That never treated maid nor man ill:
This Dog, of whom we cannot too much say,
Got from his Godfather the name of Tray.

After ten years of service just,
Tray, like the race of Mortals, sought the dust;
That is to say, the Spaniel died:
A coffin then was order'd to be made,
The Dog was in the church-yard laid,
And o'er his *pale* Remains the Master cried.

Lamenting much his trusty fur-clad Friend,
And willing to commemorate his end,

He rais'd a small blue Stone, just after burial,
And, weeping, wrote on it this *sweet* Memorial:

TRAY'S EPITAPH.

"HERE rest the Relics of a Friend below,
"Blest with more sense than half the folks I know:
"Fond of his ease, and to no parties prone,
"He damn'd no sect, but calmly gnaw'd his bone;
"Perform'd his functions well in every way.
"Blush, Christians, if you can, and copy Tray."

The Curate of the Huntingdonian Band—
(Rare breed of Gospel Hawks that scour the land,
And fierce on Sins their quarry fall,
Those Locusts that would eat us all:

Men who, with new-invented *patent eyes*,
See Heaven, and all the Angels in the skies;
As plain as, in the Box of Showman Swiss,
For little Master made, and curious Miss,
We see with huge delight the King of France
With all his Lords and Ladies dance)—

This Curate heard th' affair with deep emotion,
And thus exclaim'd, with *infinite* devotion:

" O Lord! O Lord! O Lord! O Lord!
Fine doings these, upon my word!

" This truly is a very pretty thing!
What will become of this most shocking World?
How richly such a rogue deserves to swing,
And then to Satan's hottest flames be hurl'd!

" Oh! by this damned deed how I am flurried!
A Dog in Christian ground be buried,
And have an Epitaph forsooth so civil!
Egad! Old Maids will presently be found
Clapping their dead Ram Cats in holy ground,
And writing Verses on each mousing Devil."

Against such future casualty providing,
The Priest set off, like Homer's Neptune striding,
Vowing to put the Culprit in the Court.
He found him at the Spaniel's humble grave;
Not praying, no, nor singing of a stave;
And thus began t' *abuse* him, not *exhort:*

" Son of the Devil, what hast thou done?
Nought for the action can atone.

I should not wonder if the great All-wise
Quick darted down his Lightning all so red,
And dashed to earth that wretched head
Which dared so foul, so base an act devise.

" Bury a Dog like Christian folk!
None but the Fiend of Darkness could provoke
A man to perpetrate a deed so odd:
Our Inquisition soon the tale shall hear,
And quickly your fine fleece shall shear.
Why, such a Villain can't believe in God."—

" Softly, my reverend Sir," the Squire replied:
" Tray was as good a Dog as ever died;
No education could his morals mend.
And (what perhaps, Sir, you may doubt)
Before his lamp of life went out,
He order'd you a Legacy, my Friend."—

" Did he? poor Dog!" the *soften'd* Priest rejoin'd,
In accents pitiful and kind;
" What! was it *Tray?* I'm sorry for poor Tray:
Why truly, Dogs of such rare merit,
Such *real* nobleness of spirit,
Should not like *common* Dogs be put away.

" Well; pray what was it that he gave,
Poor fellow! ere he sought the grave?
I guess I may put confidence, Sir, in ye."—
" A piece of gold," the Gentleman replied."—
" I'm much obliged to *Tray*," the Parson cried;
So left *God's cause*, and pocketed the *guinea*.

Yet should I imitate the fickle Wind,
Or Mister *patriot* Eden,—change my mind;
And for the Bard your Majesty should send,
And say, " Well well, well well, my tuneful friend,
I long, I long, to give you something, Peter:
You make fine Verses, nothing can be sweeter.
What will you have? what, what? speak out, speak out.
Yes, yes, you something want, no doubt, no doubt:"—

Or should you, like some men who gravely preach,
Forsake your usual *short-hand* mode of speech,
And thus begin, in Bible-phrase sublime;
" What shall be done for our rare Son of Rhyme,
The Bard who full of Wisdom writeth,
The man in whom the King delighteth?"

Then would the Poet thankfully reply,
With faltering voice, low bow, and marveling eye,

All meekness; such a simple, dove-like thing!

" Blest be the Bard who verses can indite,
To yield a *second Solomon* delight!
Thrice-blest, who findeth favour with the King!

" Since 'tis the Royal will to give the Bard
In whom the King delighteth, some reward,
Some mark of Royal bounty to requite him;
O King! do *any thing* but *knight him.*"

PETER'S PROPHECY,

OR THE

PRESIDENT AND POET,

OR

AN IMPORTANT EPISTLE TO SIR JOSEPH BANKS

ON THE

APPROACHING ELECTION

OF A

PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

Tros Rutilusve fuat, nullo discrimine habebo.

VIRGIL.

RANK is a farce: if people Fools will be,
A Scavenger and King's the same to *me*.

" LA Société Royale de Londres fut formée en 1660, six ans avant notre Académie des Sciences. Elle n'a point de récompenses comme la nôtre; mais aussi elle est libre. Point de ces distinctions désagréables, inventées par l'Abbé Bignon, qui distribua l'Académie des Sciences en *Savans* qu'on payait, et en Honoraires qui n'étoient pas *Savans*. La Société de Londres, independante, et n'étant encouragée que par elle-même, a été composée de sujets qui ont trouvé le Calcul de l'Infini, les Lois de la Lumière, celles de Pesanteur, l'Aberration des Etoiles, le Téléscope de Réflexion, la Pompe à Feu, le Microscope Solaire, et beaucoup d'autres inventions aussi utiles qu'admirables. Qu'auraient fait de plus ces Grands Hommes s'ils avaient été Pensionnaires ou Honoraires?"

VOLTAIRE *sur la Société Royale.*

THE ARGUMENT.

A sublime and poetical Exordium, in which the Bard applaudeth Himself, condemneth his Sovereign, and condescendeth to instruct Sir Joseph Banks, F. R. S.—Anecdote of Julius Cesar and a Conjuror—Peter dwelleth with much Solemnity on the gloomy Month of November, and compareth Sir Joseph Banks to Jupiter and Mr. Squib—Asketh shrewd Questions—Sir Joseph comprehendeth their sage Meaning, and flieth into a Passion; and boasteth how he revengeth himself on the Fun the World enjoyeth at his Expense—Sir Joseph animadverteth wisely on a Fall from the Presidency, to the State of a simple Fellow; obliquely and nobly hinting at a few *Traits* of his own Character—Peter replieth with good Advice, exhibiting at the same Time acute Knowledge of the sexual System in Botanical Affairs—Sir Joseph refuseth Peter's Counsel—Peter mentioneth Men of Science whom Sir Joseph scorneth—Sir Joseph letteth the Cat out of the Bag; and showeth Principles inimical to the Cause of true Philosophy, by wishing to make *great* Men Fellows, instead of *wise* Men—Peter moralizeth with Profundity; and flappeth the Bugs of Fortune for daring, on Account of their Mammon, to place themselves on a Level with Genius—Sir Joseph maketh more Discovery of his Disposition, by abusing Painting, Poetry, and Music; and wisheth to tread in the Steps of his Sovereign—Peter illustrateth the President's Mode of catching at an Argument, by a beautiful Spider-Simile—Sir Joseph boasteth of his Tea and Toast Weapons—Peter animadverteth with his usual Wisdom on the miraculous Powers of Meat, when applied to a hungry Stomach—Sir Joseph findeth out a new Road to the Heart—Boasteth of Royal Favour—Peter smileth at it, and frighteneth Sir Joseph—Sir Joseph inquireth the World's Opinion of Himself—Peter giveth it without Ceremony—Sir Joseph curseth—Peter prayeth him to be quiet, proceedeth, and telleth terrible Things—Sir Joseph sweareth—praiseth Himself—Peter answereth—Sir Joseph praiseth Himself again, for his being able to lead great Folks by the

Nose; and braggeth of Royal Whispers—Peter guesseth at the Royal Whispers, and expresseth Pleasure thereat—Again boasteth the President of what he can do—Peter solemnly smileth, in a superb Simile taken from Wild Beasts—Sir Joseph vaunteth on his great Acquaintance with Vegetables and Monkeys—Peter acquiesceth in his Monkey Wisdom, but denieth its Importance; and turneth Butterfly and Egg Knowledges over to idle Old Maids—Peter acknowledgeth the Merits of Indian, Booby, and Noddy killing; Lizard, Bat, Scurvy-grass, and Lady-smock Hunting; yet differeth with Sir Joseph as to the Idea of its Importance—The President again boasteth—Peter solemnly replieth, and telleth strange Matters of Sir William Hamilton—Sir Joseph breaketh out violently, and with an Air of Defiance, on the Subject of Mr. Herschel—Peter acquiesceth, in some Measure, on the Merits of Mr. Herschel; and prophesieth more Discoveries by this Astronomer than struck the Imagination of Sir Joseph—Peter prophesieth of the future Grandeur of Cheltenham, by Means of Mills to supply the great *Flux* of People with *Paper*—Peter giveth more Glory to Mr. Herschel's *Glass* than to Mr. Herschel's *Head*—Sir Joseph groweth abusive—Peter *properly* replieth—Sir Joseph again triumpheth—Peter cutteth him down for his Laud on his Grace of Marlborough's Spy-glass Discoveries, and John Hunter's Sows and Pheasants—Sir Joseph plumeth himself on Dr. Blagden—Peter praiseth Dr. Blagden—Sir Joseph praiseth Sir Benjamin Thompson, Lord Mulgrave, and the unassuming Quaker Dr. Lettsom; moreover praiseth the Doctor's Hobbyhorse, Mangel Worsal, *alias* Wurtzel—Sir Joseph inquireth the Merits of Mr. Aubert, the Silkman—Peter smileth, and answereth wittily—Sir Joseph inquireth about Mr. Daines Barrington—Peter answereth in like Manner—Sir Joseph's Ire boileth over—Peter laugheth—Peter cometh to the Point; and telleth the President in plain Terms that he must depend on the *many* more than *one*, meaning our most gracious King—Sir Joseph exclaimeth with his usual Vulgarity, and taxeth the revolting Members with Ingratitude; and flieth to *Meat* and *Drink* for his future *Supporters*—Peter praiseth Meat and Drink, yet insisteth on the Truth of an intended Rebellion—Sir Joseph, in a Strain of Despondency, looketh to the Lord for Support—Peter giveth him no Hopes from *that* Quarter—Sir Joseph, in a Tyger-like Manner, breaketh out into Rage and Boasting—Peter acknowledgeth his Merits, but informeth the

THE ARGUMENT.

President of their Insufficiency—Sir Joseph voweth to play the Devil—Peter exalteth Sir Joseph's intended Manœuvre, by a Comparison of a Miracle frequently worked in Popish Countries on Rats and Grasshoppers—Peter still harpeth on the old String of *something more*—Sir Joseph adduceth *more* Instances of Merit, such as eating Matters that would make a Hottentot vomit—Peter acknowledgeth Sir Joseph's uncommon Stomach-Powers, and Triumphs over Reptiles; but with Obstinacy insisteth upon it that *something more* must be achieved—The President, upon this, most wickedly, yet most heroically, declareth that he will then swallow an Alligator—Peter dissuadeth Sir Joseph, like a Friend, from his bold Intention, and recommendeth a Meal of a *milder* Quality.

PETER'S PROPHECY.

THE Bard who, fill'd with *friendship's* purest fire,
Tuned to a mighty King the moral Lyre;
With all the magic of the Muse's art,
Smiled at his foibles and enlarged his heart*:
Ungrateful Prince, like most of modern times,
Who never *thank'd* the Poet for his Rhymes!—
The Bard with wisdom's voice sublimely strong,
Who scared the Maids of Honour with his song,
Turn'd Courtiers pale, and turn'd to silent wonder
Ambassadors, at *Truth's* deep tone of thunder;
Who in *their* country (such a timid thing!)
Was never known to *whisper* to a King:—
The Bard who dared undaunted thus to tow'r,
And boldly Oracles to Princes pour,
Stoops from the zenith of his Eagle flight
To give instruction to a *simple* Knight.

* Verily the Lyric Bard hath cause of triumph: by means of a few *hints*, the close fist of Royal Economy hath been a *little* unclenched. By God's grace, and the Poet's good health, *greater* things are likely to be accomplished. Such is the power of Song!

To Cesar, who th' advice with scorn repaid,
" Beware the ides of March," a Conjuror said.
More reverenced let a *greater* Conjuror say,
" Beware, Sir Joseph Banks, Saint Andrew's day."
Near is the gloomy month, and gloomy hour,
When of your plumage stripp'd, and favourite pow'r,
You quit that Mace and pompous Chair of State,
And cease, Lord Paramount of Moth Debate,
That awe-inspiring hammer'd fist to rear,
Like sceptred Jove, and Squib the Auctioneer.

SIR JOSEPH.

Well, what's November's gloomy month or hour*?
The day which ravishes, restores my pow'r.

PETER.

Perchance Ambition may be doom'd to mourn:
Perchance your honours may *no more* return.
Think what a host of Enemies you make:
What feeling mind would be a Bull at Stake;
Pinch'd by this Mongrel, by that Mastiff torn?
Who'd make a feast to treat the Public Scorn?
Who'd be a Bear that grasps his Club with pride,
With which his *dancing-master* drubs his hide?

* On the 30th of November the President is annually elected.

None, dear Sir Joseph, but the arrant'st fool,
Turns Butt to catch the Shafts of Ridicule.

SIR JOSEPH.

Your *meaning*, Friend, I easily divine.

PETER.

Yes, quit for life the Chair; resign, resign.

SIR JOSEPH.

No: with contempt the grinning World I see,
And always laugh at *those* who laugh at *me*.

PETER.

To steal a point then, may I never thrive
But you must be the *merriest* man alive.

SIR JOSEPH.

Good: but, my Friend, 'twould be a black November,
To lose the Chair, and sneak a *vulgar* Member;
Sit on a bench mumchance without my Hat*,
Sunk from a Lion to a tame Tom Cat:
Just like a Schoolboy trembling o'er his book;
Afraid to move, or speak, or think, or look,

* The President always wears his Hat.

When Mister President, with Mastiff air,
Vouchsafes to grumble "Silence" from the Chair.

PETER.

All this is mortifying, to be sure;
And more than flesh and blood can well endure.
Then to your Turnip-fields in peace retire;
Return, like Cincinnatus, Country Squire:
Go with your wisdom, and amaze the Boors
With apple-tree, and shrub, and flower *amours;*
And tell them all, with wide-mouthed wonder big,
How Gnats can make a Cuckold of a Fig*.
Form fly-clubs, shell-clubs, weed-clubs if you please,
And proudly reign the President of *these.*
Go, and with periwinkle wisdom charm;
With *loves* of lobsters, oysters, crabs, alarm;
And tell them how, like *ours*, the Females, woo'd
By kissing, people all the Realms of Mud.
Thus, though proud London dares refuse you fame,
The towns of Lincolnshire shall raise your name;
Knock down the Bear, and Bull, and Calf, and King,
And bid Sir Joseph on their Sign-posts swing.

* See the natural history of the Fig.

SIR JOSEPH.

No; since I've fairly mounted Fortune's mast,
Till Fate shall chop my hands off I'll hold fast.

PETER.

And yet, Sir Joseph, Fame reports you stole
To Fortune's *topmast* through the *lubber-hole**.
Think of the men whom Science so reveres;
Horsley and Wilson, Maskelyne, Maseres,
Landen and Hornsby, Atwood, Glenie, Hutton,—

SIR JOSEPH.

Blockheads, for whom I do not care a button;
Fools, who to Mathematics would confine us,
And bother all our ears with *plus* and *minus*.

PETER.

No more they search the philosophic mine,
To bid the Journals with their labours shine;
And yield a glorious splendour to the page,
Such as when Newton, Halley, graced the age.
Retired, those Members now behold with sighs
The Dome, like Egypt, swarm with frogs and flies;

* A part of the Ship well-known to seamen.

And *you*, the Pharaoh too without remorse,
The stubborn parent of the Reptile Curse:
See Wisdom yield to Folly's rude control;
Jove's Eagle murder'd by a mousing Owl*.

SIR JOSEPH.

Poh, poh! my friend; I've Star-gazers *enough;*
I now look round for *different* kind of stuff.
Besides, *untitled* Members are mere Swine;
I wish for *Princes* on *my* list to shine:
I'll have a company of Stars and Strings;
I'll have a proud Society of *Kings*.
I'll have no miserable squeal Tomtit,
While Fortune offers Pheasants to my spit.
For me, the Devil may take a nameless fry:
No Sprats, no Sprats, while Whales can feast my eye.

PETER.

Thus on a stall, amidst a Country Fair,
Old women show of Gingerbread their ware:
King David and Queen Bathsheba behold,
Strut from their *dough* majestic, graced with gold;
King Solomon so great, in all his glory;
The Queen of Sheba too, renown'd in story.

* Vide Shakspeare.

The Grannies these display with doting eyes;
Delighted see them all the Louts surprise;
While no poor baked *Plebeian*, great or small,
Dares shows his sneaking nose upon the stall.

Sir Joseph, do not fancy that by fate
Great wisdom goes with titles and estate.
I grant that pride and insolence appear
Where purblind Fortune thousands gives a year.
Too many of Fortune's insects have I seen,
Proud of some little name, with scornful mien,
High o'er the head of modest Genius rise,
Pert, foppish, whiffling, fluttering butterflies;
Weak imps, on whom their Planets all so kind,
In pity to their *poverty* of mind,
Around them *treasure* bountifully shed,
Convinced the fools would want a bit of bread.

SIR JOSEPH.

Since truth must out, then know, my biting friend,
Philosophers my soul with horror rend.
Whene'er their mouths are open'd, I am mum:
Plague take 'em, should a *President* be *dumb?*
I loath the Arts; the universe may know it:
I hate a Painter, and I hate a Poet;

To these two ears, a Bear Marchesi growls;
Mara and Billington, a brace of Owls.
To circles of pure ignorance conduct me:
I hate the company that can *instruct* me.
I wish to imitate my King, so *nice;*
Great Prince, who ne'er was known to take *advice;*
Who keeps no company (delightful plan!)
That *dares* be *wiser* than himself, good man!

PETER.

In troth, Sir Joseph, I have often seen ye
Look in debate a *little* like a Ninny,
Struggling to grasp the sense with mouth, hands, eyes,
And with the philosophic speaker rise:
Just like a Spider brush'd by Susan's broom,
That tries to claw its thread, and mount the room.
Poor sprawling reptile! but, with humbled air,
Condemned to sneak away behind a *chair.*

SIR JOSEPH.

Still to the point: a rout let *Fellows* make;
My power is too well fix'd for *such* to shake;
My *sure* artillery hath o'ercome a *host.*

PETER.

I own the great, past *powers* of *tea and toast:*

Venison's a *Cesar*, in the fiercest fray;
Turtle, an *Alexander* in its way;
And then, in quarrels of a slighter nature,
Mutton's a *most successful* Mediator.
So much superior is the Stomach's smart,
To all the vaunted horrors of the Heart;
E'en Love, who often triumphs in his grief,
Hath ceas'd to feed on Sighs, to feed on Beef.

SIR JOSEPH.

Yes, yes, my friend; my Tea and butter'd Rolls
Have found an easy pass to people's souls:
My well-timed Dinners *certain folks* revere,
Have left this easy bosom nought to fear.
The turnpike-road to people's Hearts, I find,
Lies through their Guts, or I mistake mankind.
Besides, while thus I boast my Sovereign's smile,
Let Ragamuffins rage, and Rogues revile.

PETER.

Alas, Sir Joseph! grant the King you please,
Which every Courtier's eye with *envy* sees;
A glorious thing too, no man can deny it,
Though no man ever got a *sixpence* by it;
Yet, of our lucky island *certain* Kings,
Far from *al*mighty, are not *mighty* things:

And, though with many a Wren you make *him* blest,
And many a Tomtit's Egg and Tomtit's Nest;
And many a Monkey stuff'd to make him grin,
And many a Flea and Beetle on a Pin;
And promise (to cajole the Royal mind)
To make his *butcher* Member, and his *hind;*
It is not *he,* with Polyphemus stare,
And stern command, perpetuates the Chair.
I know that *disaffection* taints the Throng,
And know the World is lavish in its *tongue.*

SIR JOSEPH.

Ah! tell me fairly, without more delay,
What 'tis the blackguard World hath dared to say:
Perhaps a pretty Devil I'm portray'd;
The World's free Brush deals damnably in *shade.*

PETER.

Thus then: "How dares that man his carcase squat,
Bold in the sacred Chair where Newton sat;
Whose eye could Nature's darkest veil pervade,
And Sun-like view the solitary Maid;
Pursue the Wanderer through each secret maze,
And on her labours dart a noontide Blaze?
When to the Chair Banks forced his bold ascent,
He crawl'd a Bug upon the Monument."

SIR JOSEPH.

Curse them!

PETER.

Have patience, dear Sir Joseph, pray:
I have not mention'd *half* the people say.
Thus then again: "He beats the Bears, so rude,
With Bull-dog aspect, and with Brains of Mud:
His Words, like Stones for pavements, make us start,
Rude, roughly rumbling, tumbling from the cart;
Who for importance all his lungs employs,
And think that Words, like Drums, were made for *noise*:—
A fellow so unqualified to shine,
Who never to the Journals gave a line;
But into Sweden cast a Fox-like look,
And *caught* Goose Dryander to write his Book*.
Such is the mania for the claps of fame,
So sought by many a Squire and gentle Dame,
Resembling Beggars that on alms grow fat;
Who, if too weak themselves to *make* a Brat,
Buy Children up to melt the Traveller's eye,
And from his pocket call the charity.

* A most pompous birth in the Botanical way is to make its appearance soon: Sir Joseph the reputed *father*; though Jonas Dryander, the Swede, his Secretary, *begets* it.

" Through *him*, each Trifle-hunter that can bring
A grub, a weed, a moth, a beetle's wing,
Shall to a *Fellow's* dignity succeed;
Witness Lord Chatham and his *Piss-abed**!
How had he powers to muster up the face
To ask a President's important place?
How with a matchless insolence to dare
Abuse and jostle Pringle from the chair†?

* *Vulgarly* called *Dandelion*. Something of this kind (a most wonderful species!) was presented by the eldest-born of the great Pitt, for which he was created *F. R. S.*

† About the year 1779, Conductors were ordered to be placed near all our Magazines, to secure them from the effects of Lightning. A Question then arose, *which* would best succeed, *blunt* or *pointed* Conductors. Sir John Pringle, with the *sensible* part of the Society, were of opinion, as indeed was Dr. Franklin, that *points* were preferable: Sir Joseph Banks and *his* party roared loudly for the *blunts*. The dispute ran so high, that his Majesty took a part in it; and being rather *partial* to *blunt Conductors*, *thought* to put an end to the matter by giving his own *peremptory* decision, and announcing to the World the superiority of *knobs*. To confirm his *great* and *wise* opinion, *knobs* were actually fixed on iron rods at the end of Buckingham House. This however was not all: on the Birth-day, his Majesty desired Sir John to give it to the World as the opinion of the Royal Society, that Dr. Franklin was *wrong*. The President replied like a man, that it was not in his power to reverse the order of Nature. The Sovereign *could not* easily *see that*, and therefore repeated his commands. Teased by the King from time to time to oppose the decided opinion of the rebellious Franklin, and the laws of Nature; and constantly barked at by Sir Joseph and his moth-hunting Phalanx; he resigned the Chair, and returned to Scotland. The honour was instantaneously snapped at and caught by the present possessor, such as he is!

A Moth-hunter, a Crab-catcher, a Bat
That owes its sole existence to a Gnat;
A hunter of the meanest Reptile breed,
A fool that crosses Oceans for a Weed.

"Once tow'ring Science made Crane Court* her home,
And heaven-born Wisdom patronized the dome;
With awful aspect at the portal shone,
And to her mansion woo'd the wise alone.
Now at the door see moon-eyed Folly grin,
Inviting Bird's-nest Hunters to come in;
Idiots who Specks on Eggs devoutly ken,
And furbish up a Folio on a Wren."—
You see the World, Sir Joseph, scorns to flatter.

SIR JOSEPH.

By God, I think it hath not minced the matter
Yet, by the Power who made me, Peter, know,
I'm honour'd, stared at, wheresoe'er I go:
Soon as a room I enter, lo! all ranks
Get up to compliment Sir Joseph Banks.

PETER.

And then *sit down* again, I do suppose;
And then, around the room a whisper goes,

* The Royal Society's rooms were removed from Crane Court to Somerset Place.

" Lord, that's Sir Joseph Banks, how grand his look!
Who sail'd all round the World with Captain Cook."

SIR JOSEPH.

Zounds! what the devil's *fame* if this be not?

PETER.

Sir Joseph, prithee don't be such a sot:
Those wonderful Admirers, man, were dozens
Of fresh-imported staring Country Cousins;
To London come, the Wax-work to devour,
And see their Brother-beasts within the Tow'r.
True fame is praise by men of *wisdom* given,
Whose souls display some *workmanship* of Heaven:
Not by the wooden Million, Nature's Chips,
Whose Twilight souls are ever in Eclipse;
Puppies who, though on idiotism's dark brink,
Because they've *heads*, dare fancy they can *think*.

SIR JOSEPH.

What though unletter'd*? I can lead the herd,
And laugh at half the Members to their beard.

* In spite of our objection to Sir Joseph as a President, we must allow his candour in acknowledging himself *unlettered*; as he really was *refused* his Degree at Cambridge, though every *interest* was implored to make him *pass muster*.

Frequent to court I go; and, midst the Ring,
I catch most gracious whispers from the King.

PETER.

And well (I think) I hear each precious Speech,
In sentiment *sublime*, and language *rich*.
"What's new, Sir Joseph? what, what's new found out?
What's the Society, what, what about?
Any more monsters, lizard, monkey, rat,
Egg, weed, mouse, butterfly, pig? what, what, what?
Toad, spider, grasshopper, Sir Joseph Banks?
Any more thanks, more thanks, more thanks, more thanks?
You still eat raw flesh, beetle, viper, bat,
Toad, tadpole, frog, Sir Joseph? what, what, what?"

Such is the language of the First of Kings,
That many a sighing heart with envy stings;
And much I'm pleased to fancy that I hear
Such wise and gracious whispers greet your ear.
Yet if the greater part of Members growl,
Though Owls themselves, and curse *you* for an Owl;
And bent the great Sir Joseph Banks to humble;
Behold! the Giant President must tumble.

SIR JOSEPH.

Zounds, Sir, the *great ones* to my whistle come:
I have 'em every one beneath my thumb.

Electors, Margraves, Princes, grace my list;
And shall a few poor ragged rogues resist,
Because (a flock of astronomic Gulls)
The Cobweb Mathematics cloud their sculls?
The *great*, when beckon'd to, my cause shall aid,
And happy think themselves with *thanks* o'erpaid:
These shall arise, and, with a single frown,
Beat the bold front of Opposition down.

PETER.

Thus by a word the Showman at the Tower
Exerts on Brother-savages his power;
Bids Nero, Cesar, Pompey, spread their paws,
And show the dangers of their gaping jaws.

SIR JOSEPH.

By Heavens, I've merit, say whate'er you please;
Can name the vegetable tribes with ease.
What Monkey walks the woods, or climbs a tree,
Whose *genealogy's* unknown to me?

PETER.

I grant you, Sir, in Monkey-knowledge great;
Yet say, should Monkeys give you Newton's seat?
Such merit scarcely is enough to dub
A man a Member of a Country Club.

With novel specks on eggs to feast the eye,
Or gaudy colours of a butterfly,
Or new-found fibre of some grassy blade,
Well suits the idle hours of some Old Maid
(Whose sighs each Lover's vanish'd sighs deplore),
To murder time when Cupids kill no more;
Not men who, labouring with a Titan mind,
Should scale the Skies to benefit mankind.
I grant you full of Anecdote, my friend;
Bon-mots, and wondrous stories, without end;
Yet if a tale can claim, or jest so rare,
Ten thousand Gossips might demand the Chair.
To shoot at Boobies, Noddies*, with such luck,
And pepper a poor Indian like a Duck;
To hunt for days a Lizard or a Gnat,
And run a dozen miles to catch a Bat;
To plunge in marshes, and to scale the rocks,
Sublime, for Scurvy-grass and Lady-smocks†;
Are matters of proud triumph, to be sure,
And such as Fame's fair volume should secure:

* Great and manifold were Sir Joseph's triumphs over these defenceless animals, says Dr. Hawkesworth's most miserable Account; which might more properly be christened "The History of Sir Joseph Banks," so much indeed is Sir Joseph the *hero* of the tale.

† See Hawkesworth's account of Captain Cook's voyage.

Yet to *my* mind, it is not such a Feat
As gives a man a claim to Newton's seat.

SIR JOSEPH.

Yet are there Men of Genius who support me:
Proud of my friendship, see Sir William court me!

PETER.

Great in the eating-knowledge, all allow;
Who sent you once the *sumen* of a Sow*;
Far richer food than Pigs that lose their breath,
Whipp'd, like poor Soldiers on Parades, to death.—
Sir William, hand and glove with Naples' King,
Who made with rare Antiques the Nation ring;
Who, when Vesuvius foam'd with melted matter,
March'd up and clapp'd his nose into the crater,
Just with the same *sang froid* that Joan the Cook
Casts on her Dumplings in the Pot a look.

But more: the World reports (I hope untrue),
That half Sir William's Mugs and Gods are *new;*

* Sir William Hamilton, who sent Sir Joseph from Italy this *precious* present. The mode of making it properly is, by tying the teats of a Sow, soon after she hath littered, continuing the ligature till the poor creature is nearly exhausted with torture, and then cutting her throat. The effects of the Milk diffused through this Belly-part are so *delicious*, as to be thought to make *ample atonement* for the barbarity.

Himself the *baker* of th' Etrurian Ware
That made our British Antiquarians stare:
Nay, that he means ere long to cross the main,
And at his *Naples oven* sweat again;
And, by his late successes render'd bolder,
To bake *new* Mugs, and Gods some ages *older*.

SIR JOSEPH.

God bless us! what to Herschel dare you say,
The Astronomic Genius of the day;
Who soon will find *more* Wonders in the skies,
And with *more* Georgium Siduses surprise?

PETER.

More Etnas in the Moon, *more* Cinder-loads!
Perhaps Mail-Coaches on her Turnpike-roads,
By some great lunar Palmer taught to fly,
To gain the gracious glances of the eye
Of some *penurious* Prince of high degree,
And charm the Monarch with a *postage free:*
Such as to Cheltenham waters urged their way,
Where Cloacina holds her easy sway;
Where *paper-mills* shall load with wealth the town,
And every shop shall deal in *whitish-brown:*

Where for the Coach the King was wont to watch,
Loaded with Fish, Fowl, Bacon, and Dispatch;
Eggs and Small-beer, Potatoes too a store,
That *cost* in Cheltenham market *twopence more:*
Converting thus a Coach of matchless art,
With two rare geldings, to a Sutler's Cart*.—
But, voluble Sir Joseph, not so fast:
The Fame of Herschel is a dying blast.
When on the Moon he first began to peep,
The wondering World pronounced the Gazer deep:
But wiser now th' *un*wondering World, alas!
Gives all poor Herschel's Glory to his Glass;
Convinced his boasted astronomic strength
Lies in his *Tube's*, not *Head's*, prodigious *length*†.

SIR JOSEPH.

What, niggard! not on Herschel fame bestow,
So curious a discoverer?

* Mr. Palmer very generously offered his Sovereign a Mail-coach to carry Letters and Dispatches to and from Cheltenham: the offer was *too great* to be refused; a splendid carriage was built for the occasion. His most economic Majesty however, wisely knowing that *something more* than a few Letters might be contained in Mr. Palmer's vehicle, converted it, as the Poet hath observed, into a Cart, and *saved* many a *sixpence*.

† We would not detract from Mr. Herschel's *real* merit. By a true German cart-horse labour, he made a little improvement on Dr. Mudge's method of con-

PETER.

No, man; no.
Give it to Mudge*, whose head contains more *νους*
Than (trust me) ever lodged in Herschel's house.

SIR JOSEPH.

Lo! at my call the noble Marlborough's vote,
Whose observations much our fame promote.

PETER.

Who from his Blenheim chimneys wonders spies,
The Daily Advertiser of the skies:
Who *equals* his great Ancestor in head,
A Hero who could neither write nor read†:
Thus equal form'd, to all the World's surprise;
As one *swept* Earth, the other *sweeps* the Skies.

SIR JOSEPH.

Hunter with Fish-intrigues our house regales—

structing Mirrors; *such* are this Gentleman's pretensions to a niche in the temple of Fame. As for his mathematical abilities, they can scarcely be called the *shadows* of science.

* Dr. Mudge of Plymouth.

† The famous Duke of Marlborough was reported to have been a very illiterate man; which shows that a head-piece for the Arts and Sciences, and a head-piece for facing Cannon-balls, are wisely formed of *different* materials.

PETER.

The *tender* history of cooing Whales!

SIR JOSEPH.

Great in the noble art of gelding Sows *—

PETER.

And giving to the Boar a *barren* Spouse:
Who proves (what many unbelievers shocks),
That age converts Hen Pheasants into Cocks †;—
And why not? since it is denied by no man,
That age hath made John Hunter an *old woman.*

Believe me, full as well might Papists bring
Quills from a Seraph's Tail, or Cherub's Wing;
Saint Dunstan's Crab-stick, which the Saint uncivil
Broke on the back of our great foe the Devil;
Saint Andrew's toe, Saint Agatha's old Smock,
And Stones that rattled round Saint Stephen's block;

* John Hunter actually received the Society's gold medal for three Papers: viz. on Sow-gelding; on the Wolf, Jackall, and Dog, *proving incontestably*, what the World *knew before*, that the aforesaid animals were *bonâ fide* of the same species; and on the Loves of Whales.

† See article 30, 1780, in the Philosophical Transactions; where Mr. John Hunter gives a wonderful account of a Pheasant with *three legs*, that by *age* changed from a *female* to a *male*.

Saint Joseph's Sighs so deep, preserv'd in bottles,
Amounting, Legends say, to many pottles,
Caught as the Saint, with all his might and main,
Was cleaving billets for his fire in twain;
Or Bones from Catacombs to form new Saints*,
To cure, like *all* Quack Medicines, *all* complaints:—
Such might the Journals of the house record,
As well as Hunter's wondrous *cock-hen bird.*

SIR JOSEPH.

Like Blagden who can write, and deeply think?

PETER.

Who write like *him* on Iron-moulds and Ink†?
See Shirts and Shifts by iron-moulds that rot,
By Blagden's wisdom lose each yellow spot!
For this shall Laundry Virgins lift their voice;
Napkins and damask tablecloths rejoice;
Robins and caps, and sheets and pillow-cases,
Lose their sad stains, and smile with lily faces.
Lo! to improve of man the soaring mind,
For sacred Science, to his skin unkind,

* In 1672, four hundred Saints were recruited; such was the extraordinary harvest of baptized and canonized Bones from the Catacombs at Rome. *Vide* Religious Rites and Ceremonies.

† *Vide* article 39, of the Philosophical Transactions for 1787.

Did Doctor Blagden in an oven bake,
Brown as burnt Coffee or a Barley-cake,
While, down his nose projecting, sweat in rills
Unsavoury flowed like Hartshorn Streams from Stills.*

SIR JOSEPH.

Great Duckweed Thompson †, all my soul reveres;
And Mulgrave charms me with his Arctic Bears.
My eyes with Shells, lo, Limpet Davies greets!
And Doctor Lettsom with his rare Horse-beets:
Beets that with *shame* our Parsnips shall o'erwhelm,
And fairly drive Potatoes from the realm;
Beets in whose just applauses we are hoarse all,
Such are the wondrous powers of *mangel worsal*‡.

PETER.

Beets that shall keep gaunt Famine to his East,
And make him on Gentoos, as usual, feast;
While every lucky Briton that one meets,
Shall strut a Falstaff; such the power of Beets.
Beets that must bring the Quaker wealth and fame,
And give his cheek the virgin glow of shame;

* The Doctor's Body in the hot oven, with his Nose projecting from the hole for air, would be no bad subject for the Graver.

† Sir Benjamin, a second Linnæus.

‡ The more pompous name of the Beet.

Who *ne'er*, meek man, was known a face to push,
Nor hear his own applause without a *blush*.
Beets that shall form an epoch in our times;
And, thus by Peter praised, embalm his Rhymes.

SIR JOSEPH.

Then what of Aubert* think you, that great man
Whose broad eye deems Creation scarce a Span?

PETER.

Who weekly with his Watch is seen to run,
The little Pupil of a Greenwich Sun;
To learn the motions of old Time, and mock
The *fatal* errors of each London Clock.—
Thus Lubin, from his solitary down,
Leads *little* Lubin to a neighbouring town:
The Lad with ecstacy surveys the scene;
Then home returning, with triumphant mien,
Corrects his Mother's, Sister's conversations,
And wonders at his *ignorant* Relations.—
Aubert, who meriteth indeed applause;
Full of high-sounding phrases, and wise saws;

* A Silk-merchant, and F.R.S.; who every Sunday, wet or dry, cloudy or sunshine, calm or windy, visits Greenwich, to catch the Sun on the Meridian. Such is this Gentleman's rage for the Art, that he now has at Loampit-Hill, near Greenwich, two thousand pounds' worth of Astronomical Instruments.

Who from his cradle learn'd the Stars to lisp,
And to a Meteor turn'd a Will-o-wisp *.

SIR JOSEPH.

Pray then, what think ye of our famous Daines?

PETER.

Think, of a man denied by Nature *brains!*
Whose trash so oft the Royal Leaves disgraces;
Who knows not Jordens brown, from Roman Vases!
About old Pots his head for ever puzzling,
And boring earth, like Pigs for truffles muzzling†.
Who likewise from old Urns to Crotchets leaps,
Delights in music, and at concerts *sleeps*‡.

SIR JOSEPH.

Zounds! 'tis in vain, I see, to utter praise.

* One fortunate evening, as he was returning from his beloved Observatory, a Jack-a-lantern sprung up and played some tricks before the philosophical Silkman; whose optics, being apt to *magnify* objects, converted it into an amazing Meteor, with which the Royal Journals soon after *blazed*.

† There are Pigs kept expressly for hunting Truffles, in some parts of England.

‡ Such are the powers of somnolency over Mr. Daines Barrington, at several of the Hanover-square concerts hath the Lyric Peter seen the Antiquarian in *seeming* musical speculation, but verily employed in a most comfortable nap.

PETER.

Then mention some one who *deserves* my Lays.

SIR JOSEPH.

Know then, I've sent to distant parts to find
Beings the most uncommon of their kind;
The greatest Monsters of the land and water—

PETER.

The *beautiful deformities* of Nature.
Birds without heads, and tails, and wings, and legs,
Tremendous Cyclop Pigs, and speckless Eggs,
Snails from Japan, and Wasps, and Indian Jays,
Command attention, and excite our praise.
Chopsticks and Back-scrapers are *curious* things;
Scalps, and Tobacco-pipes, and Indian Strings;
Such as to charm the wondering Cits we see,
Where Don Saltero gives his Sunday tea*;
Great Don Saltero, name of high renown,
Who treats too with *immortal* Rolls the Town.

Rare are the Buttons of a Roman's Breeches,
In Antiquarian eyes surpassing Riches:

* At Chelsea.

Rare is each crack'd, black, rotten, earthen Dish,
That held of ancient Rome the flesh and fish:
Rare are the Talismans that drove the Devil,
And rare the Bottles that contain'd old Snivel.
Owls' heads, and snoring Frogs, preserv'd in spirits,
Most certainly are not without their *merits:*
Yet these to gain, and give to public view,
Lo! Parkinson knows full as well as you;
As did Sir Ashton famed, whose mental pow'r
Just reach'd to tell us by the clock the hour.

SIR JOSEPH.

Poh, pox! don't laugh; such things are rich and scarce;
Be *something* sacred; let not *all* be farce.

PETER.

Sir Joseph, I *must* laugh when things like these
Beyond Sublimities have power to please:
To crowd with such-like *littleness* your walls,
Is putting Master Punch into St. Paul's.
Yet, to the point: The place on which you dote
Hath been for ever carried by the *vote:*
Know then, your Parasites begin to bellow,
And call you openly a shallow fellow.

In vain to favouring *majesty* you fly;
'Tis on the *many* that you must rely:
E'en Blockheads blush, so much are they asham'd—

SIR JOSEPH.

They and their modest *blushes* may be damn'd.
Ungrateful scoundrels! eat my Rolls and Butter,
And daring thus their insolences mutter!
Swallow my Turtle and my Beef by pounds,
And tear my Venison like a Pack of Hounds;
Yet have the impudence, the brazen face,
To say I am not fitted for the place!
In God's name, let my Wine in Torrents flow:
E'en be my House a Tavern in Soho:
Of daily Venison let me try the force,
And keep an open house for man and horse.
Oh, let me hold by *any* means the Chair!
To keep that Honour, every thing I dare.

PETER.

I own that nothing like good cheer succeeds:
A man's a God, whose hogshead freely bleeds;
Champaigne can consecrate the damn'dest evil:
A *hungry* Parasite adores a Devil;

In radiant virtues his poor Host arrays,
And smooths him with the Gossamer of Praise;
Stuff'd to the throat till repetition tires,
And Gluttony's huge greasy wish expires.
Apostate *then*, the knave denies his Church,
And leaves his Saint, with laughter, in the lurch.

In short, *your* Gormandizers and your Drinkers
Quit their old Faith, and turn out rank Freethinkers.
Dead is the novelty of fine fat Haunches,
And Truth no longer sacrificed to Paunches.
Ashamed at length, the sad repentant Sinners
All blush to barter Flattery for good Dinners:
No charms surround the knocker of your door,
That beam'd with honour, but now beams no more.

SIR JOSEPH.

Betrayed by those on whom my all depends!

PETER.

Betrayed, like Cesar by his bosom-friends!

SIR JOSEPH.

Though man, ungrateful man, his aid deny;
The Power whose wisdom rules yon lofty sky

May grant his gracious and protecting pow'r,
And aid my efforts in the trying hour.

PETER.

Left by your earthly friends, I fear your pray'rs,
Most pious President, won't mend affairs:
The Power you mention, with all-seeing eyes,
Well knows your *little reverence* for His skies*.
Thus may your prayers be vain, however hearty:—
Besides, Heaven oftenest joins the *strongest* party.

SIR JOSEPH.

Sblood! have I practised every art in vain?
Undaunted faced the dangers of the main?

PETER.

And *faced* Queen Oborea in the boat;
And lost your shoes and stockings, and your coat;
A circumstance that much the tale enriches,
But providentially preserv'd your breeches:
For unknown Weeds, dared unknown paths explore,
And frighten'd Cannibals from shore to shore;
On each new Island clapp'd King George's seal,
A sharp impression too of hardest steel:

* The Poet here most facetiously and beautifully alludes to the secession of the *astronomical* Geniuses from the Society.

While Witness Pistol, and his brother Gun,
Look'd with a *pointed* approbation on;
A decent method of appropriation,
And adding *glory* to the British nation!
True, you have tried to be as great as he
(The venturous Trojan, sport of wind and sea)
Who left old Troy, his parish, far from home
To find a lodging for imperial Rome.
Yet are those feats what vulgars term a *bore;*
Stale stuff: the Members look for *something more.*
I grant, you naked with your Servants pranced,
To show how folks at Otaheite danced;
And much the smiling Audience you amused,
Though Decency indeed the dance abused:
She, blushing damsel, turn'd her head aside,
And wish'd a Whip to every hopping Hide.
Grant that you sent, to charm the public eye,
Egyptian stones, that form'd for hogs a sty,
With *seeming* Hieroglyphics on their faces,
That proved unfortunately Pigs'-feet traces*:
Yet lo! like Bullocks in a fair, they roar;
Or vacate bid you, or do *something more.*

* Sir Joseph sent some *curious* Egyptian stones to the British Museum; such was his zeal for the honour of Hieroglyphics: but as that Building possesses already as much of the *antique* as it can *well authenticate,* they were returned in a cart upon his hands.

SIR JOSEPH.

Sdeath, then I'll spit in every Blockhead's face;
Kick them, and purge the Dwelling from disgrace.

PETER.

Thus when a host of Grasshoppers and Rats,
By men undaunted, unabash'd by cats,
In hopping and in running legions pours,
Affrights the Papists, and their grass devours;
Lo! arm'd with *prayers* to thunder in their ears,
A Bishop *boldly* meets the Buccaneers;
Sprinkles his holy water on the sod,
And drives and damns them in the name of God*.

You purge the tainted Dwelling from disgrace,
By boldly spitting in each Member's face!
Where, *sweet* Sir Joseph, will you find the spittle;
Since what would float the Albion† were too little?

* This is actually done in Roman-catholic countries by order of the Church. In some places, two Attorneys are employed in the affair of the Grasshoppers; one for the Grasshoppers, the other for the People: but it is the fate of the Grasshoppers to have the worst of it; as they are always *anathematized*, and ordered to be *excommunicated* if they do not quit the place within a certain number of days.

† One of our first-rates.

With solemn, sentimental step, so slow,
I see you through the streets of London go,
With poring, studious, staring, earth-nail'd eye,
As heedless of the mob that bustles by.
This *was* a scheme of wisdom, let me say;
But lo! this trap for fame hath had its day:
And let me tell you what I've urged before,
The restless Members look for *something more.*

SIR JOSEPH.

Zounds! ha'nt I swallowed Raw Flesh like a Hound;
On vilest Reptiles rung the changes round;
Eat every filthy Insect you can mention;
Tarts made of Grasshoppers, my own invention;
Frogs, Tadpoles, by the spoonful, long-tailed imps;
And munch'd Cockchafers just like Prawns or Shrimps?

PETER.

In troth, I've seen you many a Reptile eat,
And heard you call the dirty dish a Treat:
Oft have I seen you meals on Monkeys make;
Nay, Hercules surpass,—*devour* your Snake;
And make as little of a Toad or Viper,
As Pelicans of Mackrel or a Piper;

And, wriggling round your mouth its little claws,
Have heard a Bat cry "Murder!" in your jaws:
Yet hear, Sir Joseph, what I've said before;
The *blushing* Members look for *something more.*

SIR JOSEPH.

Hell seize the pack, unconscionable dogs!
Snakes, spiders, beetles, chafers, tadpoles, frogs,
All swallowed to display what *man* can *do,*
And must the villains still have *something new?*
Tell then each petty President-creator,
God damn him, that I'll eat an *alligator.*

PETER.

Sir Joseph, pray don't eat an Alligator;
Go swallow somewhat of a *softer* nature;
Feast on the Arts and Sciences, and learn
Sublimity from Trifle to discern:
With shells, and flies, and daisies, cover'd o'er,
Let pert Queen Fiddlefaddle rule no more.

Thus shall Philosophy her suffrage yield,
Sir Joseph wear his Hat, and Hammer wield*;

* The President has the inestimable and sole privilege of sitting covered, at the Royal Society's meetings. The Hammer forms a part of the *regalia*, to

No more shall Wisdom on the Journals *stare*,
Nor Newton's image *blush* behind the Chair*.

command silence; and rouse the Members from their happy slumbers, while their Secretary, Dr. Blagden, proclaims *rare news* from the Moth, Bat, Butterfly, and Spider Countries.

* The Picture of that great man is immediately behind the Chair of the President.

SIR JOSEPH BANKS

AND

THE EMPEROR OF MOROCCO:

A TALE.

Non omnia possumus omnes.

One intellect not all things comprehends:
The genius form'd for Weeds, and Grubs, and Flies,
Can't have for ever at its finger-ends
What's doing every moment in the Skies.

THE ARGUMENT.

Peter the Great fighteth the President's Battle—proclaimeth some of the President's *Powers*—viz. his persevering Tooth and Nail Powers—his Stomach Powers—his Face Powers—his Hammer Powers, triumphing over the Powers of Morpheus—and eke his courageous Powers.

Peter beginneth the Tale—Sir Joseph proceedeth to hunt—but first ejaculateth—The Virtuoso's Prayer—Sir Joseph's Insect-Enthusiasm induceth him, contrary to his *general Piety*, to pray wickedly, by selfishly wishing to gratify his own Desires at the Expense of the Farmers—Sir Joseph prayeth for Pharaoh's Flies—condemneth Pharaoh's *Taste*—maketh Interest for Showers of Flies, instead of Quails—prayeth for Monsters, and promiseth them the Honour of his Name.

Sir Joseph, in a Pointer-like Manner, ambulateth—He espieth the Emperor of Morocco—Peter conjectureth as to Sir Joseph's Joy on the Occasion—compareth Sir Joseph's Joy with that experienced by Archimedes, Hare-hunters, outrageously-virtuous OldMaids, the little Duke of Piccadilly, a Pimp, Mother Windsor's Virgins, and Mother Windsor herself—Sir Joseph's Pursuit—The President tumbleth, in Imitation of Mr. Eden—A beautiful Comparison between Sir Joseph and Tamerlane, a Butterfly and Bajazet—Sir Joseph again tumbleth—Sir Joseph's Hat tumbleth with him—Sir Joseph riseth and bloweth—He is gazed at by a Countryman—He darteth through a Hedge in Pursuit of the Emperor, and tumbleth into a Lane—He getteth up speedily, and putteth a Question to Hob—Hob answereth not, but pitieth him—Sir Joseph obtaineth a second View of the Emperor—pursueth his Majesty into a Garden—oversetteth the Gardener—trampleth on rare Flowers—breaketh many Bell Glasses—overturneth the Scarecrow—Peter praiseth the Scarecrow—Sir Joseph oversetteth a Hive of Bees—The Bees surprised—They attempt a Revenge, but succeed not, on Account of the hard and tough Materials of Sir Joseph's Head-piece—The Gardener, quitting his horizontal Position, pursueth

THE ARGUMENT.

Sir Joseph—Sir Joseph pursueth the Emperor, and the Emperor flieth away—The Gardener collareth Sir Joseph, and expostulateth—Sir Joseph heedeth not the Gardener's Complaint, being in deep Sorrow for the Loss of the Emperor—The Gardener quitteth his Gripe of Sir Joseph, and putteth him down for a Lunatic—The Gardener execrateth Sir Joseph's *Keeper*, and falleth into a Panic—flieth off unceremoniously, and leaveth the President in the Situation of a celebrated Prophet.

PROËMIUM.

Petrus loquitur.

SINCE Members, lost to manners, growl;
Call poor Sir Joseph, Ass and Owl;
  Nay, oft with *coarser* epithets revile;—
Though pitying much his pigmy merit,
Let me display a Christian spirit,
  And try to lift a lame dog o'er a stile.

Though not, like Erskine, in the law a giant,
I must take up the cudgels for my client.

Know by these presents then, ye noisy crew
Who at his blushing honours* look so blue,
  That, though Sir Joseph is not deep-discerning;
And though, as all the World well knows,
A Nut-shell might with perfect ease enclose
  Three quarters of his Sense, and *all* his Learning;

* The Author undoubtedly means the epithet *blushing* to be understood as synonymous with *blooming*, and not in a satirical sense: God forbid that the Friend of Sir Joseph should mean *otherwise!*

Whose *modest* Wisdom therefore never aims
To find the Longitude, or burn the Thames;

Yet, as to things he sets himself about,
With tooth and nail, like Hercules so stout,
He labours for his wish, no matter what.
I can't say that Sir Joseph Lions kills,
Hugs Giants, or the blood of Hydras spills;—
But then, most manfully he eats a Bat;
Eats toads, or tough or tender, old or young,
As in the sweetest strains the Muse hath sung*;
Fit with the hugest Hottentot to cope,
Who dines on raw flesh at the Cape of Hope.

Blest with a phiz, he bids the Members tremble;
To death-like Silence turns the direst Din:—
And, where so many savages assemble,
Like Hounds they want a *proper* Whipper-in.

Dare Members sleep, a set of snoring Goths,
While Blagden reads a chapter upon Moths†,

* See Peter's Prophecy.

† Frequently indeed are the Members sent to the Land of Shadows by the Society's somniferous Papers; assisted in a great measure in their voyage by the Doctor's drowsy manner of communicating the contents.

Down goes the Hammer, clothed with thunder:
Up spring the Snorers, half without their wigs;
Old Greybeards grave, and smock-faced Prigs,
With ell-wide jaws displaying signs of wonder.

Lo! perseverance is the soul of action,
And courage proper to oppose a faction;
Therefore he sits with wonderful propriety,
The Monro of a *mad* Society:
And that he is both brave and persevering,
Witness the following Story, well worth hearing.

SIR JOSEPH BANKS

AND

THE EMPEROR OF MOROCCO.

A PRESIDENT, in Butterflies profound,
Of whom all Insect-mongers sing the praises,
Went on a day to catch this game renown'd,
On violets, dunghills, nettle-tops, and daisies:
But first (so *pious* is Sir Joseph's nature),
He thus address'd the Butterfly's Creator.

THE VIRTUOSO'S PRAYER.

" O THOU whose wisdom plann'd the skies,
And form'd the wings of Butterflies,
Attend my humble pray'r!
Like Egypt, as in days of yore,
Let Earth with Flies be cover'd o'er,
And darken'd all the air.

" This, Lord, would be the best of news;
Then might thy Servant pick and choose
From such a glorious Heap:
Forth to the World I'd boldly rush,
Put all Museums to the blush,
And hold them all dog-cheap.

" Pharaoh had not one grain of taste:
The Flies on *him* were thrown to waste;
Nay, met with strong *objection.*
But had thy Servant, Lord, been there,
I should have made, or much I err,
A *wonderful* Collection.

" O Lord! unless my memory fails,
Thou once didst rain on people Quails.—

Again the World surprise;
And, 'stead of such a *trifling* Bird,
Rain on thy Servant *Joseph*, Lord,
Showers of rare Butterflies.

"Since Monsters are my great delight,
With Monsters charm thy Servant's sight:
Turn Feathers into Hair:
Make legs where legs were never seen;
And Eyes, no bigger than a Pin,
As broad as Saucers stare.

"The reptiles that are born with Claws,
Oh! let thy power supply with Paws,
Adorn'd with human Nails:
In value more to make them rise,
Transplant from all their Heads their Eyes,
And place them in their Tails.

"And if thou wisely wouldst contrive
To make me Butterflies alive,
To fly without a Head;
To skim the hedges and the fields,
Nay, eat the meat thy bounty yields,—
Such, wonders were indeed.

" Blagden should puff them at our meeting;
Members would press around me greeting;
The Journals swell with thanks:
And, more to magnify their fame,
Those *headless* Flies should have a name,—
My name, Sir Joseph Banks."

Thus having finish'd, forth Sir Joseph hies,
Hope in his heart, and eagles in his eyes:
Just like a Pointer, quartering well his ground,
He nimbly trots the field around.
At length, to bless his hunting-ambulation,
Up rose a Native of the fluttering nation.

Broad-stared Sir Joseph, as if struck by Thunder
(For much indeed are eyes enlarged by wonder),
When from a dab of dung, or *some such thing*,
An Emperor of Morocco rear'd his wing.

Not Archimedes, 'tis my firm belief,
More blest cried " *Eureka*, I've nabb'd the thief;"
Nor Hunters, when a hare, to shun foul play,
Steals from his seat so sly, cry " Stole away;"
Nor stale old Nymphs, by *raging* virtue sway'd,
Roar on a frail one, " Kill the *wicked* jade;"

Than roar'd Sir Joseph on the verdant sod,
" Morocco's Emperor, by the living God!"

Not with more joy, nor rapture-speaking look,
The little gamesome Piccadilly Duke
  Eyes a nice *tit*, fresh launch'd upon the Town;
Nor with more pleasure Cupid's trusty crimp,
By mouths of vulgar people named a Pimp,
  Stares on his *virtuous* fee, a crown:

Nor King's-Place Nymphs, on Greenhorns in their pow'r;
  Who (shameless rascals, wanting not a *wife*)
Hire Love, like Hackney-coaches, by the *hour*,
  Damning the love so *true* that lasts for life:

Nor wither'd Windsor on the simple Maid,
From scenes of rural innocence betray'd;
  Forced to dispose of Nature's sweetest charms;
Doom'd for a meal to sink a beauteous wreck;
To lend to man she loathes, her lip, her neck,
  And, weeping, act the Wanton in his arms:—
Than did the Hero of my Song
Survey the Emperor as he moved along.

Not with more glee a hen-peck'd Husband spies
Death shutting up his Wife's two Cat-like eyes,

Accustom'd on him oft and fierce to roll :
Just like a Galley-slave, poor fellow ! treated ;
Or those poor English at Calcutta *sweated*,
Stuff'd in the old Black Hole.

And yet, a neater Simile to use,
Not with more true delight a Lover views
The blushing Orient leading on the day
That gives a blooming Partner to his arms,
In virtues rich, and rich in youthful charms,
To bid the hours with rapture glide away :

Sad anxious Swain ! who now in bed, now out,
Toss'd like the Sea with thundering thoughts about,
Cursing with hearty prayers the lingering night ;
Now trying hard to sleep away the time ;
Now staring on the dark, like Bards for Rhyme,
To catch the smallest glimpse of Light :
Afraid that Phœbus means foul play ;
And bent to spite him, lie abed all day :

And, *bonâ fide*, not of rapture fuller,
Thurlow, the Seal and Royal Conscience keeper,
Sees his prime favourite, Mister Justice Buller,
High throned in Chancery, grieve the poor Sir Pepper :
Than did the President so keen espy
The Butterfly.

Lightly with winnowing wing amid the land,
His Moorish Majesty in circles flew.
With sturdy striding legs, and outstretch'd hand,
The Virtuoso did his Prey pursue.

He strikes, he misses; strikes again: he grins,
And sees in thought the Monarch fix'd with pins;
Sees him on paper giving up the ghost,
Nail'd like a Hawk or Martyr to a Post.

Oft fell Sir Joseph on the slippery plain;
Like *patriot* Eden, fell to *rise again.*
The Emperor smiling sported on before:
Like Phœbus coursing Daphne was the chace,
But not so was the meaning of the race;
Sir Joseph ran to *kill*, not *kiss*, the Moor;

To hold him prisoner in a glass for show;
Like Tamerlane (redoubtable his rage),
Who kept poor Bajazet, his vanquish'd foe,
Just like an Owl or Magpie, in a cage.

Again to earth Sir Joseph fell so flat,
Flat as the flattest of the Flounder race:
Down with Sir Joseph dropp'd his three-cock'd Hat,
Most nobly sharing in its *friend's* disgrace.

Again he springs, with hope and ardour pale,
And blowing like the fish baptized a Whale;
Darting his arms now here, now there, so wild,
With all the eager raptures of a Child,
Who with broad anxious eye a bauble views,
And, capering legs and hands, the toy pursues.

A Countryman who, from a lane,
Had mark'd Sir Joseph running, tumbling, sweating,
Stretching his hands and arms like one insane,
And with those arms the air around him beating,
To no *particular* opinion leaning,
Of such manœuvring could not guess the meaning.

At length the President, all foam and muck,
Quite out of breath, and out of luck,
Pursued the flying Monarch to the place
Where stood this Countryman with marvelling face.

Now through the hedge, exactly like a Horse,
Wild plunged the President with all his force,
His brow in sweat, his soul in perturbation;
Mindless of trees, and bushes, and the brambles,
Head over heels into the lane he scrambles,
Where Hob stood lost in wide-mouth'd speculation.

" Speak," roar'd the President, " this instant say,
Hast seen, hast seen, my lad, this way
The Emperor of Morocco pass?"—
Hob to the Insect-hunter nought replied;
But shook his head, and sympathizing sigh'd,
" Alas!
Poor gentleman, I'm sorry for ye;
And pity much your *upper story*."

Lo! down the lane alert the Emperor flew,
And struck once more Sir Joseph's Hawk-like view;
And now he mounted o'er a garden-wall:
In rush'd Sir Joseph at the garden-door,
Knock'd down the Gardener (what could man do more?),
And left him, as he *chose*, to rise or sprawl.

O'er peerless hyacinths our Hero rush'd,
Through tulips and anemonies he push'd,
Breaking a hundred *necks* at every spring:
On bright carnations, blushing on their banks,
With desperate hoof he trod, and mowed down ranks,
Such vast ambition urged to seize the King.

Bell-glasses, all so thick, were tumbled o'er;
And, lo! the cries, so shrill, of many a score,

A sad and fatal stroke proclaim'd :
The Scarecrow, all so red, was overturn'd ;
His vanish'd hat, and wig, and head, he mourn'd ;
And much indeed the Man of Straw was maim'd :—

Just Guardian of the sacred spot,
With face so fierce, and pointed gun,
Who threaten'd all the Birds with shot ;
To kill of sparrows every mother's son :
Fierce as those scarlet ministers of Fate,
The warlike Guardians of St. James's Gate.

Yet, not content with feats like these,
He tumbled o'er a hive of Bees :
Out rush'd the Host, and wonder'd from their souls,
What devil dared dash their house about their polls ;
Like Lewis*, whose fierce heart was such
As made him like a Football kick the Dutch.

But soon the small, heroic, injured Nation
Descried the Author of their *obligation ;*
And, to repay it, round him rush'd the Swarm.
Prodigious was the buz about his ears :
With all their venom did they push their spears ;
But, lo ! they work'd him not one grain of harm.

* Lewis the Fourteenth.

Yet did *no* God nor Godling intervene,
By way of screen.

The *happy* Head their pointed Spears defied;
Strong, like old Homer's Shields, in tough *bull-hide*,
And *brass* well temper'd, to support the shock.
The Bees their disappointed vengeance mourn'd;
And from their fierce attack, fatigued, return'd,
Believing they had storm'd a Barber's Block.

What was thought death and tortures by the clan,
Was only *tickling* the Great Man.
Thus round big Ajax raged the Trojan host,
Who might as well indeed have drubb'd a Post.

The Gardener now for just revenge up sprung,
O'erwhelm'd with wonderment and dung,
And fiercely in his turn pursued the Knight.
From bed to bed, full tilt the Champions raced,
This chased the Knight, *the knight* the Emperor chased,
Who scaled the walls, alas! and vanish'd out of sight;
To find the Empress perhaps, and tell her *Grace*
The merry history of the Chase.

At length the Gardener, swell'd with rage and dolour,
O'ertaking, grasps Sir Joseph by the collar,

And, blest with favourite oaths, abundance showers:
" Villain," he cried, " beyond example!
Just like a Cart-horse on my beds to trample;
More than your soul is worth, to kill my flowers!
See how your two vile hoofs have made a wreck;
Look, rascal, at each Beauty's *broken neck.*"

Mindless of humbled Flowers, so *freely* kill'd,
Although superior to his soul declar'd;
And vegetable blood profusely spill'd,
Superior too to all reward;
Mindless of all the Gardener's plaintive strains,
The Emperor's form monopolized his brains.

At length he spoke, in sad despairing tones:
" Gone, by the God that made me! damn his bones.
O Lord! no disappointment mine surpasses.
Poh! what are paltry flowers and broken glasses,
A tumbled scarecrow, bees, the idle whim?
Zounds, what a set of miscreants to *him!*

" Gone is my Soul's Desire, for ever gone!"—
" *Who's* gone?" the Gardener straight replied.—
" The Emperor, Sir," with tears Sir Joseph cried;
" The Emperor of Morocco, thought my own.
To unknown fields behold the Monarch fly!—
Zounds! not to catch him, what an Ass was I!"

His eyes the Gardener, full of horror, stretch'd;
And then a groan, a monstrous groan, he fetch'd,
Contemplating around his ruin'd wares:
And now he let Sir Joseph's collar go;
And now he bray'd aloud with bitterest woe,
"Mad! madder than the maddest of March hares!

"A pox confound the fellow's Bedlam rigs!
Oh! he hath done the work of fifty Pigs.
The devil take his *keeper*, a damn'd Goose,
For letting his Wild Beast get loose!"

But now the Gardener, terrified, began
To think himself too near a man
In so Peg Nicholson a situation;
And, happy from a Madman to escape,
He left him without bow, or nod, or scrape,
Like Jeremiah midst his Lamentation.

Such is the Tale. If Readers sigh for more,
Sir Joseph's wallet holdeth many a score.

A

POETICAL EPISTLE

TO

A FALLING MINISTER;

ALSO

AN IMITATION

OF

THE TWELFTH ODE OF HORACE.

Hic niger est. Hunc tu, Romane, caveto. HORACE.

EPISTLE

TO

A FALLING MINISTER.

BLIND to an artful *Boy's* insidious wiles,
Why rests the Genius of the Queen of Isles?
While Liberty in irons sounds th' alarm,
Why hangs Suspense on Virtue's coward arm?
While Tyranny prepares her jails and thongs,
Why sleeps the Sword of Justice o'er our wrongs?
Oh! meanly founding on a Father's fame,
To Britain's highest seat a daring claim;
Oh! if thy face one *blush* could ever boast,
And that lorn sign of virtue be not lost;
Now on thy visage let the *stranger* burn,
And glow for deeds that bid an Empire mourn.

Drawn from a garret by the Royal *Sire*,
Warm'd like a Viper by his friendly fire,
What hath thy gratitude *sublimely* done?—
Fix'd, like the Snake, thy fang upon the *Son*.

Yes, thou most *generous* Youth: thy hostile art
Hath lodged a poisonous shaft in Britain's heart:
Thy arm hath dragged the Column to the ground,
The sacred wonder of the Realms around,
To make snug comfortable Habitations
For thee and all thy pitiful Relations.
Barbarian-like, how like those Sons of Spoil
Whose impious hands on hallowed structures toil;
Base throng, that through Palmyra's Temple digs,
To form a Lodging for themselves and Pigs!

Oh! if ambition prompts thy soaring soul
To live the theme of future times with Rolle;
Thrice-happy Youth, like *his* shall shine thy name
Who gave th' Ephesian Wonder to the flame.

Sick at the name of Rolle (to thee though dear),
The name abhorr'd by Honour's shrinking ear,
I draw reluctant from thy venal throng,
And give it mention though it blasts my song.

How couldst thou bid that Rolle, despised by all,
On helpless beauty like a Mastiff fall;
Then meanly to correct the Brute pretend,
And claim the merit of the Fair One's friend*?

* A most wanton and illiberal attack made by this man on Mrs. Fitzherbert in the House of Commons, exceeds all precedent.

Art *thou* the Youth on whom the Virtues smile,
The boasted Saviour of our sinking isle?
O'er such, Oblivion, be thy wing display'd!
Oh! waft them from the Gibbet to thy Shade!

Yet what expect from *thee*, whose icy breast,
A stranger to their charm, the Loves detest?
Thee, o'er whose heart the fascinating Pow'r
Ne'er knew the triumph of one soften'd hour?
To give *thy* flinty soul the tender sigh,
Vain is the radiance of the brightest eye.
In vain for thee of beauty blooms the rose;
In vain the swelling bosom spreads its snows:
A *Joseph* thou, against the sex to strive;
Dead to those charms that keep the World alive.

In vain thy malice pours its frothy tide,
In vain, the virtues of thy Prince to hide.
Thou and thy imps, to dim his rising ray,
Urge Clouds on Clouds to thwart the golden Day.
Mad toil! I see his Orb superior pass,
That smiles triumphant on the sable Mass.

O Pitt! a Sister Kingdom damns thy deeds,
And pities hapless Britain as she bleeds.
Hibernia scorns each meanly treacherous art
Hatch'd by the base Rebellion of thy heart;

That crawls an Aspic bloated black with fate,
To pour a dire contagion through the State.
She, with an honest voice, her Prince approves,
And nobly trusts the virtues that she loves:
Detests a Hangman's unremitting toil,
To break upon the wheel a happy Isle;
Who yet, to push the guilt and folly further,
Suborns Addresses to applaud the Murther.

Who but must laugh to see thy boasted friends,
On whose poor rotten trunks thy *all* depends?
See Bute's mean Parasite, thy Spaniel creep,
Whose Argus' eyes of avarice never sleep;
A close State Leech, who, sticking to the Nation,
As Adders deaf to Honour's execration,
Sucks from its throat the blood by night, by day,
Nor till the State expires will drop away.

Yet see another Fiend, with scowling eye,
Who draws from Nature's soul her deepest sigh;
Ashamed her hand should usher into light
What fate should whelm with everlasting night!
Lost by his arts, behold the beauteous Maid
Whom Innocence herself could ne'er upbraid*,

* The melancholy circumstance alluded to here, the family of Dr. Lynch, of Canterbury, can best explain.

Sunk a pale victim to the gaping tomb,
While all but *he* with grief survey'd her doom;
Whose heart disdain'd to feel; whose eye severe,
Compassion never melted with a tear.

Yet, left in silence to himself alone,
Aghast he heaves the conscience-wounded groan.
At every sound, how horror heaves the sigh!
How dangers thicken on his straining eye!
He sees her Phantom, form'd by treacherous Love,
Droop in the grot, and pine amid the grove:
He marks her mien of woe, her cheek so pale,
And trembles at her shrieks that pierce the gale.
At night's deep noon what fears his soul invade!
How wild he starts amidst the spectred shade!
And, dreading every hopeless hour the last,
He hears the call of Death in every blast.

Such are thy Colleagues*, O thou *patriot* Boy,
Whose heads and hearts thy virtues dare employ;
Who, crouching at thy heels, like Bloodhounds wait,
To fasten on the vitals of the State.

* We must not forget, however, Messieurs his Grace of Richmond and Harry Dundas, *cum plurimis aliis*, though they have not the honour of being mentioned in our Poetical Calendar.

Such are the Miscreants who would rule the Realm:
Such the black Pirates that would seize the Helm.

Had not I known thee, Pitt, the Muse had sworn,
That, blest to see the State to atoms torn,
Hell with her host had drawn each damned plan,
And for the murder nursed thy dark Divan.

Speak, hath thy heart, with mad ambition fired,
Like Cromwell's, hot for power, to Thrones aspired?
Then may that *young old* traiterous bosom feel
The rapid vengeance of some virtuous steel:
Or what, to bosoms not quite flint, is worse,
May Heaven with hoary age a Rebel curse;
From sweet society behold him torn,
Condemn'd, like Cain, to walk the World forlorn.

Thus rous'd to anger for my Country's wrong,
The Muse, for vengeance panting, pour'd her Song.
But, ah! in vain I wish'd the blessing mine,
To plant a Scorpion's Sting in every Line.

Now Prudence gently pull'd the Poet's ear;
And thus the Daughter of the blue-eyed Maid*,
In flattery's soothing sounds, divinely said:
"O Peter! eldest born of Phœbus, hear;

* Minerva.

Whose Verse could ravish Kings, relax the claw
Of that gaunt hungry savage christen'd Law;
Indeed thou wantest worldly Wisdom, Peter,
To mix a little oftener with thy Metre:
Lo! if thine eye Dame Fortune's smile pursues,
To oily Adulation prompt the Muse.

" Give for the future all thy Rhymes to Praise;
Strike to the *glorious* Pitt thy sounding Lyre:
Thy Head may *then* be crown'd with Warton's Bays,
And Mutton twirl with spirit at thy fire."—

" Prudence," quoth I, " indeed, indeed I *can't:*
Don't ask me to turn Rogue and Sycophant."

Now with a Smile, first-cousin to a Grin,
Dame Prudence answer'd, bridling up her chin:
" Sweet, harmless, pretty, *conscientious* Pigeon!
Ah, Peter! well I ween, thou art not rich:
Know, that thou'lt die like Beggars in a Ditch;
Know too, that Hunger is of *no* Religion.

" Sit down and make a Horace-Imitation,
Like Pope; and let the Stanza glow
With praise of Messieurs Pitt *and Co.*,
The present *worthy* Rulers of the Nation."

With pursed-up Puritanic mouth so prim,
Thus spoke Dame Prudence to the Bard of Whim;
Who, with politeness seldom running o'er,
For Inspiration scratch'd his tuneful sconce,
To please Dame Oracle for once—
A Dame, *some say*, he never saw before,

IMITATION OF HORACE.

(ODE XII. BOOK I.)

ON MESSIEURS PITT AND CO.

MUSE, having dropp'd Sir Joseph and the King,
[1] What sort of Gentry shall we deign to sing?
[2] What high and mighty Name that all adore?
What ministerial Wight that bribes each Cit,
Wolf-like to [3] howl for homage to King Pitt,
And set each smoky alehouse in a roar;
That sends to counties, borough-towns, his Crimps,
Alias his vote-seducing Pimps,

AD AUGUSTUM.

I.

[1] *QUEM virum aut heroa lyrâ vel acri*
Tibiâ sumes celebrare, Clio?
[2] *Quem deum, cujus* [3] *recinet jocosa*
Nomen imago,

To bribe the Mob with brandy, beer, and [4]song,
To put their greasy fists to court addresses,
Full of professions kind, and sweet caresses,
And [5]with a Fiddle lead the [6]Logs along?

Shall Dornford, king of wine, and mum, and perry,
Be crown'd with Lyric bays, with Master Merry;
Two Sages who, in different places born,
[7]Chick Lane and Black-boy Alley did adorn?

Or, Muse, suppose we sing [8]King Pitt himself,
[9]The greatest man on earth; a cunning elf,
[10]Who driveth, Jehu-like, the church and state:—
And, [11]next to Royal Pitt, we'll sing [12]the Dame
Of open, generous, charitable fame,
Lamenting *sad* a Monarch's hapless fate;
Who, though transfix'd by Sorrow's dart so cruel,
So prudent, numbers each bank-note and jewel.

Nor shall we by old [13]Bacchus Weymouth pass,
A jolly fellow o'er his glass:—
Nor, [14]Schwellenberg, shalt thou a Shrimp appear;
Whose palate loves a dainty dish,
Whose teeth in [15]combat shine [16]with flesh and fish,
Whose Strelitz Stomach holds a Butt of Beer;

II.

[7]*Aut in umbrosis Heliconis oris,*
Aut super Pindo, gelidove in Hæmo?
Unde [4] *vocalem temerè insecutæ*
Orphea sylvæ,

III.

Arte maternâ rapidos morantem
Fluminum lapsus, celeresque ventos,
Blandum et auritas [5]*fidibus canoris*
Ducere [6]*quercus.*

IV.

Quid priùs dicam solitis [8]*parentis*
Laudibus; [10] *qui res hominum ac deorum,*
Qui mare et terras, variisque mundum
Temperat horis?

V.

[9] *Unde nil majus generatur ipso;*
Nec viget quidquam simile, aut secundum:
[11] *Proximos illi tamen occupavit*
[12] *Pallas honores.*

VI.

[15]*Prœliis audax, neque te silebo,*
[13] *Liber; et sævis inimica* [14] *Virgo*
[16] *Belluis: nec te metuende certâ,*
Phœbe, sagittâ.

Who soon shalt keep a Sale-shop for good Places
(For which so oft the people squabble,
From *gaping* Coblers to their *gaping* Graces),
And thus provide for *great* and *little* Rabble.

I'll sing how [17] calmly Camden takes the bit,
And trots so mildly under Master Pitt:
And [18] Thurlow too, whom none but Pitt could tame;
Who, blest with Master Billy's finest saddle,
[19] No longer makes our brains with neighing addle,
No longer now Job's War-horse snorting flame;
But that slow Brute whom few or none revere,
Famed for his fine *base voice* and *length of ear;*

[20] Yet now so gentle, you may smooth his nose;
Poor Chancellor* will make no riot:
Calm in his stall [21] his aged limbs repose,
And pleased he eats his oats and hay in quiet.

This Pair, so tame, amid the Courtier throng
Shall drag their master William's coach along,
And raise the wonder of the Million;
Just like two Bull-dogs in a country-town,
That gallop in their harness up and down,
With Monsieur Monkey for postilion.

* The name of the Horse.

VII.

Dicam et [18] *Alciden :* [22] *puerosque Ledæ,*
Hunc equis, illum superare pugnis,
Nobilem ; quorum simul alba nautis
Stella [23] *refulsit,*

VIII.

[19] *Defluit saxis agitatus humor,*
[20] *Concidunt venti, fugiuntque nubes,*
Et minax (quòd sic voluere) ponto
Unda [21] *recumbit.*

IX.

Romulum post hos priùs, an [17] *quietum*
Pompilî regnum memorem, an [24] *superbos*
Tarquinî fasces, dubito, an [25] *Catonis*
Nobile lethum.

We'll sing the [22] Brothers of our *loving* Queen,
Fine hungry, hearty Youths as e'er were seen;
Who, if once tried, would [23] shine, I make no doubt:
And chiefly he who merits high rewards,
Who, wriggling to the Hanoverian Guards,
Kept the poor Prince of Brunswick out;
Although so brave a prince, who spilt his blood
So freely for the King of England's good*.

We'll sing too Master Rolle, who, fond of fame,
[24] High-daring, from the Land of Dumplings came,
To bear the Minister, to be his Ass;
Like Conjuror Balaam's reasoning Brute,
That carried Balaam, Balak to salute,
And curse the Israelites, alas!

And, lo! as did the Lord,
Who oped the mouth of Balaam's Beast:
So hath *our* Lord, Squire Pitt, upon my word;
Oped Master Rolle's, to give the House a *feast*.

* This is scarcely credible, but it is nevertheless true. The Prince of Brunswick's genius was forced to yield to the *superior* one of the Queen's Brother.

Yet, hang it! Devonshire is by Aram* beat,
A circumstance that wrings the Poet's soul;
For Balaam's Jackass made a speech quite neat,
Which never yet was done by Pitt's poor Rolle.

Or shall I sing [25]old Cornwall's death?
Or fierce Sir Bullface, who resign'd his breath
With Brother Cornwall in the self-same year;
A downright Bear,
Who bade a Monarch, like a Boy at School,
Not spend his money like a Fool?

We too might sing the King of Swine;
Sir Joseph, peerless in the fattening line.

We too may Brudenell sing, who, some time since,
Admired and loved, adored and praised, his Prince;
Followed him, Spaniel-like, about;
Swore himself black (poor fellow!) in the face,
That he would ten times rather lose his Place
Than leave Him—Thus said he with phiz devout:

* Balaam's *country-seat.*

But when it came to pass his Highness tried him,
This [26] false Apostle, Peter-like, denied him.

We'll sing Lord Galloway, a man of note,
Who turn'd his taylor, much enraged, away,
Because he stitch'd [27] a Star upon his coat
So small, it scarcely threw a ray;
Whereas he wish'd a Planet huge to flame,
To put the [28] Moon's full orb to shame:

He wanted one so large, with rays so thick,
As to eclipse [29] the Star of Sir John Dick;
Sir John, who got his Star, so bright and stout,
For making super-excellent *sour crout**.

Or, Muse, suppose we sing the Speaker's [30] wig,
In which, 'tis said, a world of wisdom lies:
Which, to a Head-piece scarcely worth a fig,
Importance gives, that greatly doth surprise;
When [31] through the chaos of the House he bawls
For Order, that oft flies Saint Stephen's walls;

* This honour of the Star was really conferred on him by the Empress of Russia, for furnishing the Russian fleet in the Mediterranean with the above Cabbage-manufacture, to *sharpen* their courage for a massacre of the poor Turks.

X.

Regulum, et Scauros, [34] *animæque magnæ*
Prodigum Paulum, [35] *superante Pœno,*
[26] *Gratus insigni referam Camœnâ,*
Fabriciumque.

XI.

Hunc, et incomptis Curium [30] *capillis*
[31] *Utilem bello, tulit, et Camillum,*
Sævâ paupertas, et avitus apto
Cum lare fundus.

XII.

[32] *Crescit occulto velut* [33] *arbor ævo*
Fama Marcelli. Micat inter omnes
Julium [27] *sidus, velut inter* [29] *ignes*
[28] *Luna minores.*

Driven by a host of scrapes, and hawks, and hums,
And blowing noses, that distract her drums.

For, Muse, we can't well sing poor Grenville's Head,
Because it wanteth eyes, imperfect creature!
Again: its lining *happeneth* to be *lead;*
Such are the whimsicalities of Nature:
And thus this speaking Head-piece is, no doubt,
As dark *within* as certes 'tis *without.*

Yet was this Youth proclaim'd a pretty Sprig,
A very promising, a[32] thriving Twig,
That by his parents dear was said would be,
In time, a very comely [33]Tree;
And, what those parents dear would also *suit,*
Produce enormous quantities of *fruit,*
By God's good grace, and much good looking after:
A thought that now convulseth us with laughter.

Suppose we chaunt old Willis and his Whip,
At which the human hide revolts;
Who bids, like Grasshoppers, his Pupils skip,
And breaks [34]Mad Gentlemen like Colts;
Or trains them, like a Pointer, to his hand:—
[35]And such the mighty Conjuror's command,

He, by the magic of sticks, ropes, and eyes,
Commands wild Folly to be tame and wise.

Or grant we throw away a verse or two
Upon the Bedchamber's most idle imps;
Those Lords of Gingerbread, a gaudy crew,
Sticking together just like social Shrimps:
Regardless *who* the State Coach drives,
So *they* may lead good merry, lazy lives;
Pleased e'en from Devils to receive their pay,
So they, like Moths, may flutter life away.

[36] Pitt shall the House of Commons rule,
And eke of poor Incurables the School;
And pour on such the vengeance of his spleen,
As meanly think of Hastings and the Queen.

XIII.

[38] *Gentis humanæ pater atque custos,*
Orte Saturno, [39] *tibi cura magni*
Cæsaris fatis data: [40] *tu secundo*
Cæsare regnes.

XIV.

[36] *Ille seu Parthos Latio imminentes*
Egerit justo domitos triumpho,

On diamonds Pitt *and Co.* shall largely feast,
[37] Knock down the Nabobs, and exhaust the East.

[38] O Lady, whose great wisdom thinketh fit
[39] To spread thy petticoat o'er William Pitt!
This William Pitt and thou, without a joke,
Will turn out *most extraordinary* folk.

[40] Pitt and the Petticoat shall rule together,
Each with the other vastly taken;
Make, when they choose, or fair or filthy weather,
And cut up Kingdoms just like Bacon.

---

[37] *Sive subjectos Orientis oris*
Seras et Indos;

XV.

[40] *Te minor latum reget æquus orbem:*
Tu gravi curru quaties Olympum,
Tu parum castis inimica mittes
Fulmina lucis.

THUS having finish'd, Prudence with a stare
Exclaim'd, "Rank irony, thou wicked Poet."—
Quoth I, "My little Presbyterian Fair,
I know it."—
"Ah!" quoth the Dame again, with lifted eyes,
"When will this stupid World be *wise?*

"Ah! had the Prince his *proper* interest felt,
And, like Bucephalus the famous, knelt
To take Pitt Alexander on his back,
He might have ambled prettily along,
And *very rarely* felt his Rider's thong;
Just now and then a *gentle* smack,
T' inform his Royal Colt what Being *rode* him,
And with such *dignity* bestrode him.

"Yes: had his Highness but vouchsafed to *stoop*,
With *heaven-born* Pitt he might have eat his soup;
Joyed in the full possession of his wishes,
And with his *servant* shared the loaves and fishes."

SUBJECTS FOR PAINTERS.

Qui veut peindre pour l'Immortalite,
Doit peindre des Sots.

FONTENELLE.

TO THE READER.

THE rage for Historical Pictures in this kingdom, so nobly rewarded by Messieurs Boydell and Macklin, hath, with the great encouragement of *two* or *three* of the *principal* Muses, tempted me to offer Subjects to the Labourers in the Graphic Vineyard. When Shakspeare and Milton are exhausted, I may presume that the following Odes, Tales, and Hints, in preference to the Labours of any other of our British Bards, may be adopted by the Brush of Genius.—Had I not thus stepped forward as the Champion of my own Merit (which is deemed so necessary now-a-days for the obtention of public notice, not only by Authors, but by tête-makers, perfumers, elastic truss and Parliament-speech makers, &c. who, in the daily newspapers, are the heralds of *their own* splendid abilities), I might possibly be passed by without observation; and thus a great part of a poetical Immortality be sacrificed to a pitiful *mauvaise honte*.

SUBJECTS FOR PAINTERS.

Scene, the Royal Academy.

PEACE and good will to this fair Meeting!
I come not with hostility, but greeting;
  Not Eagle-like to scream, but Dove-like coo it.
I come not with the sword of vengeance, Rhyme,
To slash, and act as Journeyman to Time:
  The God himself is just arrived to do it.

To make each feeble Figure a poor Corse,
  I come not, with the shafts of Satire sporting;
Then view me not like Stubbs's staring Horse,
  With terror on th' approaching Lion snorting:
I come to bid the Hatchet's labour cease,
And smoke with friends the Calumet of peace.

Knight of the Polar Star, or Bear, don't start;
And, like some long-eared creatures, *bray* "What art?"

Sir William, shut your ell-wide mouth of terror.
I come not here, believe me, to complain
Of such as dared employ thy building brain,
And criticise an economic error*.

I come not here to call thee Knave or Fool,
And bid thee seek again Palladio's school;
Or *copy* Heaven, who form'd *thy head* so thick,
To give stability to stone and brick.
No; 'twould be cruel *now* to make a rout:
The very Stones *already* have cried out.

I come not here, indeed, new Cracks to spy,
And call thee for the workmanship hard names;
To point *which* Wing shall *next* forsake the sky,
And tumble in the Strand, or in the Thames.

Nor come I here to cover thee with shame,
For putting clever Academic Men,
Like Calves or Pigs, into a pen,
To see the King of England and his Dame†,

* A large portion of the Royal Academy, raised at an extraordinary expence, fell to the ground lately; but as the Knight is a *favourite* at Court, no harm is done. The Nation is *able* to rear it again; which will be a benefit-ticket in Sir William's way.

† Sir William actually gave orders for the non-admission of the Royal Academicians into the Academy, to see the Royal Procession to St. Paul's; as he had

'Midst carts and coaches, golden horse and foot,
'Midst peopled windows, chimneys, and old walls,
'Midst marrow-bones and cleavers, fife and flute,
Passing in pious pilgrimage to Paul's;

Where, as the Show of Gingerbread went by,
The rain, as if in mockery, from the sky,
Dribbled on every Academic knob,
And wash'd each Pigtail smart, and powder'd Bob:

Wash'd many a Visage, black, and brown, and fair,
Giving to each so picturesque an air;
Resembling that of drooping rain-soak'd Fowls;
Or, what's a better picture, parboil'd Owls;
While thou, great Jove upon Olympus aping,
Didst sit majestic, from a window gaping.

O West! that fix'd and jealous eye forbear,
Which scowling marks the Bard with doubt and fear;
Thy Forms are sacred from my wrath divine:
'Twere *cruel* to attack such crippled creatures,
So very, very feeble in their natures,
Already gasping in a deep *decline*.

some Women and Children of his acquaintance who wished to see the Show. Half a dozen Boards were consequently ordered to be put together on the outside of the Building, for their reception.

I seek them not with scalping-thoughts indeed;
Too *great* my soul to bid the Figures bleed:
No, peace and happiness attend 'em;
Where'er they go, poor imps, God *mend 'em!*

I come not to impute to thee the crime
Of *over-dealing* in the true Sublime;
I scorn with malice *thus* thy fame to wound:
Nor cruel to declare, and hurt thy trade,
That *too divine* effects of Light and Shade
Were *ever* 'midst thy Labours to be found:—

Nor swear, to blast an atom of thy merit,
That Elegance, Expression, Spirit,
Too strongly from thy Canvas blaze;
And damn thee thus with Raphael's praise.
Besides, against the stream I scorn to rush;
The World *ne'er said* nor *thought* it of thy Brush.

Were I to write thy Epitaph, I'd say,
" Here lies below a Painter's Clay,
Who work'd away most furiously for Kings;
And proved that Fire of Inclination
For pleasing the Great Ruler of a Nation,
And Fire of Genius, are two *different* things."

Nor come I here t' inform some men so wise,
Who shine not yet upon the R. A. list,
That Limbs in Spasms and *crack'd*, and *goggling* Eyes,
With Grandeur cannot well exist.
Nay, let it be recorded in my Rhyme,
Convulsions cannot give the true Sublime.

Saint Vitus might be virtuous to romance
(Peace to the *manes* of that capering Saint!);
Yet let me tell the Sons of Paint,
Sublimity adorneth not *his* dance.

Wide Saucer Eyes, and dire Distortion,
Will only make a good Abortion.

No, Landscape-painters: let your *gold* streams sleep;
Sleep *golden* skies and bulls, and *golden* cows,
And *golden* groves and vales, and *golden* sheep,
And *golden* goats, the *golden* grass that brouse;

Which with such *golden* lustre flame,
As beats the very *golden* Frame.
Peace to the scenes of Birmingham's bright school!
Peace to the brighter scenes of Pontipool!

Awed I approach, ye Sovereigns of the Brush,
With Modesty's companion sweet, a blush,

And hesitation natural to her tongue:
And eye so diffident, with beam so mild,
Like Eve's when Adam on her beauties smil'd,
And led her blushing, *nothing loth*, along;
To give the Lady a *green gown*, so sweet,
On beds of roses, Love's delicious seat.

Yes, sober, trembling, Quaker-like, I come
To this great Dome,
To offer Subjects to the Sons of Paint.
Accept the pleasant Tales and Hints I bring,
Of Knight and Lord, and Commoner and King,
Sweeter than History of embowel'd Saint;
Or Martyr beat like Shrovetide Cocks with bats,
And fired like turpentined poor roasting Rats.

Inimical as Dogs to Pigs,
Or Wind and Rain to powder'd Wigs,
Or Mud from kennels to a milk-white Stocking;
Hostile to Peter's Phiz as if a Pest,
Why springs the Man of History, Master West,
And cries, "Off, off! your tales and hints are shocking;
Inventions, fabrications; lies, damn'd lies:
Kings, and the World besides, thy spite despise.

" Sir, you're a liar, every body knows it;
Sir, every stupid stanza shows it;
Sir, you know nothing of a King or Queen;
In spheres too high their Orbs superior roll,
By thy poor little, groveling, mole-eyed soul,
Thou outcast of Parnassus, to be seen.

" Sir, they do honour to their godlike station,
The two first Luminaries of the Nation,
So meek, good, generous, virtuous, humble, wise;
While thou a savage, a great fool so fat,
Cursed with a Conscience blacker than my Hat,
Art rival to that fiend the Prince of Lies.

" Go, pour thy venom on my Lear*;—
A whisper, Hopkins, Sternhold, in thy ear:
King Lear, to mortify thee, goes
Where Majesty delights with West to prate,
Much more than Ministers of State;
Where thou shalt never show thy nose:

" Where Pages fancy it a heinous crime,
Thou foul-mouth'd fellow, to repeat thy Rhyme;
Where every Cook, it is my firm belief,
Would nobly make it a religious point,
Rather than put thy Trash upon a joint,
To let the Fire consuming *burn* the Beef.

* A pretty iron-staring Sketch now in the Exhibition.

" There's not a Shopkeeper in Windsor town
That would not hang thee, shoot thee, stab thee, drown
That doth not damn thy stuff, thy Odes and Tales.
That doth not think thy Odes would give Disease
To every thing they wrapp'd; to bread, to cheese;
Nay, give Contagion to a Bag of Nails.

" The very Windsor Dogs and Cats,
The very Windsor Owls and Bats,
Would howl and squall, and hoot and shriek, to meet
Like thee a ragamuffin in the street.

" The Servant-maids of Windsor from each shop,
Some pointing brooms, and some a scornful mop,
Their loyal sentiments would disembogue,
And taunting cry, ' There goes a lying rogue.'

" Behold rank impudence thy Rhymes inspire;
Consummate insolence thy verse provoke!
Fool, to believe thy Muse, a Muse of Fire;—
A Chimney-sweeper's Drab, a Muse of Smoke.

" The very Bellman's Rhymes possess more merit:
Nay, Nichols' Magazine exceeds in spirit;
A Printer's Devil, with conceit so drunk,
Who publishes for *gentleman* and *trunk;*

" Who sets up Author on old Bowyer's scraps;—
Bowyer, whose pen recorded all the raps

That hungry Authors gave to Bowyer's door,
To swell the *curious* literary store:

" Who on a purblind Antiquarian's back,
A founder'd, broken-winded hack,
Rides out to find old farthings, nails, and bones;
On *darkest* Coins the *brightest* Legend reads,
On *traceless* copper *sees* imperial heads,
And makes Inscriptions *older* than the Stones;

" Bids too, to give his customers surprise,
A Druid Altar from a Pig-sty rise.—
Yes, Nichols, aping wisdom through his glasses,
Thee, thee, Apollo's Scavenger, surpasses.

" Soon shall we see the Fleet thy carcase wring,
Mean through the prison-grate for farthings angling;
Suspending feet of stockings by a string,
Or glove or night-cap, for our bounty dangling:

" While, issuing from thy mouth begrimed with beard
(Thy pale nose poking through thy prison-hole),
The hollow voice of misery will be heard,
' Kind *gemman*, pity a poor hungry soul;
Have pity on a Prisoner's case so shocking:
Good Lady, put a farthing in the stocking.'

" What impudence, thus bold a face to push,
Arm'd with a winking Light of paltry Rush,
As if with Truth's bright Torch, into our room;
To dart on ignorance the fancied rays,
To bid of barbarism the empire blaze,
And kind illumine error's midnight gloom!

" Get out, and pertly don't come troubling *me:*
A Dog is better company than *Thee.*"—

I thank ye; much obliged t'ye, Master West,
For thoughts so *kind,* and *prettily* exprest;
Yet won't I be refused, I won't indeed:
You *must,* you *shall,* have Tale, and Ode, and Hint;
This Memory of mine contains a Mint;
And thus, in bold defiance, I proceed.

Yet mind me: as to our bright King and Queen,
Their names are *sacred* from the Poet's spleen;
Peace to their reign! they feel *no more* my jokes:
Whether to Hanover they *wisely* roam,
Or *full as wisely* count their Cash at home,
My Satire shall not hurt the Gentlefolks.

Pleased in a Hut to broil my Mutton-bone,
I sigh not for the Venison of a Throne:

Nay, Slavery doth not with my Pride agree;
A Toad-eater's an imp I don't admire;
Nor Royal Small-talk doth my soul desire:
I've *seen* my Sovereigns; that's *enough* for *me.*

A THOUSAND Themes for Canvas I could name,
To give the Artist beef and fame:
Lo! Hodsell in his Country-seat so fine,
Where 'midst his Tulips grin stone Apes with Parrots;
Where Neptune foams along a bed of Carrots,
Instead of cleaving through his native Brine:—

Where Phœbus strikes to Cabbages his Strings,
Where Love o'er Garlic waves his purple Wings,
Where Mars to vanquish Beets heroic leans;
And, arm'd with Lightnings, with terrific eyes,
The great and mighty Ruler of the Skies
Sublimely thunders through a Bed of Beans:

Close by whose side the Haymakers are mating,
And Dutchmen to their knees in Onions skaiting.

A mighty Warrior in the House of Lords,
Swallowing, alas! a bitter, bitter pill;
Eating, poor man, his own sad words,
Exceedingly against his noble will;

While Rawdon by his side, with martial face,
Commandeth him to swallow with a grace;—
Would make an interesting scene indeed,
And show the courage of *King Charles's breed.*

How like a Doctor, forcing down the throat
Of some poor puling Child a Dose of Salts;
At which its little soul revolts,
With wriggling limbs, wry mouths, and piteous note:
Yet forced to take the formidable purge,
Or taste a *bitterer* dose, the threaten'd Scourge!

Or Richmond, watchful of the State-salvation,
Sprinkling his Ravelins o'er the nation:
Now buying Leathern Boxes up by tons,
Improving thus the nature of Great Guns;
Guns blest with double natures, mild and rough,
To give a Broadside, or a Pinch of Snuff*.

* The Duke absolutely ordered Cannon to be made of Leather, from a snuff-box maker; which at Woolwich, on Saturday the second day of May 1789, were seriously *tried*, and, like *many* a Nobleman, found too *soft*.

Or Richmond at the enormous Reckoning struck,
At Portsmouth battling hard about a Duck *.

A certain high and mighty Duchess,
Hugging her Husband in her Cat-like clutches,
Biting and tearing him with *brandy* zeal;
Whose flax in heaps is seen to fly around,
While he, pale wight, emits a *plaintive* sound,
Like animals that furnish man with Veal:

Would make another pleasing scene,
Showing the mettle of an arrant Quean;
Longing to shine a first-rate Star at Court,
For Satire's pen a subject of rare sport;
Longing to purify a luckless blood,
Deep-stain'd, and smelling of its native mud.

The valiant Gloucester at the army's head,
Drawn as the glorious Macedonian Youth,
In battle galloping o'er hills of dead,
Would glow with *such* an air of *truth!*

* At Portsmouth his Grace, not long since, bespoke a dinner for a few friends; and because no impression had been made on a roasted Duck, Charles Lenox, Duke of Richmond, Earl of March, Master General of the Ordnance, Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the county of Sussex, Duke of Lenox in Scotland and Aubigny in France, Knight of the most noble Order of the Garter,

Not on a Jackass mounted, but a Steed
Of old Bucephalus's breed.

Salisbury examining the iron hands
Of Fame's and sweet Saint Giles's blackguard bands,
That clap our Kings to Parliament and Play;
Salisbury too, gauging all their gaping throats,
Exciseman-like, to find the best for notes,
That money mayn't be *thrown away:*

Resolved from those same Legions of Vulgarity,
To get *full pennyworths* of Popularity;
Resolved his Master shall be *fairly* treated,
And not, *as usual*, by his servants cheated.

Suppose, to give this humour-loving Isle
A pretty opportunity to smile,
You paint the Solomon of yon famed place*,
Where fair Philosophy, the heavenly dame,
By barbarous usage cover'd deep with shame,
No longer shows her exiled face;
Where *cent. per cent.* in value rise
Toads, tadpoles, grasshoppers, and flies:—

&c., thought it a grievous imposition; and consequently ordered the Landlord of the inn to deduct the eighteen pence, the price of the Duck, from the bill, which was done accordingly.

* The Royal Society.

Suppose you paint Sir Joseph all so blest,
With many a parasitical dear guest,
Swoll'n by their flatteries like a Bladder big;
Throwing away of learning such a waste,
And proving his superior *classic* taste
By swallowing the *sumen* of a Pig.

Pitt trying to unclench Britannia's fist,
Imploring money for a King;
Telling *most mournful* tales of Civil List,
The Lady's *tender* heart to wring:

Tales of expense in doctors' bills,
High price of blisters, boluses, and pills;
Long journey to Saint Paul's t' *oblige* the Nation,
And give God thanks for Restoration:—
Britannia with arch look the while,
Partaking strongly of a smile,
Pointing to that huge Dome*, the Nation's wealth;
Where *people* sometimes place their Cash *by stealth*,
And, all so modest with their secret store,
Inform the World they're *poor*, ah! *very poor*.

---

* The Bank of England.

Brudenell and Symonds* with each other vying,
Sweet youths! for little Norman's† favours sighing,
A picturesque effect would form:
That, hugging Mother for the Daughter's charms;
This, with the yielding damsel in his arms,
Taking the citadel by storm:
That, running with the Girl in triumph off;
This, with the Dog, the Mother, and the Muff.

A great Law Chief, whom God nor Demon scares,
Compell'd to kneel and pray‡, who *swore* his Prayers;
The Devil behind him pleased and grinning,
Patting the angry Lawyer on the shoulder,
Declaring nought was ever *bolder*,
Admiring such a *novel* mode of sinning:

Like this, a subject would be reckon'd rare,
Which proves what *blood-game* infidels can dare;
Which to my memory brings a fact
That nothing but an English Tar would act:—

* Lord Brudenell's and Sir Richard Symonds's contest for the charming Prize is well known to the Opera House.

† A pretty black-eyed Figutante at the Opera.

‡ On the Thanksgiving-day at St. Paul's.

THE BOY AND THE BOATSWAIN.

In ships of war, on Sundays, prayers are given;
For, though so wicked, Sailors think of Heaven,
Particularly in a Storm;
When, *if* they find no brandy to get drunk,
Their souls are in a miserable funk:
Then vow they to th' Almighty to reform,
If, in his goodness, only once, once more,
He'll suffer them to clap a foot on shore.

In Calms indeed, or gentle Airs,
They ne'er on week-days *pester* Heaven with pray'rs;
For 'tis among the Jacks a common saying,
"Where there's no danger, there's no need of praying."

One Sunday morning all were met
To hear the Parson preach and pray;
All but a Boy, who, willing to forget
That prayers were handing out, had stolen away;
And, thinking praying but a useless task,
Had crawl'd, to take a nap, into a cask.

The Boy was soon found missing, and full soon
The Boatswain's Cat *sagacious* smelt him out;
Gave him a clawing to some tune:
This Cat's a cousin-german to the Knout*.

* A common punishment in Russia.

" Come out, you sculking Dog," the Boatswain cried,
" And save your damn'd young sinful soul:"
He then the moral-mending Cat applied,
And turn'd him like a Badger from his hole.

Sulky the Boy march'd on, and did not mind him,
Although the Boatswain flogging kept behind him.
" Flog," cried the boy: " flog; curse me, flog away:
I'll *go*, but mind; God damn me if I'll *pray*."

THE KING OF SPAIN AND THE HORSE.

In seventeen hundred seventy-eight,
The rich, the proud, the potent King of Spain;
Whose Ancestors sent forth their troops to smite
The peaceful natives of the Western Main;
With faggots and the blood-delighting sword,
To play the devil, to oblige the Lord:—

For hunting, roasting Heretics, and boiling,
Baking and barbecuing, frying, broiling,
Was thought Heaven's cause amazingly to further;
For which most pious reason, hard to work
They went, with gun and dagger, knife and fork,
To charm the God of Mercy with their Murther:—

I say, this King in seventy-eight surveyed,
In tapestry so rich portrayed,
A Horse with stirrups, crupper, bridle, saddle:
Within the stirrup, lo, the monarch tried
To fix his foot, the Palfrey to bestride;
In vain: he could not o'er the Palfrey straddle.

Stiff as a Turk the Beast of Yarn remain'd,
And every effort of the King disdain'd;
Who, 'midst his labours, to the ground was tumbled,
And greatly mortified, as well as humbled.

Prodigious was the struggle of the day:
The Horse attempted not to run away;
At which the poor chafed Monarch now 'gan grin,
And swore by every Saint and holy Martyr,
He would not yield the Traitor quarter,
Until he got possession of his skin.

Not fiercer famed La Mancha's Knight,
Hight Quixote, at a Puppet-show,
Did with more valour stoutly fight,
And terrify each little squeaking foe;
When bold he pierced the lines, immortal fray,
And broke their Pasteboard Bones, and stabb'd their Hearts of Hay.

Not with more energy and fury
The beauteous Street-Walker of Drury
  Attacks a Sister of the *smuggling*-trade,
Whose winks, and nods, and sweet resistless smile,
Ah me! her Paramour beguile,
  And to her bed of healthy straw persuade;
Where Mice with Music charm, and Vermin crawl,
And Snails with silver traces deck the wall.—

And now a cane, and now a whip, he used,
And now he kick'd, and sore the Palfrey bruised:
Yet, lo, the Horse seem'd patient at each kick,
And bore with *Christian* spirit whip and stick;
And, what excessively provoked this Prince,
The Horse so stubborn scorn'd even once to wince.

Now rush'd the Monarch for a bow and arrow,
To shoot the Rebel like a Sparrow;
And, lo, with shafts well steel'd, with all his force,
Just like a Pincushion he stuck the Horse.

Now, with the fury of the chafed Wild Boar,
With nails and teeth the wounded Horse he tore;
  Now to the floor he brought the stubborn Beast:
Now o'er the vanquish'd Horse that dared rebel,
Most Indian-like, the Monarch gave a yell,
  Pleased on the Quadruped his eyes to feast;

Blest as Achilles, when with fatal wound
He brought the mighty Hector to the ground.

Yet more to gratify his godlike ire,
He vengeful flung the Palfrey in the fire;
Showing his Pages round, poor trembling things,
How *dangerous* to resist the will of Kings.

LORD BRUDENELL AND THE EUNUCH.

A LORD most musically mad,
Yet with a taste superlatively bad,
Asked a squeal Eunuch to his house one day;
A poor old *semivir*, whose throat
Had lost its love-resounding note,
Which Art had given, and Time had stolen away.

"Signor Squalini," with a solemn air
The Lord began, grave rising from his chair,
Taking Squalini kindly by the hand;
"Signor Squalini, much I fear
I've got a most unlucky Ear,
And that 'tis known to all the Music Band.

"Fond of abuse, each fiddling Coxcomb carps;
And true it is, I don't know Flats from Sharps:

Indeed, Signor Squalini, 'tis no hum;
So ill doth Music with my organs suit,
I scarcely know a Fiddle from a Flute,
The Oboe from the Double Drum.

" Now though with Lords a number of this nation,
I go to Operas, more through fashion
Than for the love of Music, I could wish
The World might think I had some little taste,
That these two Ears were tolerably chaste;
But, Sir, I am as stupid as a Fish.
Get me the credit of a *cognoscente*,
Gold shan't be wanting to content ye."—

" *Bravissimo*, my Lor," replied Squalini,
With acquiescent bow, and smile of suavity;
" De Nobleman muss never look de Ninny."—
"True," cried the noble Lord, with German gravity.—

" My Lor, ven men vant Money in der purse,
Dey do not vant de Vorld to tink dem poor,
Because, my Lor, dat be von shabby curse;
Dis all same ting wid Ignorance, my Lor."—

" Right," cried his Lordship in a grumbling tone,
Much like a Mastiff jealous of his bone:

"But first I want some technicals, Signor."
Bowing, the Eunuch answered, "Iss, my Lor;
I teash your Lorship queekly, queekly, all.
Dere vat be call de *sostenuto* note,
Dat be ven Singer oppen vide de troat,
And den for long time make de squawl:
Mush long, long note; dat do continue while
A man, my Lor, can valk a mile.

"My Lor, der likewise be de *cromatique*,
As if de Singer vas in greef, or sick,
And had de colic; dat be ver, ver fine.
De high, oh, dat Musician call *soprano;*
De low voice, *basso;* de soff note, *piano;*
Bravoura, queek, bold; here Marchesi shine.

"Dis Mara too, and Billington, do know:
Allegro, quick; *adagio*, be de slow;
Pomposo, dat be manner make de roar:
Maestoso, dat be grand and nobel ting,
Mush like de voice of Emperor, or de King;
Or you, my Lor,
When in de House you make de grand Oration,
For save, my Lor, de noble Englis nation."

Thus having given his lesson, and a bow,
With high complacency his Lordship smiled:
Unravell'd was his Lordship's pucker'd brow;
His scowling Eye, like Luna's Beams, so mild.

Such is th' effect, when flatteries sweet cajole
That praise-admiring wight ycleped the Soul;
And from the days of Adam 'tis the case,
That great's the sympathy 'twixt Soul and Face.

" Signor Squalini," cried the Lord,
" The Opera is begun, upon my word.
Allons, Signor; and hear me, mind:
As soon as ever you shall find
A Singer's voice above or under pitch,
Just touch my toe, or give my arm a Twitch."—

" Iss, iss, my Lor," the Eunuch straight replied,
" I sheet close by your Lorship's side;
And den, accordin to your Lorship wish,
I give your Lorship elbow little Twish."

Now to the Opera, Music's sounds to hear,
The old Castrato and the noble Peer

Proceeded: near the Orchestra they sat,
Before the portals of the Singers' throats;
The Critic Couple mousing for bad notes,
With all the keenness of a hungry Cat.

Now came an out-of-tunish note:
The Eunuch twitch'd his Lordship's coat:
Full-mouth'd at once his Lordship roar'd out "Psha!"
The Orchestra, amazed, turn'd round
To find from whence arose the critic sound,
When, lo! they heard the Lord, and saw.

The Eunuch kept most slily twitching:
His frowning Lordship all the while
(Not in the cream of courtly style),
Be-*dog*ging this poor Singer, that be-*bitch*ing,
Uniting too a host of damning *Pshas;*
And reap'd a plenteous harvest of applause;—
Grew from that hour a Lord of tuneful skill,
And, though the Eunuch's dead, remains so still.

Suppose you paint the Devil with smiling mien,
Whispering deceit to any King or Queen;
'Tis what the Prince of Soot hath often done:

For lo! with many a King and many a Queen,
In close *confab* the Gentleman is seen;
With such hath Satăn oft a world of fun:
More fun, or Diadems are much belied,
Than all the little under-world beside.

The Devil's a fellow of much sterling humour,
If we may credit public rumour;
And all so civil in each act and look,
That whensoever we incline
On some rare Dish of Sin to dine
We can't employ a nicer Cook:—

Who too, so generous, disdains
To take a sixpence for his pains:
Nay, at our money would be vext;
Happy to please us *gratis* with his art,
Provided, when from *this* world we depart,
We join his *fire-side* in the next.

Like Gloucester, who for pay can leave his party,
Some years ago I join'd his corps so hearty,
Thinking the Prince of Erebus ill treated:
Fired by the subject, in my rhyming mode
I complimented Satan with an Ode;—
Which, for the Brushmen's sake, shall be repeated.

ODE TO THE DEVIL.

"*Ingratum odi.*"

PRINCE of the dark abodes, I ween
Your Highness ne'er till now hath seen
Yourself in metre shine;
Ne'er heard a Song with praise sincere,
Sweet warbled in your smutty ear,
Before this Ode of mine.

Perhaps the reason is too plain:
Thou triest to starve the tuneful train,
Of potent Verse afraid;
And yet I vow, in all my time
I've not beheld a single Rhyme
That ever *spoil'd* thy *trade.*

I've often read those pious whims,
John Wesley's sweet Damnation Hymns,
That chant of *heavenly* Riches:
What have they done, those heavenly strains
Devoutly squeezed from canting brains,
But fill'd John's *earthly* Breeches?

There's not a shoeblack in the land,
So humbly at the World's command,
As thy old Cloven Foot:
Like Lightning dost Thou fly when call'd;
And yet no Pickpocket's so maul'd
As Thou, O Prince of Soot!

What thousands hourly, bent on sin,
With supplication call Thee in,
To aid them to pursue it;
Yet, when detected, with a lie
Ripe at their fingers' ends, they cry,
"The Devil *made* me do it."

Behold the fortunes that are made
By men through roguish tricks in trade
Yet all to Thee are owing:
And though we meet it every day,
The sneaking rascals dare not say,
"This is the Devil's doing."

As to thy Company, I'm sure
No man can shun Thee on *that* score;
The very best is thine:
With Kings, Queens, Ministers of State,
Lords, Ladies, I have seen Thee *great*,
And many a grave Divine.

I'm sorely grieved at times to find,
The very instant Thou art kind,
Some people so uncivil,
When aught offends, with face awry,
And base ingratitude, to cry,
" I wish it to the Devil."

Hath some poor blockhead got a Wife,
To be the torment of his life
By one eternal yell;
The fellow cries out coarsely, " Zounds,
I'd give this moment twenty pounds
To see the Jade in Hell."

Should Heaven their prayers so ardent grant,
Thou never company wouldst want
To make Thee downright mad:
For mind me; in their wishing mood
They never offer Thee what's *good*,
But every thing that's *bad*.

My honest anger boils to view
A snuffling, long-faced, canting crew,
So much thy humble debtors,
Rushing on Sundays, one and all,
With desperate prayers thy head to maul,
And thus abuse their Betters.

To seize one day in every week,
On Thee their black abuse to wreak,
By whom their souls are fed,
Each minute of the other six,
With every joy that heart can fix,
Is impudence indeed!

Blushing I own, thy pleasing art
Hath oft seduced my vagrant Heart,
And led my steps to joy:
The charms of Beauty have been mine;
And let me call the merit thine,
Who brought'st the lovely toy.

No, Satan: if I ask thy aid,
To give my arms the blooming Maid,
I will not, through the nation all,
Proclaim Thee (like a graceless imp)
A vile old good-for-nothing pimp;
But say, "'Tis thy vocation, Hal."

Since truth must out, I seldom knew
What 'twas high pleasure to pursue,
Till Thou hadst won my heart:
So social were we both together,
And beat the hoof in every weather,
I never wish'd to part.

Yet when a child, good Lord! I thought
That Thou a pair of Horns hadst got,
With Eyes like Saucers staring:
And then a pair of Ears so stout,
A monstrous Tail and hairy Snout,
With Claws beyond comparing.

Taught to avoid the paths of evil,
By day I used to dread the Devil;
And trembling when 'twas night,
Methought I saw thy Horns and Ears;
Then sung or whistled to my fears,
And ran to chase my fright.

And every night I went to bed,
I sweated with a constant dread,
And crept beneath the rug;
There panting, thought that in my sleep
Thou slily in the dark wouldst creep,
And *eat* me, though so snug.

A Haberdasher's Shop is thine,
With Sins of all sorts, coarse and fine,
To suit both Man and Maid:
Thy wares they buy, with open eyes;
How cruel then, with constant cries,
To vilify thy trade!

To speak the truth indeed, I'm loth:
Life's deem'd a mawkish dish of Broth
Without thy aid, old Sweeper;
So mawkish, few will put it down,
E'en from the Cottage to the Crown,
Without thy Salt and Pepper.

O Satan, whatsoever geer
Thy Proteus-form shall choose to wear,
Black, red, or blue, or yellow;
Whatever Hypocrites may say,
They think Thee (trust my honest lay)
A most bewitching fellow.

'Tis order'd (to deaf ears, alas!)
To praise the bridge o'er which we pass;
Yet often I discover
A numerous band who daily make
An easy bridge of thy poor back,
And damn it when they're over.

Why art Thou then, with cap in hand,
Obsequious to a graceless band
Whose souls are scarce worth taking?
O Prince! pursue but my advice,
I'll teach your Highness in a trice
To set them all a quaking.

Plays, Operas, Masquerades, destroy;
Lock up each charming *fille de joie*;
Give Race-horses the glander;
The Dice-box break, and burn each Card;
Let Virtue be *its own* Reward;
And gag the mouth of Slander:—

In one week's time, I'll lay my life,
There's not a Man, nor Maid, nor Wife,
That will not glad agree,
If Thou wilt charm 'em as before,
To show their nose at Church no more,
But quit their God for Thee.—

'Tis now full time my Ode should end:
And now I tell Thee, like a friend,
Howe'er the World may scout Thee;
Thy ways are all so wondrous winning,
And folks so very fond of sinning,
They cannot do without Thee.

THE TENDER HUSBAND.

Lo! to the cruel hand of Fate
My poor dear Grizzle, meek-soul'd mate,

Resigns her *tuneful* breath:
Though *dropp'd* her *jaw*, her lip though pale,
And blue each *harmless* finger-*nail*,
She's *beautiful* in *death*.

As o'er her lovely Limbs I weep,
I scarce can think her but asleep:
How wonderfully *tame!*
And yet her *voice* is *really* gone,
And dim those *eyes* that lately shone
With all the Lightning's *flame*.

Death was indeed a *daring* wight,
To take it in his head to smite;
To lift his dart to *hit* her;
For, as she was so great a woman,
And cared a single fig for no man,
I thought he fear'd to meet her.

Still is that *voice*, of late so *strong*,
That *many* a sweet capriccio sung,
And beat in sounds the Spheres:
No longer must those *fingers* play
"Britons, *strike home*," that many a day
Hath sooth'd my ravish'd *ears*.

Ah me! indeed I'm much inclin'd
To think I *now* may *speak my mind,*
Nor hurt her dear repose;
Nor think I now with *rage* she'd roar,
Were I to put my fingers o'er,
And touch her precious nose.

Here let me philosophic pause.—
How wonderful are Nature's laws!
When Ladies' Breath retires,
Its fate the flaming Passions share;
Supported by a little air,
Like culinary Fires.

Whene'er I hear the *bagpipe's* note,
Shall fancy fix on Grizzle's *throat,*
And *loud* instructive *lungs:*
O Death! in her, though only one,
Are lost a thousand charms *unknown;*
At least, a *thousand tongues.*

Soon as I heard her *last sweet* sigh,
And saw her gently-*closing* eye,
How great was my surprise!
Yet have I *not,* with impious breath,
Accused the *hard* decrees of Death,
Nor *blamed* the *righteous* Skies.

Why do I *groan* in deep despair,
Since she'll be soon an Angel fair?
Ah! *why* my bosom *smite?*
Could grief my Grizzle's life restore—
But let me give such ravings o'er:
Whatever is, is *right.*

O Doctor! you are come too late;
No more of physic's virtue prate,
That could not save my Lamb:
Not one more Bolus shall be given;
You *shall not* ope her mouth, by Heaven,
And Grizzle's gullet cram.

Enough of Boluses, poor heart!
And Pills, she took, to load a cart,
Before she closed her eyes;
But *now*, *my* word is here a law:
Zounds! with a Bolus in her jaw
She shall not seek the Skies.

Good Sir, good Doctor, go away;
To hear my *sighs* you must not stay,
For this my poor lost treasure.
I *thank you* for your pains and skill:
When next you come, pray bring your bill;
I'll pay it, Sir, with *pleasure.*

Ye Friends who come to mourn her doom,
For God's sake *gently* tread the room,
Nor *call her* from the blest:
In softest *silence* drop the tear;
In *whispers* breathe the fervent prayer,
To bid her Spirit rest.

Repress the sad, the wounding *scream:*
I cannot bear a grief extreme;
Enough one little *sigh.*
Besides, the *loud* alarm of grief,
In many a mind may start *belief,*
Our noise is all a *lie.*

Good Nurses, shroud my Lamb with care;
Her limbs, with gentlest fingers, spare;
Her mouth, ah! slowly close:
Her mouth, a magic *tongue* that held;
Whose *softest* tone, at times, compell'd
To peace my *loudest* woes.

And, Carpenter, for my sad sake,
Of *stoutest oak* her Coffin make;
I'd not be stingy, sure:
Procure of steel the *strongest* screws;
For who would paltry pence refuse,
To lodge his Wife *secure?*

Ye people who the Corpse convey,
With *caution* tread the doleful way,
Nor *shake* her precious Head;
Since Fame reports, a Coffin tost
With careless swing against a post,
Did once *disturb* the dead.

Farewell, my Love, for ever lost!
Ne'er troubled be thy gentle Ghost,
That I *again* will woo:
By all our past *delights*, my dear,
No more the marriage-chain I'll wear;
Pox take me if I do!

THE SOLDIER AND THE VIRGIN MARY.

A TALE.

A Soldier at Loretto's wondrous Chapel,
To parry from his soul the wrath divine
That follow'd Mother Eve's unlucky Apple,
Did visit oft the Virgin Mary's shrine:
Who every day is gorgeously deck'd out,
In silks or velvets, jewels great and small;
Just like a fine young Lady for a rout,
A concert, opera, wedding, or a ball.

At first the Soldier at a distance kept,
Begging her vote and interest in Heaven:
With seeming bitterness the Sinner wept,
Wrung his two hands, and hoped to be forgiven;
Dinn'd her two ears with Ave-Mary flummery;
Declared what miracles the Dame could do,
Even with her garter, stocking, or her shoe,
And such-like wonder-working mummery.

What *answer* Mary gave the wheedling Sinner,
Who nearly and more nearly moved to win her,
The mouth of History doth not mention;
And therefore I can't tell, but by invention.

One day, as he was making love and praying,
And pious Aves, thick as Herrings, saying,
And sins so manifold confessing;
He drew, as if to whisper, very near,
And twitch'd a pretty *diamond* from her ear,
Instead of taking the good Lady's *blessing:*
Then off he set with nimble shanks,
Nor once turn'd back to give her *thanks.*

A hue and cry the Thief pursued,
Who, to his cost, soon understood
That he was not beyond the claw
Of that same long-arm'd Giant christen'd Law.

With *horror* did his Judges quake:
As for the tender-conscienced Jury,
They doom'd him quickly to the stake,
Such was their *devilish pious* fury.—
However, after calling him hard names,
They ask'd if aught he had in vindication,
To save his wretched Body from the Flames,
And sinful Soul from terrible Damnation.

The Soldier answered them with much *sang froid,*
Which showed of sin a conscience void,
That if they meant to kill him, they might kill:—
As for the Diamond which they found about him,
He hoped they would by no means *doubt* him,
That Madam *gave* it him from *pure good-will.*

The answer turn'd both Judge and Jury pale:
The punishment was for a time deferr'd,
Until his Holiness should hear the tale,
And his Infallibility be heard.

The Pope to all his Counsellors made known
This strange affair, to Cardinals and Friars;
Good pious gentlemen, who *ne'er* were known
To act like Hypocrites, and Thieves, and Liars.

The Question now was bandied to and fro,
If Mary had the *power* to give, or no.

That Mary *could not* give it, was to say
The wonder-working Lady wanted power.—
This was a stumbling-block that stopp'd the way:
This made Pope, Cardinals, and Friars, lour.

To save the Virgin's credit, lo!
And keep secure the diamonds that were left;
They said, "She *might* indeed the Gem bestow,
And consequently it *might* be no theft:"

But then they pass'd immediately an act,
That every one discovered in the fact
Of *taking presents* from the Virgin's hand,
Or from the Saints of any land,
Should know no mercy, but be led to slaughter;
Flayed here, and fried eternally hereafter.——

Ladies, I deem the Moral much too clear
To need poetical assistance;
Which bids you not let Men approach too near,
But keep the saucy fellows at a distance:
Since men you find, so bold, are apt to seize
Jewels from Ladies even upon their knees.

ODE TO EIGHT CATS,

Belonging to Israel Mendez, a Jew.

SCENE, *the Street in a Country Town.*

The Time, *Midnight: the Poet at his Chamber Window.*

SINGERS of Israel, O ye Singers sweet,
Who, with your *gentle* mouths from ear to ear,
Pour forth *rich symphonies* from street to street,
And to the *sleepless* wretch the night *endear:*

Lo! in my shirt, on you these eyes I fix,
Admiring much the quaintness of your tricks;
Your friskings, crawlings, squalls, I much approve;
Your spittings, pawings, high-raised rumps,
Swell'd tails, and merry-andrew jumps,
With the wild minstrelsy of *rapturous* love.

How sweetly roll your Gooseberry Eyes,
As loud you tune your amorous cries,

And, *loving*, scratch each other *black and blue!*
No Boys in wantonness now bang your backs;
No Curs, nor fiercer Mastiffs, tear your flax;
But all the moonlight world seems made for you.

Singers of Israel, you no Parsons want
To tie the matrimonial cord:
You call the Matrimonial Service, cant;
Like our First Parents, *take each other's word:*
On no one ceremony pleased to fix,
To jump not even o'er two sticks.

You want no furniture, alas!
Spit, spoon, dish, frying-pan, nor ladle;
No iron, pewter, copper, tin, or brass;
No nurses, wet or dry, nor cradle
(Which custom for our Christian babes enjoins)
To rock the staring offspring of your loins.

Nor of the Lawyers have you need,
Ye males, before you seek your bed,
To settle pin-money on Madam:
No fears of Cuckoldom (Heaven bless ye!)
Are ever harbour'd to *distress* ye,
Tormenting people since the days of Adam.

No schools you want for fine behaving,
No powdering, painting, washing, shaving,
No night-caps snug; no trouble in undressing
Before you seek your strawy nest,
Pleased in each other's arms to rest,
To *feast* on *love*, Heaven's greatest blessing.

Good Gods, ye sweet love-chanting Rams!
How nimble are you with your hams
To mount a house, to scale a chimney-top;
And, peeping down that chimney's hole,
Pour in a *tuneful* cry th' impassion'd soul,
Inviting Miss Grimalkin to come up:

Who, sweet obliging Female, far from *coy*,
Answers your invitation note with joy;
And, scorning 'midst the ashes more to mope,
Lo! borne on Love's all-daring wing,
She mounteth with a pickle-herring spring,
Without th' assistance of a rope.

Dear mousing Tribe, my limbs are waxing cold:
Singers of Israel sweet, adieu, adieu!
I do suppose, you need not now be told
How much I wish that I were *one of you.*

SONG TO DELIA.

Forlorn I seek the silent scene,
To keep the image of my Fair;
Pale o'er the fountain's brink I lean,
And view the Spectre of Despair.

Why should my heart forget its woe?
The Virgin would have mourn'd for me.
O Nymph, th' eternal tear shall flow;
The sigh unceasing breathe of thee.

Forgetful of his parted Maid,
Too many an unfeeling Swain
Forsakes of Solitude the shade,
For Pleasure's gay and wanton train.

Yet, yet of constancy they boast!
Their easy hearts their tongues belie.
Who loves, reveres the Fair One's ghost,
And seeks a Pleasure in a Sigh.

SIR JOSEPH BANKS

AND

THE THIEF-TAKERS.

Sir Joseph, favourite of *great* Queens and Kings;
Whose wisdom, Weed and Insect Hunter sings,
And Ladies fair applaud, with smile so dimpling;
Went forth one day, amidst the laughing fields,
Where Nature such exhaustless treasure yields,
A simpling.

It happen'd on the self-same morn so bright,
The nimble Pupils of Sir Samson Wright
A *simpling* too, for Plants call'd *thieves*, proceeded;
Of which the Nation's field should *oft* be weeded.

Now did a Thief-taker so sly
Peep o'er a hedge with cunning eye,
And quick espied the Knight with solemn air,
Deep in a ditch where water-cresses grow;
On which he to his Comrades cried, "See, ho!"
Then jump'd (unsportsman like) upon his hare.

Hare-like Sir Joseph did not squeak; but bawl'd,
With dread prodigiously appall'd.

The Thief-takers no ceremony used;
But, taking poor Sir Joseph by the neck,
They bade him speak:
But first with names their captive Knight abused.

"Sir, what d'ye take me for?" the Knight exclaim'd.—
"A thief," replied the Runners with a curse:
"And now, Sir, let us search you; and be damn'd!"
And then they search'd his pockets, fobs, and purse:

But 'stead of Pistol dire, and Crape,
A Pocket-handkerchief they cast their eye on,
Containing Frogs and Toads of various shape,
Dock, Daisy, Nettletop, and Dandelion;
To *entertain*, with great propriety,
The Members of his *sage* Society.
Yet would not alter they their strong belief,
That this their Prisoner was a Thief.

"Sirs, I'm no Highwayman," exclaim'd the Knight.—
"No: there," rejoin'd the Runners, "you are *right;*
A Footpad only; yes, we know your *trade;*
Yes, you're a pretty Babe of Grace:
We want no *proofs*, old Codger, but your *face;*
So come along with us, old Blade."

'Twas useless to resist, or to complain.
In vain Sir Joseph pleaded; 'twas in vain
That he was highly titled, that he swore:
The instant that poor Banks his titles counted,
Which to an *F. R. S.* and *Knight* amounted,
His Guardians laugh'd, and clapp'd, and cried "*Encore!*"

Sir Joseph told them, that a neighbouring Squire
Should answer for it that he was *no thief:*
On which they plumply damn'd him for a liar,
And said such stories should not save his *beef;*
And, if they understood their trade,
His mittimus would soon be made;
And *forty pounds* be theirs, a pretty sum,
For sending such a Rogue to Kingdom-come.

Now to the Squire moved Prisoner-knight *and Co.:*
The Runners taking him in tow;
Like Privateers of Britain's warlike nation,
Towing a French East Indiaman, their prize,
So black, and of enormous size,
Safe into port for *condemnation.*

Whether they tied his hands behind his back,
For fear the Knight might run away,
And made, indelicate, his breeches slack,
We've no authority to say.

And now the Country People gather'd round,
And stared upon the Knight in thought profound,
Not on the *system of Linnæus* thinking;
Fancying they saw a *rogue* in every feature:—
Such is the Populace's horrid nature
Towards people through *misfortune* sinking.

At length, amidst much Mob and mire,
Indeed amidst innumerable ranks,
Fatigued they reach the mansion of the Squire,
To prove th' identity of Joseph Banks.

Now to the Squire familiar bowed the Knight,
Who knew Sir Joseph at first sight
(What's strongly mark'd, is quickly known agen);
And, with a frown that awe and dread commanded,
The Thief-takers sevefely reprimanded
For thus *mistaking* Gentlemen:—

Then bade them ask a pardon on their knees,
Of him that was a Knight and F. R. S.;
Who, rather than the *higher powers* displease,
Imagined that they could not *well* do *less*.

Then on their knuckles raised they hands and eyes,
And craved Sir Joseph's pardon, for belief
That when they jump'd upon him by surprise,
They took so great a *gemman* for a *thief;*
Hoping to mind th' advice of godly books,
Viz. not to judge of people by their *looks.*

SOLOMON AND THE MOUSE-TRAP.

A Man in rather an *exalted* station,
Whose eyes are always eyes of admiration;
Without distinction, fond of all things novel,
Even from the lofty Sceptre to the Shovel;
Just like stray'd Bullocks sauntering through the lanes,
Made frequent curiosity-campaigns:
Sometimes caught Grasshoppers; now, more profound,
Would sometimes find a Pin upon the ground;
Where if the head towards him happ'd to point,
His mind was wonderfully struck;
Indeed he felt a joy in every joint,
Because it always brings *good luck.*

This Gentleman, *hight* Solomon, one day
In quest of novelty pursued his way;
Like great Columbus, that famed navigator,
Who *found* the World we've *lost* across the water:

But rather on a somewhat narrow scale,
Lo! on dry land the Gentleman set sail.

That day it chanced to be his will,
To make *discoveries* at Salt-hill;
Where bounce he hopp'd into a Widow's house,
Whose hands were both employed so clever,
Doing their very best endeavour
To catch that vile freebooter, Monsieur Mouse;
Whose death she oft did most devoutly pray for,
Because he ate the meat he could not pay for:

Resembling Christians in that saving trick;
Who, wanting to obtain good cheer,
Invented an ingenious scheme call'd *tick*,
That purchases, like Money, beef and beer.
Possess'd of *tick*, for cash men need not range,
Nor toil in taking or in giving change.

Eager did Solomon so curious clap
His rare round optics on the wondrous Trap
That did the duty of a Cat;
And, always fond of useful information,
Thus wisely spoke he with vociferation:
"What's that? what, what? Hæ, hæ! what's that?"

To whom replied the Mistress of the house,
" A Trap, an't please you, Sir, to catch a Mouse."—

" Mouse! catch a mouse!" said Solomon with glee:
" Let's see, let's see; 'tis comical, let's see:
Mouse, mouse!" then pleased his eyes began to roll:
" Where, where doth he go in?" he marvelling cried.—
" There," pointing to the hole, the Dame replied.—
" What, here?" cried Solomon; "this hole, this hole?"

Then in he push'd his finger 'midst the wire;
That with such pains that finger did inspire,
He wish'd it out again with all his soul:
However, by a little squall and shaking,
He freed his finger from its piteous taking;
That is to say, he got it from the hole.

" What makes the Mouse, pray, go into the Trap?
Something," he cried, " that must his palate please?"
" Yes," answer'd the fair Woman, " Sir, a scrap
Of rusty bacon, or of toasted cheese."—

" Oh, oh!" said Solomon, " oh, oh! oh, oh!
Yes, yes, I see the meaning of it now:
The Mouse goes in, a rogue, to steal the meat,
Thinking to give his gums a pretty treat."—

Then laugh'd he loudly, stretch'd his mouth a mile;
Which made the muscles of the Widow smile.

" Let's see, let's see," cried Solomon; " let's see:
Let me, let me, let me, let me, let me."
Then took he up some Bacon, and did clap
A little slice so clever in the Trap.
Thus did he, by his own advice,
Induce himself to bait a Trap for Mice.

Now home he hied so nimbly, whelm'd with glory,
And told his Family the wondrous story
About the Widow's cheese and bacon scrap:
Nought suffer'd he to occupy his head,
Save mouse-ideas, till he went to bed;
Where blest he dreamt all night about the Trap.—

Here let me pause, and Heaven's great goodness chant;
How kind it is in gracious Heaven, to grant
To full-grown Gentlefolks of lofty station,
A power of relishing most trifling things,
Pleasures ordain'd for Brats in leading-strings,
By way of happy harmless relaxation!—

Next day the Man of Wisdom came,
All glorious, to the house of this fair Dame,

To know if Master Mouse had smelt to bacon;
When, lo! to fill with joy his eager eyes,
And load those staring optics with surprise,
A *real* Mouse was absolutely taken.

Not more did Rodney's joy this Man's surpass,
When in his cabin first he saw De Grasse;
Not more the hair-brain'd Macedonian Boy
Leap'd, like a Bedlamite, for joy;
Than Solomon, to see the Mouse in jail:
Not Alexander, foe of great Darius,
(Men that with rich comparison supply us,)
When blest he caught the Persian by the tail.

Around the room the Mouse he bore,
Insulting the poor prisoner o'er and o'er;
Laughing and peeping through the wire,
As if his eyes and mouth would never tire.

How like to Tamerlane the Great,
Possess'd of most unlucky Bajazet,
Who kept the vanquish'd Hero in a cage;
Mock'd him before his mighty host,
With cruel names and threats, and grin and boast,
And daily thus indulg'd Imperial rage!

Now o'er the Widow's Cat, poor watching Puss,
He triumph'd too: and ask'd the Cat,
When *he* would act heroically thus;
And if he dared to venture on a Rat.

To whom the Cat, as if in answer, mew'd;
Which made the Man of Wisdom cry, "Oh, oh!"
As if, with knowledge of Cat-speech endued,
He thought that Puss had answered "No."
On which he laugh'd, and much enjoyed the joke;
Then told the Widow *what* the Cat had spoke.

Six days the Man of Wisdom went
Triumphant to Salt-hill, with big intent
To catch the bacon-stealing Mouse:
Six Mice successively proclaim'd his art;
With which safe-pocketed he did depart,
And show'd to all his much-astonish'd House.

But pleasures will not last for aye;
Witness the sequel of my Lay.
The Widow's vanity, her sex's flaw,
Much like the vanity of other people
(A vapour, like the Blast that lifts a Straw
As high, or higher, than Saint Martin's Steeple)—

This vanity then kidnapp'd her discretion,
Design'd by God Almighty for her guard;
And of its purpose got the full completion,
And all the Widow's future glories marr'd:

For, lo! by this same vanity impell'd,
And to a middle-sized balloon,
With *gas* of consequence, sublimely swell'd,
She burst with the important Secret soon.

Loud laugh'd the tickled people of Salt-hill:
Loud laugh'd the merry Windsor folks around.
This was to Solomon an ugly pill:
Her fatal error soon the Widow found;
For Solomon relinquish'd Mouse-campaign,
Nor deign'd to bait the Widow's Trap again.

PETITION TO TIME,

IN FAVOUR OF

THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

Too long, O Time! in *Bienséance's* school
Have I been bred, to *call* thee an old fool;
Yet take I liberty to let thee know,
That I have always *thought* thee so:
Full old art thou to have more sense;
Then with an idle custom, Time, dispense.

Thou really actest now like little Misses,
Who when a pretty Doll they make,
Their curious fingers itch to take
The pretty image all to pieces:—

Thus, after thou hast form'd a charming Fair,
Thou canst not quit her for thy soul,
Till, meddling, thou hast spoil'd her bloom and air,
And dimm'd her eye, with radiance taught to roll.

But now forbear such doings, I desire:
Hurt not the form that all admire:
Oh! never with white hairs *her* temple sprinkle.

Oh! sacred be *her* cheek, *her* lip, *her* bloom!
And do not, in a lovely Dimple's room,
Place a hard mortifying Wrinkle.

Know, shouldst thou bid the beauteous Duchess fade,
Thou thereby must thy own delights invade;
And know, 'twill be a long long while
Before thou giv'st her equal to our Isle.
Then do not with this sweet *chef-d'œuvre* part;
But keep, to show the triumph of thy Art.

ECONOMY.

Economy's a very useful Broom;
Yet should not ceaseless hunt about the room,
To catch each straggling Pin to make a plumb.
Too oft Economy's an iron Vice,
That squeezes even the little guts of Mice,
That peep with fearful eyes, and ask a crumb.

Proper Economy's a comely thing;
Good in a Subject, *better* in a King;
Yet, push'd *too far*, it dulls each finer feeling:
Most easily inclined to make folks mean;
Inclines them too to villainy to lean,
To over-reaching, perjury, and stealing.

Even when the heart should only think of grief,
It creeps into the bosom like a Thief,
And swallows up th' affections all so mild:
Witness the Jewess and her only Child.

THE JEWESS AND HER SON.

Poor Mistress Levi had a luckless Son,
Who rushing to obtain the *foremost seat*
(In imitation of th' *ambitious* Great),
High from the Gallery, ere the Play begun,
He fell all plump into the Pit,
Dead in a minute as a Nit:
In short, he broke his pretty Hebrew neck;
Indeed, and very dreadful was the wreck.

The Mother was distracted, raving, wild;
Shriek'd, tore her hair, embraced and kiss'd her Child;
Afflicted every heart with grief around.
Soon as the shower of tears was somewhat past,
And moderately calm th' hysteric blast,
She cast about her eyes in thought profound;
And, being with a *saving* knowledge bless'd,
She thus the Playhouse Manager address'd:—

" Sher, I'm de Moder of de poor Chew Lad
Dat meet mishfarten here so bad :
Sher, I muss haf de *shilling back*, you know ;
Ass Moses haf *nat see de show*."

But as for Avarice, 'tis the very Devil ;
The fount, alas ! of every evil ;
The Cancer of the Heart, the worst of ills :
Wherever sown, luxuriantly it thrives ;
No Flower of Virtue near it thrives ;
Like Aconite, where'er it spreads it kills.

In every soil behold the poison spring ;
Can taint the Beggar, and infect the King.

The mighty Marlborough pilfer'd cloth and bread ;
So says that *gentle* Satirist, Squire Pope :
And Peterborough's Earl, upon this head,
Affords us little room to hope
That what the Twickenham Bard avowed,
Might not be readily allowed.

THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH AND THE MOB.

THROUGH London streets upon a day,
The Earl of Peterborough took his way,
All in his pompous coach; perhaps to dine:
The Mob of London took it in their head,
This was the Duke of Marlborough, so dread
To Frenchmen on the Danube and the Rhine.

Unable such high merit to reward,
The Mob resolved to show a great *regard;*
And so, uniting, join'd their forces
To draw his carriage, and dismiss the horses.

The Earl from out his carriage poked his face,
And told the Mob that he was not His Grace;
Then bid them be convinced, and look.
Hard of belief, as even the hardest Jew,
They told him that they *better* knew,
Then swore by God he *was* the Duke;
Then threw their hats in air with loud huzzas,
And form'd a Thunder of Applause.

Loud bawl'd the Earl, that they were all deceived:
Loud bawl'd the Mob, he should not be believed.

"Zounds!" cried the Earl, "be converts then this minute:"—
So throwing *sixpence* to them, "There, there, there,
Take that," cried Peterborough with a sneer;
"*Now* if you think I'm *he*, the Devil's in it."

ODE TO A DISTRESSED BEAUTY.

Sweet Girl, forbear to droop thy head with shame.
What though the Parson did not tie the knot?
What though the Boy *should* come? He'll bring thee fame:
The World's an Ass, and Custom is a Sot.
Hold up thy head, and meet mankind with pride;
And throw thy blushes and thy fears aside.

Eve had no Parson, for no Priest was Adam;
And yet not out of countenance was Madam.
Her modesty received no grievous shocks,
When Master Cain was put upon the stocks;
Nor when, t' increase the number at her table,
She set about the frame of Master Abel.

Once more then, do not be afraid.
Without thy Boy, a Wonder may be missing;
A Likeness of my charming Maid:
The Boy may do a *credit* to thy *kissing*.

Thou putt'st me of the Morning much in mind,
Who seems afraid to peep upon mankind;
So slow her motions, all so very slow:
And then her cheeks so deep with crimson glow:—

But safe deliver'd of her Boy, the Sun,
The lusty Lad, so proud his race to run,
Mounts high, exulting in his birth;
Dries up her tears, her blushes puts to flight,
Towers in bold triumph o'er the cloud of night,
And pours a flood of radiance o'er the earth.

Then let me kiss away thy tears;
Oh! cease thy sighs, and be a happy mother:
And when this chopping Boy appears,
Suppose we give the Lad a little *brother?*

THE GENTLEMAN AND HIS WIFE.

People may have *too much* of a *good thing:*
Full as an egg of wisdom, thus I sing.—

A Man of some small fortune had a Wife;
Sans doute, to be the comfort of his life;
And pretty well they bore the yoke together:

With little jarring lived the Pair one year;
Sometimes the matrimonial sky was clear,
At times 'twas dark and dull, and hazy weather.

Now came the time when Mistress in the straw
Did, for the World's support, her screams prepare;
And Slop appear'd with fair obstetric paw,
To introduce his Pupil to our air;
While in a neighbouring room the Husband sat,
Musing on this thing now, and now on that:—

Now sighing at the sorrows of his Wife;
Praying to Heaven that *he* could take the pain:
But, recollecting that such prayers were *vain*,
He made *no more* an offer of his life.

As thus he mused in solemn study,
Ideas sometimes clear and sometimes muddy,
In Betty rush'd with comfortable news:
"Sir, Sir, I wish you joy, I wish you joy;
Madam is brought to bed of a fine Boy,
As fine as ever stood in shoes."—

"I'm glad on't, Betty," cried the Master:
"I pray there may be no disaster;

All's with your Mistress well, I hope?"—
Quoth she, "All's well as heart can well desire,
With Madam and the fine young Squire;
So likewise says old Doctor Slop."

Off Betty hurried fast as she could scour,
Fast and as hard as any Horse
That trotteth fourteen miles an hour—
A pretty tolerable course.

Soon happy Betty came again,
Blowing with all her might and main,
Just like a Grampus or a Whale;
In sounds too that would Calais reach from Dover:
"Sir, Sir, *more* happy tidings; 'tis not *over*:
And Madam's brisker than a Nightingale:

"A fine young Lady to the World is come,
Squalling away just as I left the room.
Sir, this is better than a good estate."—
"Humph!" quoth the *happy* Man, and scratch'd his pate.

Now looking up, now looking down,
Not with a smile, but somewhat like a frown,
"Good God!" says he, "why was not I a Cock,
Who never feels of burdening Brats the shock;

Who Turk-like struts, amidst his Madams picking;
While to the Hen belongs the care
To carry them to eat, or take the air,
Or bed beneath her wing the Chicken?"

Just as this *sweet* soliloquy was ended,
He found affairs not greatly *mended;*
For in bounced Bet, her rump with rapture jigging:
"Another Daughter, Sir, a charming child."—
"*Another!*" cried the Man, with wonder wild;
"Zounds, Betty, ask your Mistress if she's *pigging.*"

THE PARSON-DEALER.

What pity 'tis, in this our goodly land,
That 'mongst the Apostolic band
So ill divided are the loaves and fishes!
Archbishops, Bishops, Deans, and Deacons,
With ruddy Faces blazing just like Beacons,
Shall daily cram upon a dozen dishes;
While half th' inferior Cassocks think it well,
Of beef and pudding even to get a *smell.*

A plodding Hostler, willing to be Master,
And rise in this good World a little faster,

Left broom and manger at the Old Blue Boar;
Meaning by *parsoning* to support a table.
Lo! of Divines he kept a Livery Stable;
A pretty *stud* indeed, about a score.

Of different Colours were his Gospel Hacks:
Some few were *whites* indeed, but many *blacks;*
That is, some tolerable, many sad:
And verily, to give the Devil his due,
The Man did *decency* pursue,
Which shows he was not *quite* so bad.

For, lo! to dying persons of *nobility,*
He sent his Parsons of *gentility,*
To give the necessary pray'r:
To parting people of a *mean* condition,
Wanting a Soul-physician,
He suited them with *blackguards* to a hair.

To such as were of mild *disorders* dying,
Viz. of the *Doctor,* gouts, or stones, or gravels,
He sent *good* Priests, of manners edifying,
To comfort sinners on their travels:

But to low people in *infectious* fever,
Or any other dangerous one in vogue,
Such was his honesty, the Man for ever
Most scrupulously sent a *rogue.*

It happen'd on a day when Fate was raging
(Crimp-like, for other regions troops engaging),
When Clergymen were busy all as Bees;
A poor old dying Woman sent
To this same Parson-monger compliment,
Begging a Clergyman her soul to ease.

Unluckily, but one was in his *stall*,
And *he* the very best of all.
What should be done?
Necessitas non habet legs:
So to the Priest he goes, and begs
That he would visit the old Crone.

"Sir," quoth the Parson, "I agreed
To go to *gentlefolks* in time of need,
But not to every poor old *lousy* Soul."—
"True," cried the Patron; "to be sure, 'tis true;
But, Parson, do oblige me, prithee do:
Let's put her decently into the hole.

"All my black Tribe, you know, are now abroad:
I'd do it, if I could, myself, by God.
Then what a dickens can I do or say?—
Go, mumble, Man, about a prayer and half,
Tell the old Bitch her Soul is safe,
Then take your *fee* and come away."

BIENSÉANCE.

THERE is a little moral thing in France,
Call'd by the Natives *bienséance*.
Much are the English Mob inclined to scout it,
But rarely is *Monsieur Canaille* without it.

To *bienséance* 'tis tedious to incline,
In many cases:
To flatter, *par exemple*, keep smooth faces,
When kick'd, or suffering grievous want of coin.

To Vulgars, *bienséance* may seem an oddity:
I deem it a most portable commodity;
A sort of magic wand,
Which if 'tis used with ingenuity,
Although a utensil of much tenuity,
In place of something solid it will stand.

For verily I've marvell'd times enow
To see an Englishman, the ninny,
Give people for their services a Guinea,
Which Frenchmen have *rewarded* with a Bow.

Bows are a bit of *bienséance*,
Much practised too in that same France;

Yet call'd by Quakers, Children of Inanity:
But, as they pay their court to people's vanity,
Like Rolling-pins they smooth, where'er they go,
The Souls and Faces of mankind like Dough.
With some indeed may *bienséance* prevail
To folly: see the under-written Tale.

THE PETIT-MAITRE,

AND

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

At Paris some time since, a murdering man,
A German, and a most unlucky chap,
Sad stumbling at the threshold of his plan,
Fell into Justice's strong trap.

The Bungler was condemn'd to grace the Wheel,
On which the dullest fibres learn to *feel;*
His limbs *secundùm artem* to be broke
Amidst ten thousand people perhaps or more:
Whenever Monsieur Ketch applied a stroke,
The Culprit, like a Bullock, made a roar.

A flippant *Petit-Maître* skipping by,
Stepp'd up to him, and check'd him for his cry.—

"Bah!" quoth the German; "an't I 'pon de wheel?
D'ye tink my nerfs and bons can't feel?"—

"Sir," quoth the Beau, "don't, don't be in a passion;
I've nought to say about your Situation:
But making such a hideous Noise in France,
Fellow, is contrary to *bienséance*."

THE TRIUMPH OF ISIS,

OR

DOCTOR CHAPMAN'S THESIS.

OXFORD's Vice Chancellor, a man
Who *fear'd* the Lord, and *loved* the Courtier clan,
By virtue of his trade a Thesis* order'd,
Which curs'd the terrible Assassination
Intended for the Monarch of our Nation
By Margaret Nicholson, in mind disorder'd;
That likewise praised the Royal Peep
On Oxford and the Arts so deep.

* A Latin Thesis is annually given out by the Vice Chancellor for the subject of a Poem, and Twenty Pounds allotted to the Prize Candidate.

So violent was Doctor Chapman's zeal,
He quite forgot Latinity and Graces:
Poor Priscian's head, whose wounds he cannot heal,
Was broke in half a dozen places.

Yet, though a simple Doctor (how amazing!),
He set the University a blazing:
Such was the kindling zeal that he inherits;
A Farthing Candle in a Cask of Spirits!

Richards of Trinity, who won the Prize,
Now strutted Victor forth with scornful eyes;
Bringing to mind the Bards and tuneful Dames
Who vied for conquest at th' Olympic Games.

Forth march'd too *Vice; videlicet*, the Doctor,
Who, purring for preferment, slily mouses;
Attended by each Dog-whipper, called Proctor,
And eke the Heads and Tails of all the Houses.

Forth march'd the Nobles in their Sunday's geer:
Forth strutted too each Beadle, like the Peer,
With silver staffs, blue gowns, and velvet caps;
A set of very pompous-looking chaps:—

While Hayes*, who sticks like Stag-hounds to a Haunch,
Moved on in all the majesty of paunch:
To greet of all our ears the trembling drums,
The piper play'd "The conquering Hero comes."

Loud groan'd the Organ through his hundred pipes,
As if the poor Machine had got the Gripes;
As if too 'twas the Organ's firm persuasions,
He oft had roar'd on *more sublime* occasions.

Now Chapman took, 'midst great compeers, his station.
Crew open'd subject in a fair oration:
Then clapp'd was Crew; to him *applause* was *news*.
Now 'gan the Bard his Poem to recite,
And soaring bade poor Common Sense good night,
So *lofty* were the pinions of his Muse.

Thick as the pattering Hail his Praises shower;
So strong his Poetry's mechanic power,
High mounts the Monarch by his tuneful Lever:
His Muse's magnifying-art so great,
Behold his George an Alfred form complete;
Small Peg, Goliah; and her Knife, a Cleaver!

* The Organist.

Now back the sable Bodies moved again,
Like Beetles all so thick, a crawling host;
While Contemplation wrapp'd the loyal train,
Expecting, by the next day's post,
To see their acts in pompous print display'd,
And wreaths of Glory crown the Cavalcade.

A Serious Reflection.

How useless was th' above! Each person grieves,
And, with the grieving Doctor, cries out "Shame!"
That so much loyal zeal for *nought* should flame;
Not even obtain a pair of coarse Lawn Sleeves,
Which poor Saint David giveth to support
The holy oil-of-fool men of a Court.

ODE TO PATIENCE.

Sweet daughter of Religion, modest Fair,
Thy hands upon thy bosom so *tranquille*,
With eyes to Heaven, with so divine an air,
So calmly smiling, so resign'd thy will;
Oh sent to teach us, and our passions cool,
I wish thou hadst a little larger school!

Lo! Man, so great his want of grace,
If he but cuts a pimple on his face
When shaving;
Like man bewitch'd he jumps about,
Kicks up a most infernal rout,
And seemeth absolutely raving:
And, lo! all this for want of thy tuition:—
Thus travel souls of people to perdition.

Stand at my side, O stoic Dame!
On Starling Martyn bid me cry out "Shame,"
Instead of knocking the dull fellow down,
When up the Ninnyhammer starts to preach,
And impudently interrupts a speech
Of Orators of fair and first renown;
Just like the Owl that scares the moonlight hour,
While Philomela warbles from her bow'r.

And, oh! attend me when my eyes
View Dedications fill'd with fulsome lies,
In praise of *generous* Queens and Kings:
Heaven swell the *fountains* of their hearts,
That seldom *water* the poor Arts,
However sweetly adulation sings!

Eke when I hear that stupid parson Hill
God's house with every nonsense fill,

And then with blasphemy each sentence cramm'd;
And when I hear th' Impostor cry,
" I've news, you ragamuffins, from the Sky;
I'm come to tell you that you'll all be damn'd:

" I'm come from God, ye Strumpets; come from God:
I'm God Almighty's servant; hear my voice."—
Which, if it were so, would be vastly odd,
Since Heaven would show *bad judgement* in the *choice.*

Dead all his money-loving soul's desires,
When subtle Hawkesbury talks of *patriot* fires,
And yielding places up to *save* the Nation;
When of *importance* braggeth simple Leeds;
When Gloster's far-famed Wife for *meekness* pleads;
And Gloster's Duke breathes *war* and desolation:—

When Brudenell talks of *elegance* and *ease;*
When Thurlow turns the first of *devotees,*
And, to astound the Million, builds a *church;*
When Royal Folks of purest *friendship* boast,
Make *generosity* their constant toast,
Yet leave poor pining Merit in the lurch:—

When *wonders* through his spy-glass Marlborough views,
And sends to Banks the great, th' important news,

Fresh from his *cranium's* philosophic fogs;
When Dick descants on any thing but *crout*,
When Thompson aught performs beyond a *scout*,
And Mawbey talks of any thing but *hogs*;
Sweet Patience, sooth me with thy Saint-like note,
Or, driven to madness, I shall cut my throat.

TO A NEST OF LORDS.

Bed-chamber *utensils*, you seem distress'd,
And swear with horror that my Rhymes molest
Of *certain* Folks so *great* the sweet repose;
Running about with horrors, groans, and sighs,
And floods, produced by onions, in your eyes,
So *strong* your friendship, and so *vast* your woes!

Dear *humming* Lords, on Friendship bray no more,
Nor thus the Bard's depravity deplore.
Lo! like yourselves each man his trumpet bears,
In tame Credulity's wide-gaping ears,
Of friendship the sublimity to sound;—
Friendship, in *dictionaries only* found.

Perchance, my Lords, in foreign parts you've been:
Perchance your optics fair Versailles have seen;

Likewise the Vatican, with all its state,
And *eke* th' Escurial, pride of Spain confest;—
But, 'midst those Scenes, did e'er your eye-balls blest
See a Pig hanging in a Gate?

If e'er you did this last *great* Sight behold,
You need not, Lords so sapient, to be told
What most untuneful notes the Prisoner makes:
Indeed the Hog his mouth and lungs employs
In raising such ear-crucifying noise,
As if he really was transfix'd with Stakes.

Now near him should there happen to be Hogs
Passing their *happy* hours among the bogs,
Grunting *soft things* to their own flesh and blood
(That is, unto their Sweethearts and their Brides);
Lying, like ancient Romans, on their sides,
And dining on the Dainties of the Mud;—

Forgetting love, and dainty mud so fattening,
In which they had been battening,
Up leaps the Herd of Swine for his protection:
Just like the Herd that had the Devil,
Away they scamper, all so civil,
Resolving or to free him or to die.

Such is of Swine the *friendly* quality,
Although proverbial for *brutality!*

But when at Newgate to be hung,
A Christian pours a dying song,
I grant that numbers hasten to the wretch,
Most Pig-like; but, alas! lift not a hand,
To keep him longer in the land,
And snatch him from the talons of Jack Ketch.

No; on the contrary, so fond their eyes
Of seeing how a *brother* dies,
I from the bottom of my soul believe
They would not *wish* him a *reprieve.*

Thus, were your good friend Pitt condemn'd to swing—
Nay, even were *greater people* I could name,
For whom with goodly zeal you seem to flame—
I don't believe you'd wish to cut the string,
Were you but tolerably sure
The *next* in power would give you *sixpence more.*

Learn then, my Lords, though with contempt you treat 'em,
Friendship from Hogs, as well as *eat 'em.*

At length my Subjects end, and now
To Folly let me make my best court-bow.
O Goddess! still monopolise the *great:*
Then oft, to please the palate of the times,
The Muse shall ride to market with her Rhymes,
And thrive upon her Helicon estate.

EXPOSTULATORY ODES

TO

A GREAT DUKE

AND

A LITTLE LORD.

—Torrens dicendi copia multis,
Et sua mortifera est facundia! JUVENAL.

FULL many a wight hath suffer'd for a Song,
And curs'd his volubility of tongue.

THAT Peter may not *thus* have cause to say
With Juvenal, poor fellow! let us pray.

EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

My Lords,

Your *uncommon attention* to my late Publications demands a return of Gratitude. Permit me to present to your Lordships the following Lyric Trifles; which, if possessed of merit sufficient to preserve them from oblivion, will *inform* Posterity that *you existed.*

I am, my Lords,

&c. &c. &c.

Peter Pindar.

EXPOSTULATORY ODES.

ODE I.

Most noble Peers, there goes an odd report,
That you, prime favourites of an *honest* Court,
  Are hunting Treason 'midst my Publications;
Hunting, like Blood-hounds, with the keenest noses:
Which hound-like hunting naturally supposes
  The Bard dares *satirize* the King of Nations.

Ye sharp State-Mousers, with your watering jaws,
God keep me from the vengeance of your claws!
An Asiatic fight might be renew'd.
What feathers flying, what a field of blood,
  'Twixt Falcon Burke and Sheridan, so brave,
And Heron Hastings; such a dainty dish,
So wont to cram on Asiatic fish,
  The largest, fattest, of the Eastern wave!

Yes, yes; I hear that you have watch'd my note,
And wish'd to squeeze my tuneful throat;

When Thurlow your designs most wisely scouted,
Swearing the Poet should not *yet* be knouted.

Thus when Grimalkin in its cage espies
A Linnet, or Canary Bird, so sweet;
The Scoundrel lifts, so *sanctified*, his eyes,
Contriving how the Warbler's back to greet:

He squints, and licks his lips, stalks round, and round,
Twinkling with mischief fraught his Tiger-tail;
Now on his rump he sits, in thought profound,
Looks up with hungry wishes to assail;—
When sudden enters Master with a roar,
And kicks the scheming Murderer to door.

ODE II.

RIGHT *honest* Watch-dogs of the State,
I like to *smile* at Kings, but *treason* hate.

Most busy Jenkinson, Bute's *once* best Friend
(A praise that stamps a character *divine*),
Believe not thus the Poet can offend.
Ye Gods, can Peter pour th' *unloyal* line?

I, Peter, perpetrate *so foul* a thing!
I offer mischief to *so good* a King!

Now be it known to all the Realms around,
I would not lose my Liege for twenty pound.

Mild Osborne, *softer* than the Down of Goose,
I beg you will not let suspicion loose:
If so, of history I'll turn compiler;
Divulge some tame Amours with Mistress Cuyler:
So tame indeed, so *singularly* stupid,
As gave a *blush* to little pimping Cupid.

O Heavens! can Jenkinson and Osborne long,
Foes to the Muse, to cut out Peter's tongue?
Arm'd with the Jove-like thunders of the Crown,
To knock with those dread bolts a simple Poet down?

Lo! into life against my will I tumbled,
And, says my Nurse, I made a horrid clatter;
Kick'd, sprawl'd, and sputter'd, gaped, and cried, and grumbled,
Quite angry, seemingly, with Mother Nature:

Who, *queen-like*, thinking *all* she does is *right*,
Against my wishes lugg'd me into light;—
And what is harder, and worse manners still,
She'll kick me out of it against my will.

Yet since on this world's Theatre I'm thrown,
Which with my temper now begins to *suit;*
And since its Drama pleases; I must own
I should be sorry to remain a mute:
Inclined to say, like Beckford undeterr'd,
" By God, I'll speak," and " Damme I'll be heard*."

My Lords, I fain would live a little longer;
For lo! desire, as to a bosom-wife,
Undoubtedly the greatest *bliss* of life,
Hath taken deeper root and stronger.

Would He who made the world look down, and say,
" Peter, wilt live on earth a thousand years?"
" Lord, Lord," I should delighted roar away,
" Ten thousand, if to thee it meet appears."—

" So long! what for?" the Deity might cry.—
" O great Divinity," quoth I,
" A thousand reasons; principally one,
To see the present Prince of Wales,
Whom many an aspic tongue assails,
Aloft on Britain's envied throne:

* The House of Commons frequently resounded with those emphatic expressions of the late angry patriotic Alderman, when Gentlemen, by scraping, hemming, coughing, and groaning, (to adopt the phraseology of my old friend

" Where *half* the Monarchs that have sat before
Have only sat to eat, and drink, and snore;
To damn the credit of the age,
And load with folly History's blushing page."—

And, Jenkinson, should thy hard face behold
A George the Fourth upon the throne,
Adieu at once thy Age of Gold:
Behold thy hopes of *higher* honours gone!

Then get thyself an *earldom* quick, quick, quick,
For fear of Fortune's wild vagaries;
Thus shall thy Daughters all, like Mushrooms thick,
Rise Lady Joans and Madges, Nells and Maries.

ODE III.

I own I love the Prince; his virtues charm:
I know the Youth received from Heaven a heart;
In friendship's cause I know his bosom warm,
That maketh *certain folk* with wonder start.

'Tis true that from my soul the man I hate
Immers'd in mammon, and by Misery got;
Who, to complete his dinner, licks his plate,
And wishes to have every thing for *nought:*

Doctor Johnson) meant to oppugn the impetuosity of pecuniary arrogance, and annihilate the ebullition of pertinacious loquacity.

Who, if he gamed, the dice would meanly cog;
Rob the blind Beggar's scrip, and starve his Dog:—
And that there are *such* wretches *near* a Throne,
Degraded Nature tells it with a groan.

Perdition catch the money-grasping wretch,
With Hook-like Fingers ever on the stretch;
Who, sighing, vents on Charity a curse,
That asks for *want* a penny from his purse:

The Heart that lodges in *that* Miser's breast,
For Money feels the hunger of the Shark:
Resembling too the rusty iron Chest
That holds his Idol; close, and hard, and dark.

Give me the Youth who dares at times unbend;
And, scorning Moderation's Prude-like stare,
Can to her teeth, and to the World, declare
Ebriety a *merit* with a Friend.

When Friendship draws the cork, and bids the dome
With mirth and sallies of the soul resound;
When Friendship bids the bowl o'erflowing foam,
Till Morning eyes the board with plenty crown'd;
Behold the Virtues that sublimely soar,
Instead of meanly damning, cry, "*Encore.*"

ODE IV.

With you, my Lords, I'm every thing that's evil;
There's scarce a crime I've not committed;
The very Essence of the Devil,
Deserving by the Demon to be spitted.

Just like a Turkey, Goose, or Duck,
Prepar'd by Joan the Cook to go to fire;
So wanton have you both been pleased to pluck
The Swan that imitates his Theban Sire.

Of every quality am I bereft,
Not even the *shadow* of a virtue left;
Not one small moral feather in my wings,
When dead to lift me to the King of Kings.

My Lords, beware: by mouthing oft my name
Unwisely, you may damn me *into* fame;
By letting thus your spleen on Peter loose,
He builds triumphal arches on abuse.

In vain the Bard turns Oculist, and tries
To purge the film from this World's darken'd eyes;

In vain to Printers, and to Printers' Devils,
I fly, and *advertise* to cure *King's evils:*
With huge contempt you look on me, alack!
My *nostrums* curse, and call the Bard a *quack.*

In general, Authors are such coward things,
They fear to speak their sentiments of Kings
Till those same Kings are dead; and then the crowd
(Just like a pack of Hounds), Historian, Bard,
With Throats of Thunder run his memory hard,
And try to tear him piecemeal from his shroud.

Now, if we wish a Monarch to *reclaim,*
In God's name let us speak *before* he's dead;
Or else 'tis ten to one we *miss* our aim,
By staying till the Fates have cut his thread:
After this operation of the knife,
I ne'er knew *reformation,* in my life.

And yet, what is the greatest King when dead,
When dust and worms his eyes and ears o'erspread,
And low he lies beneath the stone?—
The man who *millions* call'd his own,
Howe'er his Spectre may be willing,
Cannot give change t'ye for a *shilling.*

ODE V.

YOUR taunting voices now, my Lords, I hear;
And thus they grate the Poet's *loyal* ear:
" Bard, we are both superior to thy lays;
Deaf to thy censure, and despise thy praise.

" Know that our Monarch lifts his head *sublime*,
Beyond the reach of groveling Rhyme,
An Atlas hiding midst the thickest Clouds;
While thou a Beetle, doom'd to buz below,
In circles envious rambling to and fro,
Survey'st the shining mist his head that shrouds.

" Thy Rhymes, insulting Kings with pigmy pride,
Are like the Sea's mad Waves that make a pother,
Wild rushing on some Promontory's side,
One noisy blockhead following another.

" The stately Promontory seems to say,
' Aspiring fools, go back again, go home:'—
At once the shoulder'd Bullies, dash'd away,
Sink from his stately side in fruitless foam.

" Thou, with Rascallions like thyself,
A poor opiniated elf,
Letting on Kings thy pen licentious loose,
Art like an impudent lame Goose,
Who, as the Traveller calmly trots along,
Starts from among his flock, an ill-bred throng,
Waddling with poked-out neck, and voice so coarse,
As if to *swallow up* the Man and Horse:

" With rumpled feathers to the Steed he steals,
And, like a Coward, snaps him by the heels;
Then to his gang with out-stretch'd pinions hobbling,
The fool erect returns *Te Deum* gobbling;
And from each Brother's greeting gullet draws
The mingled triumph of a coarse applause;
As if the trotting Enemies were *beaten*,
And Man and Palfrey *kill'd* and *eaten*.

" Poor rogue, thou hast not got the trifling spirit
To own thy King e'er did one act of merit."—

My Lords, with great submission to your *sense*,
Giving the *lie*, yet hoping *no offence;*
An act is his my heart with rapture hails—
George gave the world the Prince of Wales:

A Prince who when he fills Old England's Throne,
The Virtues and fair Science shall surround it;
And when he quits the Sceptre, all shall own
He left it as *unsullied* as he *found it*.

ODE VI.

GREAT was the Bard's desire to sing the Queen,
Vast in her soul, majestic in her mien;
But fierce George Hardinge* swore, if pens or pen
Of woman, women, man or men,
In any wise or shape, in Ode or Tale,
Dared mention that *superior* Lady, lo!
The law should deal them *such* a blow!
Hang, pillory, or confine for life in jail.

And as a Kite, on whom the small Birds stare,
That towering Critic of the Air,
Is oft beset by tribes of Rooks and Crows,
Amidst the crystal fields of Heaven;
By whose hard beaks and wings, no common foes,
Sad knocks to *gentle* Kite are given;

* Solicitor to the Queen.

Surrounded thus amidst that lofty hall
Named Westminster, the gentle Bard
Might of the sable legions taste the gall:
He therefore wisely means to play his card;
The Poet's *quidlibet audendi* waves,
And thus his hide an old Companion saves.

Ah me! the Legislators of Parnassus,
In liberty, though Englishmen, surpass us.
What's sound at *Hippocrene*, the Poet's Spa,
Is not at *Westminster* sound law.

Parnassus never with rare Genius wars;
But aiding lifts his head to strike the stars:
At Westminster how *different* is his fate!
Where if he soars sublime, and boldly sings,
The Shears of Law, like Fate's, shall snip his wings,
And bid him warble through an iron grate.

Perchance Law Neck-cloths, form'd of deal or oak,
(Like Marriage, often an unpleasant *yoke,)*
Shall rudely hug his harmless throat,
And stop his Apollinian note;
The empire of fair Poetry o'erturning,
And putting every Muse in mourning.

ODE VII.

You tell me both, with grievous malice carping,
On one dull tune eternally I'm harping.—
You would have said to Milton just the same:
Who through twelve Books the head of Satan maul'd;
Such names the Prince of Darkness call'd,
As must have made you roar out "Shame!"

You would (or greatly I mistake) have said,
"What, Milton! *always* plaguing the poor Devil?
For ever beating Nick about the head?—
How canst thou be so *devilishly* uncivil?

"Was not *one* Book sufficient for thy spleen,
But must thou to a mummy beat him;
And, like a Pickpocket, so barbarous treat him,
Through Books a *dozen* or *fourteen?*"—

Suppose these things you could have mutter'd;
And glorious Milton, like a Ninny,
Had answer'd, "There is *sense* and *reason* in ye:
Thank ye, kind Gentlemen, for all you've utter'd.
The hint you offer not amiss is;
I'll tear my Paradise to pieces."

Suppose, I ask you; what had been the evil?
Believe me, something to the World's sad cost:
By such *civility* to spare the Devil,
My Lords, a second Iliad had been lost.

Thus from poor Peter take the *great* away,
Of fun you rob him of cart-loads:
What would his Customers all do and say?
Perhaps curse you for the loss of Odes.

You'll say, "Let Satire *meaner* subjects look."
Well, Jenky, grant my satire flies at *you**,
Who'd *buy* my melancholy *vulgar* Book?—
Adieu fair Fame, and Fortune's smiles adieu!

But if we daring trim a Royal jacket,
Lord! what a buying, reading, what a racket!
How spruce the metamorphosed Bard appears!
With what a confidence he pricks his ears!
Who just before, in piteous chop-fall'n plight,
Look'd *of the Woful Face* La Mancha's *Knight.*

* Here seemeth to be a contradiction; but when the Reader is informed that Jenky cannot without mockery be ranked among the *great*, the mystery stands explained.

Who runs to see a Monkey in a trap?—
  But let the noble Lion grace the gin,
Lo! the whole World is out to see him snap,
  To hear him growl, and triumph o'er his grin.

Cut off the head of a great Lord,
  Not wiser than the head of a great Goose,
Tower-Hill at once with gapers will be stor'd,
  As if the World were all broke loose;

But when a *little* Villain haps to swing,
What a poor solitary string!
How few by curiosity are fetch'd
To see the rope of Justice stretch'd!

Scarce any but the Hangman and the Priest,
  To do their duty at the Culprit's side;
With hemp and prayers his neck and soul assist,
  And wish the *lonely* Traveller a good *ride.*

ODE VIII.

Hark, hark! I hear you Courtier Pair exclaim,
  "This Peter is the most audacious dog;
The fellow hath no *reverence* for a *name:*
  A King to him is scarce above a Log."—

Sometimes *below* a Log, Sirs, if you please:
A bold assertion, to be proved with ease*.

But, goodly Gentlemen, I do desire ye
T' *avoid* in this affair *minute inquiry*,
Concerning their respective merit;
I fear, less *prudence* will be seen than spirit.
Logs universally are *useful* things;
A postulatum not allowed to Kings.

" For us, on Honour's pinnacle," you cry,
" Whose heads are nearly level with the sky,
High basking in the blaze of Regal power;
This Peter, seldom from rank pride exempt,
Calls us, with scowling eyes of fix'd contempt,
A pair of Jackdaws perch'd upon a Tower.

" Archbishops, Bishops, Servants of the Lord,
Head-servants too, who preach the *purest* word,
With *waving hands* enforcing goodly matter,
No more by him, the Scorner, are accounted
Than Sweepers on their Chimneys mounted,
That *wield* their *brush*, and to the Vulgar chatter."

True, my dear Lords; for merit only warm,
Rank and fine trappings long have ceased to charm:

* A few *foreign* Monarchs justify the Poet's assertion.

And yet, their eyes the stupid Million bless,
For barely getting *sights* of rank and dress.

When Judges a *campaigning* go,
And on their benches look so big,
What gives them consequence, I trow,
Is nothing but a Bushel Wig;

Yet Bumkins, gaping with a Bullock stare,
See *learning* lodged in *every hair*.—
But *heads*, not *hair*, *my* admiration draw;
Not Wigs, but Wisdom, strikes *my* soul with awe.

ODE IX.

The man who *printeth* his poetic fits,
Into the Public's Mouth his Head commits;
Too oft a Lion's Mouth, of danger full,
Or flaming Mouth of Phalaris's Bull.
He pours the sad repentant groan in vain:
The cruel World but giggles at his pain.

For, lo! our World, so savage in its nature,
Would rather see a fellow under Water;
Or, from the Attic Story of a house,
Fall down souse

Upon a set of cursed iron Spikes;
Than see him with the blooming Lass he likes,
Blest on a yielding bed of down or roses,
Where Love's fond Couples often join their noses.

Upon me what a Host I've got,
Who by their black abuses boil their pot!
Ay, that's the reason: wide-mouth'd Hunger calls,
And from the *hollow* of each stomach bawls.

Thus the poor Silk-worms, born to bless mankind,
While for the shivering World the robe they spin,
In every ring a thousand Insects find,
Gnawing voraciously their harmless skin.

And thus the Lambs, whose useful Fleeces treat
With coats and blankets people of all stations,
By preying Maggots are beset,
Harbouring whole stinking *nations;*
Which from their backs the Crows so *kindly* pick,—
Enough to make a Christian *sick.*

Oh would some Critic Crow but *eat* the pack
Now nestling in *my* Lyric back,
That daily in their hosts increase,
And try to spoil the *finest* Fleece!

Why am I persecuted for my Rhymes,
That *kindly* try to *cobble* Kings and Times?
To mine, Charles Churchill's rage was downright rancour.
He was a first-rate Man of War to *me*,
Thundering amidst a high tempestuous sea:
I'm a small Cockboat bobbing at an anchor;
Playing with Patereroes, that alarm,
Yet scorn to do a bit of harm.

My satire's *blunt; his* boasted a *keen edge:*
A Sugar-hammer *mine;* but *his* a Blacksmith's Sledge.
And then that Junius! What a *scalping* fellow,
Who dared such Treason and Sedition bellow!

Compared to them, whose pleasure 'twas to stab,
Lord! I'm a melting Medlar to a Crab;
My humour of a very different sort is.
Their Satire's horrid Hair-cloth; *mine* is Silk:
I am a pretty Nipperkin of Milk;
They, two enormous Jugs of Aqua-fortis.

Compared to their high Floods of foaming Satire,
My Rhyme's a Rill, a Thread of murmuring water:—
A Whirlwind *they*, that Oaks like Stubble heaves;
I, Zephyr, whispering, sporting through the leaves.

And such all *candid* people must conclude it:
The World should say of Peter Pindar's strain,
"In him the courtly Horace lives again;
Circum præcordia Petrus ludit."

Which easy scrap of Latin thus I render:
"No man by Peter's Verse is harshly bitten;
Like Lambkins bleats the Bard so sweet and tender,
And playful as the sportive Kitten.

"So chaste his Similes, so soft his style,
That even his bitterest enemies should *smile.*
He biddeth not his Verse in Thunder roar:
His Lines perpetual Summer, sunshine weather.
He tickles only; how can *he* do more,
Whose only Instrument's a Feather?

ODE X.

LIKE Children, charm'd with Praise's sugar'd song,
How much the Great admire the cringing throng;
And how most *lovingly* the men they *hate*
Who, to the stubbornness of conscience born,
Tenacious of the rights of nature, scorn
To hold the Censer to the nose of State!

Too many a weak-brain'd Man, and silly Dame,
Are made ridiculous by fulsome fame;
Raised on high pedestals in rich attire,
For half the globe to laugh at, not admire.

You bid the Bard in panegyric shine;
With courtly adulation load the line.—
Sirs, adulation is a fatal thing;
Rank poison for a Subject, or a King.

My Lords, I do declare that it requires
A brain *well-fortified*, to bear great flatteries;
Such very dangerous mask'd batteries,
That keep on great men's brains such ceaseless fires.
I hope that God will give such great men grace
To know the *general weakness* of the *place*.

Pray do not fancy what I utter strange:
The Love of Flattery is the Soul's rank Mange;
Which though it gives such tickling joys,
Instead of doing service, it destroys:
Just as the Mange to Lapdogs' skins applied,
Though pleasing, spoils the beauty of the hide.

A Sonnet now and then to please the fair,
With Flattery spiced a little, does no harm;
That talks of flames, perfections, hope, despair,
And hyperbolically paints each charm.

Perhaps to a fault, at times, my Muse's art,
By admiration swell'd, hath soar'd too high;
But Cynthia knew the Lover's partial art,
And chid her Poet for the tuneful lie.

Perhaps too loud the Bard hath struck the Lyre:
And when th' enthusiast, with a Lover's fire,
More bright than Angels gave the Nymph to glow;
By Truth's delightful dictates solely sway'd,
Ought of his favourite Cynthia to have said,
"She triumphs *only* o'er the World *below*."

ODE XI.

My Lords, I won't consent to be a Bug,
To batten in the Royal rug,
And on the backs of Monarchs meanly crawl;
And more, my Lords,—I hope I never shall.

Yet *certain* Vermin I can mention love it:
You know the Miserables that can *prove* it.
I cannot, Papist-like, a dupe to Kings,
Create *Divinities* from *wooden things*.

Somewhere in Asia (I forget the place,
Ceylon I think it is: yes, yes; I'm right),
There Kings are deemed of *heavenly* race;
And *blasphemy* it is, their power to slight.

Like crouching Spaniels, down black Lords must lie,
Whene'er admitted to the Royal eye:
And say, whene'er the mighty Monarch chats
To those black Lords about their wives, and brats
That happen in the World to tumble;
" Dread Sire, your Slave and Bitch my Wife
Hath brought, to bless your Dog so humble,
One, two, three, four, five Puppies into life;
All subject to your godlike will and pow'r,
To hang or drown in half an hour."

This is *too* servile, I must dare confess:
'Twixt Man and Man the difference should be *less*.

I own, I brought two *wondering* eyes to town:
Got bent by mobs my Ribs like any Hoop,
To see the mighty Man who wore a Crown;
To see the man to whom great Courtiers stoop.

Much had I read, which *certes* some time since is,
My Bible so replete with Kings and Princes,

And thought Kings taller than my Parish Steeple:
I thought too, which was natural enough,
Jove made their skins of *very different* stuff
From that which clothes the bones of *common* people.

But mark: by staring, gaping, every day,
The edge of Admiration wore away,
Like Razors' edges rubb'd against a stone.
Kings ceased to be such objects of devotion:
I saw the beings soon without emotion;
And thought like mine their bodies, flesh and bone.

Like many thousands, I was weak enough
To think Jove kept a Soul and Body Shop;
Like Mercers, had *variety* of stuff,
For such whose turn it was to be *made up:*

And that he treated with great liberality
Folks born to figure in the line of Quality;
Giving souls *superfine* and bones and bloods;
In short, the choicest of celestial *goods:*

But on the lower classes when employ'd,
It struck me that he work'd with much *sang froid,*

Not caring one brass farthing for the chaps:
Forming them just as Girls themselves amuse
In making Work-bags, Pincushions, and Shoes;
Videlicet, from *scraps*.

Now can't I give a *thimbleful* of Praise
E'en to an Emperor, if uncrown'd by merit;
A starving principle, faith, now-a-days,
And unconnected with the Courtier's spirit.
You, Sirs, I think, can give it with a *ladle*,
And rock of grinning Idiotism the cradle.

ODE XII.

So much abused, I lose my Lyric merit;
Evaporated half its spirit:
Reduced from Alcohol to Phlegm;
From solid Pudding to Whipp'd Cream.

There was a time when, not one bit afraid
Of aught the people roar'd, or sung, or said,
I carelessly my favourite trade pursued;
Invoked Apollo, and the Muses woo'd;
And, with the Stoicism that *sooths* a Stone,
I set me down and pick'd my mutton-bone.

Thus when, amidst the tumbling World of Waves,
The cloud-wrapp'd Genius of the Tempest raves;
And, 'midst the hurrying mass of spectred gloom,
Fate, mounted on the wild wing of the blast,
Shouts desolation through the twilight waste,
And thundering threats a System's doom:

Lo! with light wing a Gull the billows sweeps,
Sports on the storm, and mocks the bellowing deeps;
Now on the mountain surge composed he squats,
Adjusts his feathers, and looks round for Sprats.—

I now may say, with righteous David, " Lord,
With foes I'm sore encompassed about:"
And rhyme like Sternhold, once for verse ador'd,
" I wot not when I shall get out;
So craftily the Heathen me assail,
My Canticle doth not a whit avail."

Lo! almost every one at Peter's head
Levels his blunderbus, and takes a pop:
Bounce on my dear *os frontis* falls the lead;
But harmless *yet*, thank God, I've seen it drop.

Yet by and by some luckless shot
May knock about the brains of tuneful Peter:
Thousands will smile to see him go to pot,
And mock him in his grave with shameless metre.

Not so our gracious King and Queen, I know it:
They've *pity*, if not *pence*, to give a Poet.

Patient as Job, when Satan, all so vile,
Betting his skin against the Lord's,
Adding a most contemptuous smile,
As well as most indecent words,
Cover'd the man of Uz with boils,
At which with horror every heart recoils;
Yes, patient as the Man of Uz am I,
Though forced on envy's burning coals to fry.

Seek I the Court; Lords, Lordlings, fly the place:
The Ladies too, so full of *loyal* grace,
Turn their gay backs when there I show my head:
As happen'd at Saint James's t'other day,
When up the stairs I took my solemn way,
And fill'd the fine-dress'd Gentlefolks with dread.

Off Brudenell flew; and, with his Star so blazing,
Off flew the frighten'd Sir John Dick so stout,
Who won his blazing Star by means *amazing*—
By manufacturing *sour crout*.

Off flew, with this great crout-composing Dick,
Thompson and Salisbury, Harcourt, and Gold-stick:

Such was the terror at the Man of Rhymes,
As though he enter'd to divulge their *crimes*.

Thus on a bank, upon a summer's day,
Of some fair stream of East or Western Ind,
When Puppies join in wanton play,
Free from the slightest fear of being skinn'd;

If from that stream, which all so placid flows,
A sly old Alligator pokes his nose,
Perhaps with a wish to taste a *slice of cur*;—
At once the Dogs are off upon the spur;
Not once behind them cast a *courtly* look,
To *compliment* the Monarch of the Brook.

ODE XIII.

Deserted in my utmost need by Fate,
Like famed Darius, great and good;
(Fall'n, fall'n, poor fellow, from a large estate;
Forced, forced to browse, like Goats, the lanes for food:)

Alas! deserted quite by every friend
(And what than friendship can be sweeter?),
Lo, not a soul will kind assistance lend!
Lo, every puppy *lifts his leg* at Peter!

Like some lone insulated Rock am I,
Where, midst th' Atlantic vast, old Eol raves;
Shook by the Thunders of each angry sky,
And roll'd on by the rushing World of Waves.

So hard indeed the Critic Tempest blows,
I scarce can point against the gale my nose:
A Storm more violent was never seen.
So dread the war! Indeed it must be dread,
When from his shop John Nichols pops his head,
And pours the thunders of his Magazine.

For *heavier* artillery ne'er was play'd:
And yet not all th' artillery is his own;
Hayley, a close ally, in ambuscade
Behind, assists the war of furious John.

John Nichols, with Will Hayley for his Squire,
Are *serious* things, howe'er the World may *laugh;*
And therefore dread I much to face the fire
Of this intrepid Hudibras and Ralph.

You too, my Lords, combined with those dread foes
To tear the Bard to pieces for his Rhymes!
'Tis very cruel, Heaven well knows;
And does no sort of *credit* to the times.

Yet let me feel myself.—I'm not yet dead,
Though maul'd so terribly about the head;
By Printers' Devils and Allies surrounded:
Perhaps, like the Prussian Monarch, I may rise
Herculean, to the World's surprise,
And see my enemies confounded.

Full many a Cock hath won ten pound,
Though seeming dead, stretch'd out amidst the pit;
Leap'd up, and given his foe a fatal wound:—
Then why not mine, ye Gods, the lucky *hit?*

ODE XIV.

With *your* good leave, my Lords, I'll now take *mine;*
Not deem'd, *perchaunce,* a Poet *quite* divine.
Perchaunce, "with beasts at Ephesus I've warr'd,"
Like that prodigious orator Saint Paul;
And for my Stanzas perhaps, both great and small,
You *kindly* wish me feather'd well and tarr'd.

You think I loath the name of King, no doubt:
Indeed, my Lords, you never were more *out;*
I am not of that envious class of elves.

Though Dame Macaulay turns on Kings her tail,
With great *respect* the sacred names I hail;
That is, of Monarchs who *respect themselves*.

But should they act with meanness, or like Fools,
The Muse shall place a Fool's-cap on their sculls.

Stubborn as *many* a King indeed I am;
That is, as stubborn as a halter'd Ram:
A change in Peter's life you must not hope.
To try to wash an Ass's face,
Is really labour to misplace;
And really loss of time, as well as soap.

ODE XV.

Pray let me laugh, my Lords; I must, I will.
My Lords, my laughing-muscles can't lie still:
Unpolish'd in the supple schools of France,
I cannot burst to pleasure complaisance.

Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt;
And every Grin, so merry, draws one out.
I own I like to laugh, and hate to sigh;
And think that risibility was given
For human happiness, by gracious Heaven:
And that we came not into life to cry;

To wear long faces, just as if our Maker,
The God of goodness, was an Undertaker,
Well pleased to wrap the Soul's unlucky mien
In Sorrow's dismal *crape* or *bombazeen.*

Methinks I hear the Lord of Nature say,
" Fools, how you plague me! go, be wise, be gay;
No tortures, penances, your God requires:
Enjoy, be lively, innocent, adore;
And know that Heaven hath not one Angel more,
In consequence of groaning Nuns and Friars.
Heaven never took a pleasure or a pride
In starving stomachs, or a horsewhipp'd hide.

" Mirth be your motto, merry be your heart;
Good laughs are pleasant inoffensive things:
And, if their *follies* happen to *divert*,
I shall not quarrel at a *joke* on Kings."

ODE XVI.

If Monarchs (the suggestion perhaps of liars)
Turn Housebreakers, and rob the nuns and friars;
Steal pictures, crucifixes, heavenly chattels,
To purchase swords and guns and souls for battles:—

In spite of all the World may say or think,
If Empresses will Punk-like kiss and drink:—

If Kings will sell the Hares and Boars they kill,
And Snipe and Partridge blood for mammon spill,
Denying thus themselves a dainty dish;
And go themselves to market with their Fish:—

Pleased with the vulgar herd to join to their name,
If Kings, ambitious of a Blacksmith's fame,
Not wondrously ambitious in their views,
Instead of mending Empires, make Horse-shoes:—

Dead to fair Science, if to vagrant Hogs,
To Toymen, Conjurors, and Dancing Dogs,
Great Princes, pleased, a *patronage* extend;
While modest Genius pines without a friend:—

Dismissing Grandeur as an idle thing,
If on bob wigs, slouch'd hats, and thread-bare coats,
Upon Vulgarity a Monarch doats,
More pleased to look a Coachman than a King:—

If with their bullocks Kings delight to battle;
On hard Horse-chesnuts make them dine and sup,
Resolv'd to starve the nice-mouth'd cattle
Until they eat the Chesnuts up;

(Poor fellows! from the Nuts who turn away,
And think it *devilish hard* they can't have Hay:)—

If Kings will mount old houses upon rollers,
Converting sober Mansions into Strollers:—

Heraclitus's gravity can't bear it:
I must *laugh out*, and all the World must hear it.

ODE XVII.

Just one word more, my Lords, before we part.—
Do not vow *vengeance* on the tuneful art.
'Tis very dangerous to attack a Poet,
Also ridiculous; the end would show it.
Though not to *write*, to *read* I hear you're able:
Read then, and learn instruction from a Fable.

THE PIG AND THE MAGPIE,

A FABLE.

Cocking his tail, a saucy prig,
A Magpie hopp'd upon a Pig,
To pull some hair, forsooth, to line his nest;
And with such ease began the hair-attack,
As thinking the fee-simple of the back
Was by Himself, and not the Pig, possest.

The Boar look'd up, as Thunder black, to Mag;
Who, squinting down on him like an arch Wag,
  Inform'd Mynheer some bristles must be torn:
Then busy went to work, not *nicely* culling;
Got a good handsome beakful by good pulling,
  And flew, without a "Thank ye," to his thorn.

The Pig set up a dismal yelling;
Follow'd the Robber to his dwelling,
  Who, like a fool, had built it midst a bramble:
In manfully he sallied, full of might,
Determin'd to obtain his right;
  And midst the bushes now began to scramble.

He drove the Magpie, tore his nest to rags;
And, happy on the downfall, pour'd his brags:
  But ere he from the brambles came, alack!
His ears and eyes were miserably torn;
His bleeding hide in such a plight forlorn,
He could not count ten hairs upon his back.

This is a pretty Tale, my Lords, and pat:—
To folks like *you*, so clever, *verbum sat.*

A

BENEVOLENT EPISTLE

TO

SYLVANUS URBAN;

ALIAS

MASTER JOHN NICHOLS, PRINTER,

COMMON-COUNCILMAN OF FARRINGDON WARD, AND CENSOR GENERAL OF LITERATURE:

NOT FORGETTING

MASTER WILLIAM HAYLEY.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

AN ELEGY TO APOLLO;

ALSO

SIR JOSEPH BANKS AND THE BOILED FLEAS,

AN ODE.

How now, prithee, John?
Do not quarrel, man:
Let us be merry, and
Drink about. CATCH.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Poet commenceth in a sublime Strain of happy Imitation of Classic Simplicity, with the *Ille ego* Self-consequence of the Mantuan Bard; giving an Account of the various Themes of his Muse, from *Majesty* to *Mister John Nichols*—He asketh the Reason of John's great Anger; and freeth himself from the Imputation of Illiberality, by telling the World what *handsome* Things he hath said of the Printer—The Poet attacketh John in Turn for *his* Want of Candour—speaketh Oracles to John—maketh a fine Comparison between Himself and purling Streams; also between Curs, Cats, and Courtiers—The Poet declaimeth virtuously and politically against Swearing in a Passion—complaineth of Instances of John's Cruelty toward him for barely administering a few admonitory Lashes on the Back of the President of the Royal Society, Mrs. Piozzi, and Mr. Boswell—The Poet again complaineth of John's Disingenuousness; praising at the same Time his own Sweetness of Disposition—He mentioneth the Horrors of dying People at the Thought of being exhibited in John's Magazine: in which the Poet is supposed to allude to the Letters of the Rev. Mr. Badcock and others; as well as scandalous Anecdotes collected from Families, to give a Zest to his monthly Lumber—The Poet informeth John of the Appellation given him by some People—also other People's Idea of a more appropriate Appellation, though a very rude one, and which the Poet was always too delicate to use—The Poet confesseth that he marvelled at John's Impudence in assuming the Management of the Gentleman's Magazine after Dr. Johnson; on which Dr. Johnson the Poet passeth a just Stricture with unprecedented Delicacy—The Poet challengeth John to say he ever exposed him for his Praises of such as contributed to his Magazine—or when he tried to eclipse the biographical Fame of Plutarch, by his Anecdotes of poor old Bowyer—The Poet exhibiteth more Instances of Grandeur of Soul—still more Nobleness—still more—The Poet maketh a most luminous Remark on the Difference between the Happiness of Fools and Wise Men, and concludeth with advising John to make a *proper* Application of his Talents.

A

BENEVOLENT EPISTLE

TO

SYLVANUS URBAN.

I WHO, ambitious that the Brats my Rhymes
Should see the Gentlefolks of future times,
Rise like Antiques in value, nor expire
Till Ruin spreads his universal fire
(Dread thought! that to destruction must be given
This charming World, this handsome work of Heaven):—
I who, regardless of the Courtier throng,
To Kings, and Lords, and Commons, tuned the Song;
Bade Tom* no more indulge the golden dream,
And kindly wish'd his wit a *wiser* Theme;
Struck to the Lime and Mortar Knight† the string;
And hail'd of Butterflies the nursing King‡,
Who, scorning Suns and Moons, with *happier* eyes,
Beholds from dunghills purple Emperors‡ rise:

* Mr. Warton.
† Sir William Chambers.
‡ Sir Joseph Banks.
‡ A rare species of Butterfly.

More blest on *this* our earth a Frog to see,
To find a Cockle-shell, and boil a Flea*,
Than dwell in yonder Skies, with glory crown'd,
Where Frogs, nor Fleas, nor Cockle-shells, abound;
More blest to mark a Bat's than Angel's wing,
To hear a Grasshopper than Seraph sing;
More pleased to view (if Rumour justly paints)
The *tails* of Tadpoles than the *heads* of Saints,
And hear (to Fame if credence may be given)
One Humming-bird than all the Host of Heaven:—
I who to Men of Canvas struck the Lyre,
And set with Rhyme th' Academy on fire†;
O'er Mount Parnassus Jove-like cast my shoe;
At Poets smiled, and Poetesses too:
Preferr'd the Ballads of the good Old Bailey
To all the cold Pomposities of Hayley,
Whose Rhymes, as soon as litter'd, join the heaps
Where midst her shadowy gulf Oblivion sleeps‡;
So *deep*, who scarce can *dive* into himself;
So *lofty* too, the tenant of the *shelf:*

* See the Ode at page 279.

† *i. e.* produced an *emulation* among the ingenious Artists. This passage seemed to want an explanation, as an illiberal Reader might have imagined that I meant that my Academic Odes had put the Members into a violent *passion;* an idea so *very foreign* to my wishes.

‡ Such is really the present sunk condition of this *ladies'* Author.

Now stiffer than Recruits so raw at drill;
Now *petit-maître* of the Muses' Hill:—
I who to grave Reviewers sigh'd my pray'r,
Submissive bending at the Critic Chair;
And blushing begg'd one little Laurel sprig,
To bring importance and adorn my Wig:—
I who Sam Whitbread's Brewhouse praised in Song,
So highly honour'd by the Royal Throng;
Berhymed a goodly Monarch and his Spouse,
Miss Whitbread's Curtseys, Mister Whitbread's Bows,
Amounting (History says) to many a score,
Such too as Chiswell-street ne'er saw before;
Not e'en forgetting, with my Classic force,
The Brewer's Bull-dog, and his marvelling Horse;
The curious Draymen into puncheons creeping,
And, charm'd with Greatness, through the bung-holes peeping:—
I who to Pitt the chords in anger struck,
Who whelm'd his Prince so gracefully with muck;
Lycurgus Pitt, whose *penetrating* eyes
Behold the fount of *freedom* in *excise;*
Whose *patriot* logic possibly maintains
Th' *identity* of *liberty* and *chains:*—
I who of Leeds and Hawkesbury deign'd to sing,
The *blessed* favourites of a *blessed* King;

High on the labouring pinions of an Ode,
Heaved Brudenell's folly, what a *leaden* load!
Brudenell, who bids us all the Proverb feel,
"The largest Calves are *not* the sweetest Veal:"—
I, who on such *rich* subjects deign'd to shine,
Now tune to *once*-a-Printer's-Devil the line;
But now *no more* a Devil, with Atlas mien
The great Supporter of a Magazine*;
No more, no more a Devil with humble air,
But fit Companion for our great Lord Mayor!—
How like the Worm which crawls at first the Earth:
But, getting a *new coat*, disdains its birth;
Spreads its gold tissue to the solar ray,
And wings o'er Trees and Towers its airy way!

With anger foaming, and of vengeance full,
Why belloweth John Nichols like a Bull?
Say, Goddess, could a few poetic stripes
Make John, so furious, kick about his types;
Spin round his Pandemonium like a Top,
And, thundering, to its centre shake the Shop?
Could Satire's twig produce so dire a din?
And dwell such *softness* in a Printer's skin?

* The *Gentleman's*, as it is *modestly* called; to whose *gentility* Mister Hayley is a constant contributor, in the way of *ingenious* Rhyme and *liberal* Criticism.

Illiberal never, never have I said
That thou wast not an honest man in trade:
Whether from principle or jail-dismay
Springs thy morality, we dare not say;
Since Jails, those iron Agents of the Law,
Keep *many* a graceless rogue in pious awe.
Yet, Son of Ink, devoutly let us hope
Thou lovest a Virtue more than dread'st a Rope.
Nay, to thy honour let me this declare,
To make the rigid Sons of Conscience *stare*,
That, when thou money lendest, such thy *purity*,
Detesting bad, thou seekest *good security*.

Inclined for ever, John, to take thy part,
Thus have I pour'd the dictates of my heart:
" If 'midst a vulgar mass his Stars unkind
Have placed most niggardly a pigmy mind,
'Tis not John's fault; John should not blush for shame;
His parsimonious Planets are to blame.
What though in Wisdom's crucible his head
Prove that it dealeth less in Gold than Lead;
Unskill'd on Classic ground to cut a caper?
Yet knoweth John the price of Print and Paper:
His nice-discerning knowledge none deny
On Crown, Imperial, Foolscap, and Demy.

On Blanket, Sheep-skins*, Urine, John can think;
Myself would take his sentiments on Ink:
Myself would take his sentiments on *letters;*
On *syllables* indeed I'd ask his betters.
The meanest mortal let us not deride:
Lo! beasts of burden oft must be our guide;
Yes, through the dark and unknown track, of course,
I yield up all opinion to my Horse."

Truth, let fair Truth for ever rule my Rhymes:
I'm told this lady visits *thee* sometimes.
How kind! how humble! thus the God of Day
Deigns to a Mud-pool to impart his ray.

Amidst the Passions' roar, a clamorous host,
Oft is the gentle voice of Reason lost.
How triest thou, Butcher-like, to carve my Work,
And treat each sweet-soul'd Stanza like a Turk!
From such sad Readers Heaven the Muse protect,
Proud to find fault, and raptured with defect.
Yet though thou *frown'st* on Peter's every line,
Behold the difference, John!—he *smiles* on *thine.*

Say not I hate each man of verse and prose;
I reverence genius, John, where'er it grows:

* Necessary for making Printers' balls.

Whene'er it beams through ignorance's night,
I mark the Stranger with as keen delight
As looks the Pilgrim on Bassora's towers,
Her streams, ambrosial blooms, and myrtle bowers;
Who, long denied of Hope's sweet cup to taste,
Had sighed amidst the solitary Waste.

Blame not the Bard, thou man of *letter'd* pride,
Who, taking not Dame Prudence for thy guide,
Didst *stone* the Poet's mansion like an ass,
Forgetting that thy own made of *glass.*
Know, John, that passion maketh man a Swine:
Know this, and bid *thy* conduct copy *mine.*

When deeming me a Saracen in heart,
Why, simple John, attempt my road to thwart?
Amidst thy walks should Bullies meet thine eye,
Composedly let those Bullies pass thee by:
To bustling Bravoes, for my ease and pride,
I give the wall, and smiling turn aside.
Thus if a Rock or Log the Stream oppose,
That sweetly lambent from its fountain flows;
No foamy turbulence the rills betray,
But, easy yielding, wind in peace away.

My hate of Courtiers how thine anger drew!
I own I loath Saint James's servile crew:

Where'er the smiles of Royalty are found,
The lazy clan of Courtiers crouch around.
Thus on the Country Towns when Phœbus shines,
Amidst the radiance every Cur reclines;
And lo! neglectful of the Mice and Rats,
Each street presents us with a line of Cats.

Truth needs not, John, the eloquence of Oaths;
Not more so than a decent Suit of Clothes
Requires of broad Gold Lace th' expensive glare,
That makes the linsey-woolsey Million stare:
Besides, a proverb suited to my wish
Declares that "swearing never catcheth fish."
'Tis vulgar, I have said it o'er and o'er;
Then keep thy temper, man, and swear no more.

Struck, nay half-petrified, that Banks should dare,
Indecent fellow! ravish Newton's chair;
Mock such as Wisdom's sacred mines explore,
And kick the Arts and Sciences to door;
Making (methinks a monstrous impropriety)
A Fly Club of a great and famed Society:
The Muse, with virtuous indignation stung,
In Rhyme's strong chains the brazen Culprit hung;
When, with the fury of a thousand foes,
Howl'd the wild tempest of thy Verse and Prose.

Shock'd that an idle Gossip, Madame Thrale*,
And he†, a feather, Genius, in thy scale,
High-panting for the echo of a name,
Should meanly crucify poor Johnson's fame;
I own I glow'd with more than mortal ire,
And fix'd to Satire's scourge my sharpest wire:
When lo! the Poet's visage to begrime,
Forth rush'd thy muddy sluice of Prose and Rhyme.
For this, against my will, indeed with tears,
I show'd a grinning Land thy Ass's Ears.

Fired that the Muse should daringly suggest
That Stars have beam'd upon the blackest Breast;
Just like their Heavenly Cousins all so bright,
O'er the dark mantle of Old Mother Night;
Should hint, by Fortune's wild vagaries placed,
That Crowns may feel themselves *at times* disgraced:—
To take a King's and Courtier's part so prone,
Full at my forehead didst thou fling the stone;
But, thanks to Phœbus, who secured my crown,
Thou couldst not bring the great Goliah down.

Grieved that th'ambitious Muse a Prince should praise,
Whose name diffuses lustre o'er her Lays;

* Now Madame Piozzi. † Mr. James Boswell.

A Prince whose only fault is want of art;
Whose *horrid vice,* benevolence of heart;
Which little abject souls *profusion* call,
And o'er each action vainly spit their gall:—
Grieved that the Muse attack'd with scorn *a man,*
Unlucky form'd on Nature's *hungry* plan;
Who, Lord of Millions, *trembles* for his store,
And *fears* to give a farthing to the Poor;
Proclaims that *penury* will be his fate,
And, scowling, looks on *charity* with hate;
Whose matchless *avarice* is meat and drink,
That dreads to spill a single drop of ink,
On each superfluous letter vents a sigh,
And saves the little dot upon an *i;*
Happy e'en Nature's tenderest ties to slight,
And vilely *rob an offspring* of his right:—
Forth rush'd thy venom; harmless too it flow'd,
For Man defies the poison of a Toad.

Vex'd that the Muse (as if she utter'd treason)
Should try to bring poor Boswell back to reason;
(Herculean toil, to keep such folly under!)
Loud from thy head's dark Cloud I felt thy Thunder.

When, mad t' induce the World to deem thee wise,
Thou staredst through Spectacles with sapient eyes;

Say, did I cry, th' imposture to expose,
" See John's whole stock of *wisdom* on his *nose!*"

Cat-like, because the World my Lyrics read,
Thine envy claw'd the Laurel on my head;
Yet claw'd I not again, with Cat-like spleen,
The drooping leaves of thy sad Magazine:
Touch'd not *thy* trash, nor Hayley's tinsel stuff;
Nor fresh, stale, *new antiquities* of Gough*.
Indeed I'm tender-conscienced on that score,
And learn to look with *pity* on the *poor:*
No Mohawk I, in scenes of horror bred;
I scorn to scalp the dying or the dead.
Yet well thou knowest that, with trifling toil,
On Satire's gridiron I could bid thee broil;
Turn tuneful butcher, cut thee into quarters,
And give thee, John, for one of Folly's martyrs.

I see thy vanity, in all its fulness;
The Turbot, Venison, of aspiring Dulness:
And let me, O rare epicure! remark,
That thou hast got a Gullet like a Shark.

* A *maker* of *antiquities;* and one of Sir Joseph Banks's Copper-farthing Oracles, and constant Tea and Toast Men.

Myself as merciful as man can be,
I grieve to find that Mercy not in *thee*.
Behold, amidst their shortening, panting breath,
(Poor souls!) the dying dread *thee* more than *death*.
" Oh save us from John Nichols!" is their cry:
" Let not that Death-hunter know where we lie;
What in delirium from our lips may fall,
Oh hide! our letters, burn them, burn them all.
Oh, let not from the Tomb our Ghosts complain!
O Jesu! we shall soon be *up again;*
Condemn'd, alas! to grin with grisly mien,
Midst the pale horrors of his Magazine:
Like Felons first in Newgate-ballads sung,
Then (given to infamy) on Hounslow hung."

Know, when thou took'st of Aristarch the chair,
My eyes expanded only to a stare:
Softly indeed unto myself I sigh'd,
" Johnson, thy place is damnably supplied*."
Not that I think this Idol of the Million,
Longinus, Aristotle, or Quintilian:
Who gives (against sound taste so apt to sin)
A Pyramid's importance to a Pin;

* The late Dr. Johnson superintended this Magazine; a post of honour *assumed* afterwards by Mr. John Nichols.

On every theme *alike* his pompous art,
The General Conflagration or a F—.

When into Fame's fair dome, t' insult her throne,
So free as if the house had been thy own,
Thou daredst to shove a vile Conundrum Crew,
Fellows that Phœbus nor the Muses knew;
Speak, did I tell the Nation with my pen,
How Fame in anger kick'd them out agen;
Threw at their heads the lumber of their brains,
And call'd thee a pert puppy for thy pains?
On such mark'd impudence did I harangue,
And give to public scorn the pigmy gang?

Short are the hours that smuggled Praise can last;
An Echo, a poor meretricious Blast;
A sudden Gust that bids old ruins stare,
And, howling, whirls a feather through the air.
Flattery, a little, sly, deceiving Lass,
With smile resistless, and a front of brass,
Shall reign perchance, the idol of a day;
Then, like a batter'd Harridan, decay:
While Truth unfading lifts the head sublime,
And dares the formidable test of Time.

Thou dragon of th' Hesperian Fruit, call'd Praise,
Whose leather-stretching conscience interest sways;

Shame, that, through sordid avarice and spleen,
None taste but such as cram thy Magazine!
Charm'd as a Child whose doting eye regards
Its imitation of Saint Paul's with cards;
When, fired by Plutarch's venerable name,
Whose genius raised a Pyramid to fame,
Thou gavest of Bowyer's Life a Gossip's Story,
And only rear'dst a Dunghill to thy glory;
I rail'd not at thy infant emulation,
Nor spread thy weakness, John, around the Nation:
Nay, grieved was I, as all the World can tell,
That thou shouldst write a Book that would not sell*.

When, torturing the poor Gamut wild and loud,
Thou scrapedst "harsh discords" on thy Muse's croud;
What though I stopp'd my ears with all my pow'rs?
I mourn'd the labour of thy tuneless hours.

Oft have I whisper'd to myself, "Enough
Of this most tiresome fellow's monthly stuff:

* Unfortunately for poor John, every Book that he has published has been possessed of so much of the *vis inertiæ* as not to be able (if I may use the Booksellers' phrase) to *move off*: witness the Life of Old Bowyer; the guttings of old Magazines and Ladies' Diaries, called Miscellanies; the Progresses of Queen Elizabeth; editions of trash of every denomination, &c.

A Magazine! a Pedlar's, Huckster's Shop,
That harbours brush, and cabbage-net, and mop,
Pan, gridiron, button, buckle, bodkin, bead,
Tape, turnip, malkins, night-caps green and red,
Pins, pipkins, garters, oatmeal, jorden, dish,
Stale loaves, and rusty nails, and stinking fish.
Yet bade I not the World its laughs prepare,
To meet thy miserable monthly ware:
Nay, man, I've *praised* thee; for example, said,
"Lo! in his cumbrous Magazine display'd
Once in a year a verse to raise our wonder,
Which proves that John *may* make a lucky blunder:
How like the heavy Mountain, on whose side
A Daisy starts in solitary pride!"

Lo! from ebriety their sons to save,
The Greeks oft show'd the lads a drunken Slave:
I thus might thee, O jingling John! display,
A sad example in the rhyming way
For Printers and their Demons to avoid,
Whose labours might *more wisely* be employ'd;
But Pity sweetly whispers in my ear,
"Expose not childhood that deserves a tear;
Set not the roaring Lion at a Rat,
Nor call down Thunder to destroy a Gnat."

When mad for Honours*, softly have I said,
"What imp could put it in the Printer's head?
Oh! may the Fates the Maniac over-rule;
For Titles cannot dignify a Fool."

Complain not that I've wrong'd thy reputation,
By calling thee the silliest in the Nation:
No, John, be comforted; it cannot be;
I think I know a *few* that *equal* thee.

Swear, swear not that I've said, to wound thy fame,
That Hirelings wrote each Work which bears *thy name:*
How false! I know thou wrotest *many* a line;
Lo! *all* the *blunders* of the Books are thine.

A literary Jackdaw thou, God wot;—
Yet by that *thievish* name I call'd thee not:
A Carrion Crow, that lives upon the dead;—
Yet Hawk-like pounced I not upon thy head:

* John's ambition to be a Common-council Man was violent for a long time: great were the pains used, manifold were the contrivances employed, and prodigious was the interest made, for the obtention of this Honour. A vacancy happening in Farringdon Ward, John's more lucky Genius prevailed, and his wishes were gratified; thus is he in the way of being what I have in an Ode augured of Mr. Auctioneer Skinner,

"If things go fair,
Proud London's proud Lord May'r."

A daring Coiner, lo! I let thee pass,
Nor once impeach'd thy literary Brass.

Speak: when, enamour'd of thy monthly *hash*,
Thou clapp'dst *another sixpence* on thy trash;
Once didst thou hear me in a passion roar,
"Was ever impudence like this before?"—
Instead of making in th' affair a fuss,
In mild soliloquy I whisper'd thus:
"How blest the fool! he thinks he all things knows:
With joy he wakes, with joy his eyelids close.
Pleased through the World to spread his own renown,
With calm contempt he looks on others down;
Self and his own dear Works th' eternal theme,
His daily idol and his nightly dream.
Thrice-envied being, whom no tongue can wound,
In pride's impenetrable armour bound!
How much in happiness beyond the wise,
Who view the greatest men with pitying eyes;
O'er human imbecility who groan,
And sigh to think how little's to be known!"

Oh do not to the Muses' Hill resort,
Esop's dull Brute*, a Bumkin midst a Court:

* The fable of the Gentleman, the Ass, and the Lap-dog.

With Brother-council crack the clumsy joke;
Midst beer and brandy, bread and cheese, and smoke,
Descend the ladder to the clouds below,
Where *Ordinary* Men of Twopence go;
Where vagrant Knives and Forks are bound in Chains,
And never Table-cloth is spoil'd by Stains;
Where in the Board's black Hole (superb design!)
Pepper and Salt in Matrimony join;
And in another hole, with frown and smile,
Much too like Marriage, Vinegar and Oil:
Where for a *towel* (economic thought!),
A monstrous *mastiff* after dinner brought,
Complacent waits on *gentlemen's* commands,
And yields his *back* of *shag* to *wipe their hands.*

Such is the scene where thou shouldst ever sit,
Form'd to thy taste, and suited to thy wit.
Deal not in History: often have I said,
'Twill prove a most unprofitable *trade.*
Talk not of Painting, for thou know'st her not:
Such coy acquaintance will not boil thy pot.
Nor make strong love to Music: 'tis a dame
Who smiles not on the Souls of Earth, but Flame.
Push not thy brain to Thought; thou canst not *think;*
From Metaphysics should thy genius shrink:

To thee superior, see the Goddess rise,
And hide her lofty head amidst the skies.
Behold eternal mist her beauties shroud,
And 'tis not thy weak eye can pierce the cloud.—
Curs'd with the common *furor* of inditing,
If yet thy head possess the Mange of Writing;
Go, with Biography and cool thy rage,
Pen Lives that *cannot well disgrace* thy page;
Describe, whom every nobler virtue curses,
A Pair who mump with millions in their purses;
If *loftier* subjects thy ambition call,
Descant upon the *Giants* of Guildhall.

ELEGY TO APOLLO.

The Poet complaineth of the Cruelty of Authors, Authoresses, and the Blue-Stocking Club.

GREAT are my Enemies in Trade, God knows:
There's not a Poet but would stop my note;
With such a world of Spite their venom flows,
With such *good-will* the knaves would cut my throat.

Yet how have I offended, Phœbus, say,
To get so much ill blood, such cursing looks?
Is it because *my* more ambitious Lay
Disdains to visit Trunk-makers and Cooks:

To go with theirs to Grocers, and to men
Who fortune in that weed Tobacco see;
From thence come deeply laden back agen
With Sugar, Pigtail, Pepper, and Rappee?

The Man of Words, of stilt-supported phrase,
The glistering Hayley, scorns whate'er I write:
This Will-o'wisp of Verse disdains my Lays;
Tales, Odes, nor Lousiads, yield the least delight:—

So *lofty*, yet in ware so *humble* dealing;
So *classically tasteless; big* with *nought;*
So *tender*, yet so *destitute of feeling;*
So *sentimental* too *without a thought.*

I see the band of Blue Stockings arise,
Historic, critic, and poetic Dames:
This lifts her palms, and that her marvelling eyes;
And squeaks, "The fellow's stuff should feel the flames;

"Such is the Way his works should come to *light*."—
Thus rail those Dames of classic Erudition;
Thus, leagued with Wit, unmerciful they bite
Thy favourite Bard, O Phœbus, and Physician.

And now I hear a score in union bawl,
"In cold contempt shall poor Piozzi sigh?
Miss Hannah More into oblivion fall?
Dear Mistress Montague neglected lie?

"Those rich Corinthian Pillars of our Club,
Sink to the ground so vile, with dust bespread;
While *he*, of motley Poetry the Scrub*,
Erects, Colossus-like, his brazen head?

"Oh! let the Scullion use his vapid Book,
Instead of Dishclouts, when her hands she wipes:
Oh! let the kindled leaves assist the Cook,
And of old Washerwomen light the Pipes."—

* The Poet here most fancifully alludeth to Mr. Scrub, the Servant of all Work, in Farquhar's play of the Beaux' Stratagem.

Thus in my condemnation they agree,
The mighty cloud-*capp'd* petticoated wise;
While pleased (as conscious of the *just* decree),
In proud disdain their snuff-clad noses rise.

The Misses sad of Elegy, my foes,
Say my rude genius wants the genuine fire;
Bald all my Rhymes, my Verses measured Prose;
That Bears would better touch the Muse's Lyre.

The Riddle and Conundrum-mongers cry,
"Pshaw! damn his Lyrics, Lousiads; damn 'em all:
His strength in fields Diarian dare he try,
Soon would the Almanac record his fall."

Thus with dread voice my Enemies exclaim;
Thus am I doom'd to gulp the bitter pill:
Themselves "fair Traders of the Mount" they name;
But *me*, a Smuggler on thy Sacred Hill.

God of *us Lyrics*, shall I rouse my Rhyme,
Confound the Gang, and vindicate my Lay;
Or calmly leave them to devouring Time,
Who dines upon such Witlings every day?

SIR JOSEPH BANKS

AND

THE BOILED FLEAS.

A Discontent, mingled with some Grumbling, among the more enlightened Members of the Royal Society, on Account of Sir Joseph's Non-communication of *Wisdom* to the Royal Journals, spurred the Knight on at last *(without* the Help of *Balaam's Angel)* to open his Mouth. He told an intimate Friend that he had made a *Discovery* that would *astonish* the World, *enrich* the Journals, and render himself *immortal.* With the most important Confidence and philosophic Solemnity, he affirmed that he was upon the very Eve of proving what had never entered the Soul of Man; *viz.* that *Fleas* were *Lobsters:*—that Jonas Dryander was ordered to *collect* fifteen Hundred Fleas, and *boil* them; which, if they changed to the fine Crimson of the Lobster, would put the *Identity* of the *Species* beyond the Possibility of Doubt. At Length the Beds of the President were ransacked by his *Flea-Crimp,* honest Jonas: fifteen hundred of the hopping Inhabitants were caught, and passed the dreadful *Ordeal* of *boiling Water;* with what *Success,* O gentle Reader! the Ode will inform thee.

BLEST be the man who thought upon a College,
The Market of all sorts of Knowledge,
  Th' *emporium,* as *we classic people* say:—
Nay, he upon Societies who thought,
To learning's Stock a deal of Treasure brought,
  Dragging Obscurity so deep to day:
Making the Dame turn out her bag,
  Conceal'd beneath her inky cloak;
Examining the smallest rag,
  Blacken'd by Time's most sacred smoke.

To use a simile a little *rough*,
Stripping Dame Nature to her very *buff:*
Or (to be somewhat more in speech refin'd),
By dint of powers of eye and mind,
Enlightening what through darkness might escape;
Embroidering thus, with silver Spangles, Crape.

The mention of Societies, recalls
Of Somerset the lofty walls*,
The Hive where famed Sir Joseph reigns Queen-bee:
Though men to whom Sir Joseph is not known,
Most certainly must take him for a Drone;
Whose face, by sloven Nature's hard decree,
Seems form'd fair Ladies' *pockets* to alarm,
Rather than *steal* fair Ladies' *hearts* by charm.

Well: so much for Sir Joseph's Face;
And eke about the Hive-like Place,
Where our Sir Joseph reigns Queen-bee:—
And verily, Queen-bee's a proper name;
For, Reader, know, it is a Royal Dame
Who to her Subjects issueth decree:

Sendeth her Subjects east and west,
To pitch on flowers and weeds the best,

* The Royal Society hold their Meetings there.

And bring sweet treasure to the hive:
She keepeth too of *gentlemen* a band,
To say soft things and flatter, kiss her hand;
Who eat the honey for *such deeds*, and thrive.

Sir Joseph has *his* flatterers too, in hand:
Who say soft things, yea, very soft indeed;
For which the *gentle* flattering Band
Gain Butter'd Toast, sweet flattery's *oily* meed.

A Girl for novelty, where'er it lies,
In mosses, fleas, or cockle-shells, or flies,
Sir Joseph ever seeks for something new;
Of this, whene'er he sits, he gravely talks,
Or while he eats, or drinks, or runs, or walks,
Amidst his Royal and attendant Crew.

One morning, at his house in Soho Square,
As, with a solemn awe-inspiring air,
Amidst some Royal Sycophants he sat;
Most manfully their masticators using,
Most pleasantly their greasy mouths amusing
With coffee, butter'd toast, and bird's-nest chat;

In Jonas Dryander, the Favourite, came,
Who *manufactures* all Sir Joseph's fame.

"What luck?" Sir Joseph bawled: "say, Jonas,
say."—
"I've *boil'd* just *fifteen hundred;*" Jonas whin'd:
"The devil a one change colour could I find."—
Intelligence creating dire dismay.

Then Jonas curs'd, with many a wicked wish;
Then show'd the *stubborn* Fleas upon a dish.
"How?" roar'd the President, and backward fell:
"There goes then my Hypothesis to Hell!"

And now his head in deep despair he shook;
Now closed his eyes, and now upon his breast
He muttering dropp'd his sable beard unblest;
Now twirl'd his thumbs, and groan'd with piteous look.

Dread-struck sat Aubert, Blagdon, Planta, Woide,
Whose jaw-bones, in the *mumbling trade* employ'd,
Half-open'd, gaped, in sudden stupor lost;
While from the mouth of every gaping man,
In mazy rill, the cream-clad coffee ran,
Supporting dainty bits of butter'd toast.

Now gaining speech, the parasitic crowd
Leap'd up and roar'd in unison aloud:

"Heavens! what's the matter, dear Sir Joseph,
pray?"—
Dumb to their questions the Great Man remain'd;
The Knight, deep pondering, nought vouchsafed to
say.
Again the Gentlemen their voices strain'd.

Sudden the President of Flies, so sad,
Strides round the room with disappointment mad,
While every eye enlarged with wonder rolls;
And now, his head against the wainscot leaning,
"Since you *must* know, *must* know" (he sigh'd) "the
meaning,—
Fleas are *not* Lobsters, damn their souls*."

* The Author would not have so frequently taken the liberty of putting vulgarisms into the worthy President's mouth, had he not previously known that Sir Joseph was the most *accomplished* Swearer of the Royal Society.

A

ROWLAND FOR AN OLIVER,

OR

A POETICAL ANSWER

TO THE

BENEVOLENT EPISTLE OF MR. PETER PINDAR.

ALSO THE

MANUSCRIPT ODES, SONGS, LETTERS,
&c. &c.

OF THE ABOVE MR. PETER PINDAR,

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED BY SYLVANUS URBAN.

SIR, you lie: I scorn your word,
Or any man's that wears a sword.
For all you huff, who cares a t–d?
Or who cares for you?

CATCH.

LITTLE did I think that a man of my mild and peaceable disposition, that would not hurt a Cat, should be forced out to battle: but such is the audacity of the times, *O tempora, O mores!* I have ventured forth to attack this Goliah of Ode and Impudence; and I hope, with God's assistance, like little David, to cut off his head. I communicated with my good friend, Mr. William Hayley, who is a constant communicant to my Gentleman's Magazine both in verse and prose; that is to say, in Rhyme and Criticism; whom I may rightly term one of the great Pillars of my Gentleman's Magazine, which every *gentleman* in the kingdom, I hope, reads; which, if he doth not read, I hope he will read, as it is not only the greatest favourite with our most gracious Sovereign, who is the greatest Monarch upon earth, but also with his Nobles, who are men of judgement and learning; also with foreign parts, who translate it constantly into their language: so that, if I may be permitted to versify the praise of my monthly publication (for

indeed I must own I have a great itch for poetry), I will do it in this poetical distich:

> My Magazine all Magazines excels;
> And, what's still better too for John, it sells.

I asked Mr. Hayley, paying him the compliment first, if he would be the Champion to encounter this great Mr. Peter Pindar. To this Mr. Hayley replied, after some hesitation, and pondering, and blowing his nose in his handkerchief, that he did not much admire a public exhibition; that it would wear the aspect of a bruising-match, too much like a set-to of Johnson and Big Ben: but added that *I* might do it, if I thought proper. "But," says my good Friend, "I will *privately* attack him, under a fictitious signature;"—which he did indeed, and gave the audacious fellow many a good thump, in verse and prose. But this was only Small-shot, with deference to Mr. Hayley; the grand Artillery was reserved for me.

Kind Reader, wilt thou permit me to say something of myself, in simplicity and candour, before I go to work with this Caliban? When I first took the chair of Criticism, I own that I trembled; for I am not

ashamed to confess, that so great was my ignorance, that when a Correspondent sent me an account of an ancient Coin, I did not know a syllable about it; neither the meaning of *reverse*, *exergue*, nor *legend*: but now, thank God, I know every thing appertaining to *numismata*, if I may be indulged with a Latin expression. Indeed the legends used to perplex me much, inasmuch as I exposed myself greatly; for I am not ashamed to confess my ignorance. I thought that AUG. upon a Roman medal, meant the month in which it was struck off; and therefore I deemed it August: and G. P. R. which I now know to be *Genio Populi Romani*, I verily thought to be a coin struck by one George Peter Richardson. The figures of Romulus and Remus sucking a She-wolf, I took to be two Children milking a Cow. D. M. for *Diis Manibus*, I took to be David Martin, or Daniel Musgrove. The half-word HEL. signifying *Heliopolis*, I imagined to be no other than the House of Satan. JAN. CLU., that is to say, *Janum clusit*, I took to be the name of a man. LUD. SÆC. F. I verily thought to be downright filthy, and blushed for the Romans: but, lo, I afterwards discovered it to be *Ludos sæculares fecit*. Cos. I thought to be Cos Lettuces,

which only meaneth *Consul;* M. F., Mr. Ford, which meaneth *Marci Filius.* N. C. (wouldst thou think it, Reader?) I translated Nincompoop; when, lo, it meaneth *Nobilissimus Cæsar.* P. P., which signifieth *Pater Patriæ,* I thought might mean Peter Pounce, or Philip Pumkin. R. P. I also thought might mean Robert Penruddock, or Ralph Pigwiggin, or any other name beginning with those initials: but, lo, its true meaning I find to be *Respublica,* signifying, in English, the Republic. Thus it will appear that I am not ashamed to confess my error, which this enemy of mine dareth not.

Trib. Pot., which only meaneth *Tribunitia Potestate,* I actually imagined meant a Tribe of Potatoes, and that the coin was struck on account of a plentiful year of that fruit. S. P. Q. R. which meaneth only *Senatus Populusque Romanus,* unwisely yet funnily did I make out to be Sam Paddon a Queer Rogue; forasmuch as I was informed that the Romans struck coins on every trifling occasion. Scip. As., which signifieth no more than *Scipio Africanus,* I read literally Skip Ass; but for *why,* I could not say: such was my ignorance.

Many were the impositions upon me: Rings for Pigs' Noses were sent me for Nose-jewels worn by the Roman Ladies; a piece of Oxycroceum, just made in a druggist's shop, for the Pitch that surrounded the body of Julius Cesar; a large brown Jorden, for a Lacrymatory; a broken old black Sugar-bason, for a Druid Urn; a piece of a Watchman's old Lantern, for a Roman Lamp. The Wig of the famous Boerhaave was also sent me as a curiosity; the roguery of which I did not discover till an engraving of the wig was nearly finished, costing me upwards of thirty shillings: for, lo, Reader, this great man never wore a wig in his life.—In my Obituary too I made great mistakes, from imposition; as I gave the deaths of many that were not dead, and others that never existed. Sometimes the wickedness of Correspondents was such, that I have perpetuated the deaths of Bull-dogs, Greyhounds, Mastiffs, Horses, Hogs, &c. in my Obituary, under an idea that they were People of Consequence. Indeed I have not stuck to the letter of my assertion at the head of my Obituary, that declares it to be a record of considerable persons; forasmuch as I have sometimes put a Scavenger over a Member of Parliament, a Pig-driver

over a Bishop, a Lamp-lighter over an Alderman, and a Chimney-sweeper over a Duke: but as I was desired by the friends of the deceased to do it (for who is not ambitious?), and as I was paid for it too (and who can withstand a fee?), I have in some little measure disgraced my Journal, and forfeited my word.

My present antiquarian knowledge, gratitude maketh me confess that I owe it all to Mr. R. Gough, of Enfield: who some years ago was also an ignorant and illiterate gentleman like myself, but, by hard study, hath attained to his present perfection; as may be seen in our *Topographia Britannica*, which is not, as that arch-enemy Peter Pindar hath asserted it to be, the idle production of a couple of fellows that want to make a fortune by a history of cobwalls, old chamber-pots, and rusty nails. My friend Mr. Gough's zeal for the promotion of antiquarian knowledge cannot be better proved than by his running the risk of being well trounced, for borrowing one of King Edward's fingers, as he lay exposed, a few years since, in Westminster Abbey; which finger my Friend, after having gently put it in his pocket, was (by order of the Bishop

of Rochester, who, unluckily seeing the deed, did, to the disgrace of the science, order him to be searched) forced to refund. Had it not been for this impertinent and hawk-eyed attention of the Bishop, Sir Joseph Ayloffe, and other Antiquarians present at the opening of the Monarch's coffin, such was the intrepidity of my antiquarian friend Gough, that he would have attempted the Head, instead of a pitiful Finger, as he had on a large watchman's coat for the purpose. Nor must I omit the zeal of my friend Sir Joseph Banks on the occasion; who, on hearing what was going on, and suspecting that King Edward might have been lodged in Pickle, galloped off with a gallon jug, in a hackney-coach, in order to fill it with the precious liquor, as a Sauce for his future Attic entertainments in Soho-square: but unfortunately no pickle was found.

I confess that an impudent fellow sent me for my Obituary the following; which was really printed off (but cancelled) before I was informed, by a friend, of the fallacy: to wit: "On Sunday night last died *Mrs. Margery Mouser*, a widow lady, beloved in life, and lamented in death: she was the only daugh-

ter of *Roger Grimalkin*, Esquire, of *Ratley*." Ignorant indeed was I that it was an imposition; for, gentle Reader, it was a dead Cat.—Many a good customer have I gained by my Obituary, who liked to see themselves dead in my Magazine: I mean, their Relations liked to see their deaths displayed in a work of so much respectability as mine.—But enough of myself; and now for Master Peter.

In the fulness of my passion, I at first set me down and said to myself, *Facit indignatio versus;* when, behold! in less than two hours I knocked off the following poem. Some time after however, after a deal of deep thought on the subject, it struck me that I might fight this Poet Peter against himself; make him, like some Game Cocks, cut his own throat with his own spurs. Accordingly I set about it, and collected from every quarter his Manuscript Verses of every denomination; some written in Cornwall, others in Devon, others in the West Indies, others in Bath, others in London: as also some of his letters; particularly those to the King of the Mosquitoes, who was sent for by the Governor of Jamaica soon after that gentleman arrived at his government. I have also collected some

of his Observations, and Sayings, and Speeches: I may verily say, observations on men and *manners*, without any *manners* at all, or, in plainer phrase, much ill *manners*. Peter must not complain of my showing him no mercy by this publication, as he is the most merciless Mohawk that ever scalped.

—Nec lex est justior ulla
Quàm necis artifices arte perire suâ.

A ROWLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

O Son of wicked Satan, with a Soul
Hot as his Hell, and blacker than his Coal!
Thou false, thou foul-mouth'd censurer of the times,
I do not care three straws for all thy Rhymes.
Thy Wit is blunter than old worn-out Shears:
I'll make a Riddle with thee for thy ears;
Write any sort of Verse, thou blustering blade.
Egad! I'll say, like Kecksy, "Who's afraid?"—
Thank God, I've talk'd to greater folks than thee:
In that I will not yield to any he;
No, not to any he that wears a head.
Again I'll say, like Kecksy, "Who's afraid?"

Thank God, whene'er I wish like Kings to fare,
I go unask'd, and dine with my Lord May'r.
But thou, who asks thee, Varlet, to their houses?
Fear'd by the Husbands, dreaded by their Spouses.
May God Almighty hear what now I speak!
Some Aldermen would gladly break thy neck.

Thou tell'st us thou hast struck thy Lyre to Kings:
Yes, faith; and sounded *very pretty* things.
Thou Blockhead, thou pretend to think thy Rhymes
Shall live to see the days of after-times!
Fool, to pretend on subjects great to shine,
Or e'en to Printers' Devils to tune the line!

Sir, let me humbly beg you to be civil:
Thou know'st not that I was a Printer's Devil;
So, Sir, your satire wants the power to drub,
In thus comparing Nichols to a Grub.

Whate'er thou say'st, I'm *not* of vengeance full,
Nor did I ever bellow like a Bull:
And grant I am a Bull, I shan't suppose
A Cur like *thee* can nail me by the nose.

Thou liest when thou sayest, like a Top,
With anger raised, I spinn'd about my shop:
Nor did I ever, madden'd by thy stripes,
Thou Prince of Liars, kick about my types.

Books have I written: Books I still will write;
And give, I hope, to Gentlefolks delight.
With charming print, and copper-plates so fine,
Whose Magazine goes off so well as mine?

Who, pray, like *me*, the page so fond of filling?
Who gives more curious matter for a Shilling?
England's first Geniuses I keep in pay;
Much Prose I buy, and many a poet's Lay.
The Silk-worm Hayley spins me heaps of Verse;
And Gough, Antiquities exceeding scarce:
Great Horace Walpole too, with sweet good-will,
Sends me choice Anecdotes from Strawberry-hill:
Miss Seward, Mistress Yeardsley, and Miss More,
Of lines (dear women!) send me many a score.
These are the Nymphs at whom thine envy rails;
Fool! of their gowns not fit to hold the tails:
These are the Men, of Prose and Verse the Knights,
With Genius flashing like the Northern Lights;
These are the men whose Works immortal show
The Men of Literature from top to toe.—
But thou'rt a Wen; a blue, black, bloated Tumour,
Without one single grain of Wit or Humour:
Thy Muse too all so consequential struts,
As if all Helicon were in her guts;—
A Fish-drab; a poor, nasty, ragged thing,
Who never dipp'd her muzzle in the Spring.
Thou think'st thyself on Pegasus so steady;
But, Peter, thou art mounted on a *Neddy:*

Or, in the London phrase, thou Devonshire monkey,
Thy Pegasus is nothing but a Donkey.

I own, my vanity it well may raise,
To find so many gaping for my praise;
Who send such flattering things as ne'er were seen,
To get well varnish'd in my Magazine:
Indeed I often *do* indulge the elves,
And suffer Authors to commend themselves;
Wits of *themselves* can write with happiest spirit,
And men are judges of their proper merit.
Lumps have I given them too of Beef, and Pudding,
That helps a hungry Genius in its studying;
And humming Porter, when their Muse was dry:—
For this be glory unto God on high;
And not to *me*, who did not make the pudding,
Nor beef assisting Genius in its studying.
To Authors, yes, I've given both boil'd and roast,
And many a time a Tankard with a Toast;
But God forbid, indeed, that I should boast!
And Halfpence too, and Sixpences, ecod!
But boast avaunt!—the glory be to God!
To Bards, good Shoes and Stockings I have given;
But not to *me* the glory, but to Heaven!

Yes, yes, I see how much it swells thy spleen,
That I'm Head-Master of the Magazine;
Who let no Author see the house of Fame,
Before he gets a passport in my name.

Art thou a Doctor? Yes, of *thinning* skill;
For thousands have been poison'd by thy Pill.
But let my soul be calm: it shan't be said
I fear thee, O thou Monster! "Who's afraid?"

What though I know small Latin, and less Greek?
Good sterling English I can write and speak:
Yet thousands, who presume to be my Betters,
Can't spell their names, and scarcely know their letters.

Belike, the curious World would hear with joy
What trade I was design'd for, when a boy.
"A Barber or a Taylor," said my Mother.—
"No," cried my Father, "neither one nor t'other:
A Soldier, a rough Soldier, John shall wander,
Pull down the French, and fight like Alexander."
But unto *letters* was I always squinting,
So ask'd my Daddy's leave to study Printing;
And got myself to Uncle Bowyer's shop:
Where, when it pleased the Lord that he should drop,

The trade and good-will of the shop were mine;
Where, without vanity, I think I *shine;*
And where, thank God, in spite of dull abuse,
I'm warm, and married, and can *boil* my goose.
And had I been to swords and muskets bred,
Perhaps I had shined a Cesar, or the Swede:—
Hadst *thou* a Soldier been, thou sorry mummer,
Thy rank had never rose above a Drummer.

How darest thou say, that should his Royal Highness
(A Prince renown'd for modesty and shyness)
Be Generalissimo of all our forces,
A Jack-ass's old back, and not a Horse's,
Should carry the good Prince into the field:
Whose arm a Broomstick, for a Staff, should wield;
That very, very Broomstick, which his Wife
Oft used to finish matrimonial strife?—
Why dost not praise the virtues of the Queen,
As *great* in Soul as *noble* in her Mien;
Whose Virtues make the soul of Envy sick,
Strong as her Snuff, and as her Diamonds thick?—
But wherefore this to Peter do I say?
Owls love the dark, and therefore loath the day.
The King, as wise a man as man can be;
The Queen, so mild, who cannot kill a flea;

Brave Gloucester's Highness, and his *sober* Wife,
Who lead the *softest, sweetest, calmest* life;
Richmond and Leeds, each Duke a first-rate Star,
One *famed* for Politics, and one for War;
The *open* Hawkesbury, stranger to all guile,
Who *never* of a sixpence robb'd our isle;
The *modest* Pitt, the *Joseph* of the day,
Who never with lewd women went astray;
And many others, that I soon could mention;
Are *much obliged* indeed to thy *invention.*
But where's the Oak that never feels a Blast?
Or Sun, at times that is not overcast?
Alas! even people drest in Gold and Ermine
May feel at times the bites of nasty Vermin;
And when thou darest great Quality attack,
What art thou but a Bug upon its back?

What harm, pray, hath my friend Sir Joseph done;
So good, and yet the subject of thy fun;
Just in his ways to women and to men?—
Indeed he *swears* a little now and then.
Behold! his Breakfasts shine with Reputation;
His Dinners are the Wonder of the Nation:
With these he treats both Commoners and Quality;
Who praise, where'er they go, his hospitality.

Even from the North and South, and West and East,
Men send him Shell, and Butterfly, and Beast.
Sir William Hamilton sends Gods and Mugs;
And, for his feast, a Sow's most dainty Dugs.
And shall such Mob as thou, not worth a groat,
Dare pick a hole in *such* a great man's coat?—
Whenever at Saint James's he is seen,
Is not he spoke to by the King and Queen?
And don't the Lords at once about him press,
And, like his Sovereigns, much regard profess;
Tell him they'll come one day to him, and dine,
Behold his Rarities, and taste his Wine?
Such are the honours, to delight the soul,
On which thy longing eye-balls vainly roll:
Such are the honours that his heart must flatter,
On which thy old Dog's Mouth in vain may water.

Whether in Devonshire thou hast a house,
I value not three capers of a louse.
Whether in Cornwall thou a hut hast got,
And, at elections only, boil'st thy pot;
Whether a Doctor, Devil, or a Friar;
I know not: but I know thou art a Liar.
Whene'er I die, I hope that I shall read
This honest Epitaph upon my head:—

" Here lies John's Body; but his Soul is seen
In that famed work, the Gemman's Magazine:
Brave, yet possess'd of all the softer feelings;
Successful with the Muses in his dealings;
Mild, yet in Virtue's cause as quick as tinder;
Who never cared one f— for Peter Pindar."

Mr. Peter Pindar's Apology for the Variety of Entertainment in his pretty poetical Olio, is the first thing I shall present to the Public.

PETER'S APOLOGY.

Ladies, I keep a Rhyme-shop; mine's a trade;
I sell to old and young, to man and maid:
All customers must be obliged; and no man
Wishes more universally to please.
I'd really crawl upon my hands and knees,
T' oblige; particularly, lovely Woman.

Yet some (the Devil take such virtuous times!),
Fastidious, pick a quarrel with my Rhymes,
And beg I'd only deal in love-sick Sonnet.—
How easy, to bid others cease to feed!
On beauty I can quickly *die* indeed;
But, trust me, can't *live long* upon it.

If there is not a deal of impudent *double entendre* in this Sonnet, I do not know what purity meaneth: sweetly wrapped up indeed, Squire Pindar!

Instead of a formal commentary on *every* composition, I shall make short work with them, by giving them their true character in a few words; as for example:

Impudence, Egotism, and Conceit.

(The expulsion of a most excellent set of Players from Kingsbridge in Devonshire, with the asylum offered them by the Author's Barn in an adjoining Parish, is the foundation of the following Ode:)—

ODE TO MY BARN.

Sweet haunt of Solitude and Rats,
Mice, tuneful Owls, and purring Cats:
Who, while we Mortals sleep, the gloom pervade;
And wish not for the Sun's all-seeing eye,
Their mousing mysteries to spy;
Blest, like Philosophers, amidst the shade!

When Persecution, with an iron hand,
Dared drive the Moral-menders from the land,
Call'd Players,—friendly to the wandering crew,

Thine eye with tears survey'd the mighty wrong,
Thine open arms received the mournful throng;
Kings without Shirts, and Queens with half a Shoe.

Alas, what dangers gloom'd of late around!
Monarchs and Queens with Halters nearly bound;
Duke, Dukeling, Princess, Prince, consign'd to Jail;
And, what the very soul of Pity shocks,
The poor old Lear was threaten'd with the Stocks,
Cordelia with the Cart's unfeeling Tail.

Still cherish such rare Royalty forlorn:
A Garrick in thy bosom may be born,
A Siddons too, of future fair renown.
For Love is not a squeamish God, they say;
As pleased to see his rites perform'd on Hay,
As on the goose's soft and yielding Down.

The same Impudence, Egotism, and Conceit, as in the first Ode.

TO MY BARN.

By Lacedemon-men attack'd,
When Thebes, in days of yore, was sack'd,
And nought the fury of the troops could hinder;

What's true, yet marvellous to rehearse,
So well the common Soldiers relish'd Verse,
They scorn'd to burn the dwelling-house of Pindar.

With awe did Alexander view
The house of my great Cousin too;
And, gazing on the building, thus he sigh'd:
"General Parmenio, mark that house before ye;
That lodging tells a melancholy story:
There Pindar lived (great Bard!), and there he died.

"The King of Syracuse, all nations know it,
Was celebrated by this lofty Poet,
And made immortal by his strains:—
Ah! could I find like *him* a Bard to sing me,
Would any man like *him* a Poet bring me,
I'd give him a good Pension for his pains.

"But, ah! Parmenio, 'mongst the Sons of Men,
This World will never see his like agen;
The greatest Bard that ever breath'd is dead!
General Parmenio, what think *you?*"—
"Indeed 'tis true, my Liege, 'tis very true,"
Parmenio cried, and sighing shook his head:

Then from his pocket took a knife so nice,
With which he chipp'd his cheese and onions,

And from a rafter cut a handsome Slice,
To make rare Toothpicks for the Macedonians;
Just like the toothpicks which we see
At Stratford made, from Shakspeare's Mulberry-tree.—

What pity that the Squire and Knight
Knew not to *prophesy* as well as *fight!*
Then had they known the future Men of Metre;
Then had the General and the Monarch spied,
In Fate's fair book, our Nation's *equal* Pride,
That very Pindar's Cousin Peter.

Daughter of Thatch, and Stone, and Mud,
When I, no longer flesh and blood,
Shall join of Lyric Bards some half a dozen
(Meed of high worth); and, 'midst th' Elysian plains,
To Horace and Alcæus read my strains,
Anacreon, Sappho, and my great old Cousin;

On *thee* shall rising generations stare,
That come to Kingsbridge and to Dodbrook Fair*;
For such *thy* history and *mine* shall learn:
Like Alexander shall they every one
Heave the deep sigh, and say, "Since Peter's gone,
With reverence let us look upon his Barn."

* Held annually at those places.

The following Ode of Mr. Pindar's is what Rhetoricians would call *ironical*. The leading feature seems to be Impudence.

ODE TO AFFECTATION.

Nymph of the mincing mouth, and languid eye,
And lisping tongue so soft, and head awry,
And fluttering Heart, of Leaves of Aspen made;
Who were thy parents, blushful Virgin, say:
Perchance Dame Folly gave thee to the day,
With Gaffer Ignorance's aid.

Say, Virgin, where dost thou delight to dwell?
With Maids of Honour, startful virgin? Tell:
For I have heard a deal of each fair Miss;
How wicked Lords have whisper'd wicked things
Beneath the noses of good Queens and Kings,
And sighed for Pleasures *far beyond* a Kiss.

Great is thy delicacy, dainty Maid:
At slightest things, thy cheek with crimson glows.
Say, art thou not ashamed, abash'd, afraid,
Whene'er thou stealest forth to *pluck a rose?*
Or hast thou lost, O Nymph, thy pretty gall;
So never pluckest any rose at all?

I'm told, thou keepest not a single Male;
Nothing but Females, at thy board to cram:
That no *he* Lapdog near thee wags his tail,
Nor Cat by vulgar people call'd a *ram*.

I've heard too, that if e'er, by dire mishap,
Some Ravishers should make thy favourites whores,—
Staring as stricken by a Thunder-clap,
Thy modesty hath kick'd them out of doors.

'Tis said, when Wag-tails thou behold'st, and Doves,
And Sparrows, busy with their feather'd Loves;
Lord! thou hast trembled at their *wicked* tricks:
And, snatching up thy blush-concealing fan,
As if it were a Lady and a Man,
Hast *only peep'd* upon them *through the sticks*.

And yet so variously thou'rt said to act,
That I have heard it utter'd for a fact,
That often on old Thames's sunny banks,
Where Striplings swim, with wanton pranks,
On bladders some out-stretch'd, and some on corks,
Thou squinting, most *indifferent* Girl, art seen,
In *contemplation* of each youthful skin,
Admiring God Almighty's handiworks.

Prim Nymph, thou art no favourite with the World:
I hear the direst curses on thee hurl'd.

Sorry am I, so ill thy manners suit:
'Tis said, that if a Mouse appear to view,
We hear a formidable screech ensue,
As if it were some huge devouring Brute;

And if beneath thy petticoat he run,
Thou bellowest as if thou wert undone,
And kickest at a Cow-like rate, poor soul!
When, if thou wert to be a little quiet,
And not disturb the Nibbler by a riot,
The Mouse would go into his *proper* hole.

I've heard it sworn too, Nymph, that in the streets,
When running, dancing, capering at thy side,
Thy Chloe other Dogs so brazen meets,
That wriggling ask thy Bitch to be their Bride;
Quick hast thou caught up Chloe in thy arms,
From *violation* to preserve her charms;

And, bouncing wildly from the view
Of those same saucy canine crew,
Hast oped so loud and tunefully thy throat
(Seeming as thou hadst learn to scream by note),
Loud as the Sabine Girls that tried to scape
The *speechless* horrors of a Roman Rape.

No Novels readest thou, O Nymph, *in sight;*
And yet again I'm told that every night,

In secret, thou art much inclined to doat
On Rhymes that Rochester so warmly wrote.

Oft dost thou wonder how thy sex, so sweet,
Can Fellows, those great two-legg'd monsters, meet,
And swoon not at each Caliban;
And wonder how thy sex can fancy blisses
Contain'd within the black rough-bearded Kisses
Of such a Bear-like thing as Man.

'Tis also said, that if a Flea at night,
Pert rogue, hath dared thy luscious lip to bite,
Or point his snout into thy snowy breast,
At once the house hath been alarm'd: the Maids
Call'd idle, nasty, good-for-nothing jades;
Who, Eve-like, rushing to thy room undrest,

Have thought some wicked Ravisher so dread,
On Love's delicious viands to be fed,
Had seized thee, to obtain forbidden joys;—
Which had he done, a most audacious thief,
Of every Maid it was the firm belief
Thou *wouldst not*, Nymph, have made a *greater* noise.

And yet 'tis said again, O Nymph so bright!
Thou sleep'st with John the Coachman every night:

Vile tales, invented to destroy thy fame;
For wert thou, fearful Lass, this instant married,
At night thy modest cheek would burn with shame;
Nor wouldst thou *go*, but to the bed be *carried:*

There, when thy Strephon rush'd, in white array'd,
To clasp with kisses sweet his white-stoled Maid,
And riot in the luxury of charms;—
Flat as a Flounder; seeing, hearing, gone;
Mute as a Fish, and fairly turn'd to Stone,
O Damsel! thou wouldst *die* within his arms.

More Impudence, with a lick at one of the Ten Commandments.

TO FORTUNE.

Ah, loitering Fortune! thou art come too late:
Ah! wherefore give me not thy smiles before;
When all my youthful Passions in a roar,
Rare Hunters, fearless leap'd each five-bar gate?

Unknown by thee, how often did I meet
The loveliest Forms of Nature in the street,
The fair, the black, and lasting brown!
And, while their charms enraptured I survey'd,
This pretty legend on their lips I read:
"Kisses, O gentle Shepherd, for a Crown."

How oft I look'd, and sigh'd, and look'd agen,
Upon the charms of every Phillis!
How wish'd myself a Cock, and her a Hen,
To crop at once her roses and her lilies!
Indeed not only without paying,
But for her liberty without once staying.

"At Otaheite," I have said with tears,
"No *Gentleman* a Jail so horrid fears
For taking liberties with Lasses:
Soon as they heard how Love in England fared,
The glorious Otaheitans all were scared,
And call'd us Englishmen a pack of Asses.

"But they indeed are Heathens; have no Souls
But such as must be fried on burning Coals.
I am a Christian, and abhor a rape:
Yet if a Lass would *sell* her lean and fat,
I'm not so great an enemy to *that*;
Though *that* might whelp a little kind of Scrape,
Since 'tis believed that *simple* Fornication
May step between a Man and his Salvation."—

Damn'd Fortune, thus to make me groan!
To offer *now* thy shining pieces!
For *now* my passions all are flown,
Gone to my Nephews and my Nieces.

ODE TO MADAME SCHWELLENBERG *AND CO.*

ON THEIR INTENDED VOYAGE TO GERMANY:

(Written in the year 1789.)

We wish you a *good voyage* to that shore
Where all your friends are impudent and poor.
Oblige us, Madam; don't again come over.—
To use a cant phrase, we've been finely *fobb'd*,
Indeed have very dextrously been robb'd;
You've lived just eight and twenty years in clover.

Pray let us breathe a little; be so good:
We cannot spare such quantities of blood.
At least for some ten years, pray cross the main;
Then, cruel, should you think upon returning,
To put us Britons all in *second* mourning,
We may support phlebotomy *again*.

To you and your lean Gang we owe th' Excise:
Pitt cannot any other scheme devise,
To pay the Nation's debt, and fill *your* purses.
With great *respect* I here assure you, Ma'am,
Your name our common people loudly damn;
Genteeler folks attack with *silent* curses.

Madam, can you speak Latin?—No, not much:
I think you principally *spew** High Dutch:
But did you Latin understand (God bless it),
I'd offer up the pithiest, prettiest line,
Unto your Avarice's sacred shrine—
"*Crescit Amor nummi quantùm ipsa Pecunia crescit.*"

The which translation of this Latin line
Is this: "Alas! that Maw profound of thine
May like the Stomach of a Whale be reckon'd:
Throw into it the Nation's treasury,
But for a minute it will pleasure ye;
That gullet would be gaping for a second."

Madam, we wish you a *long*, *long* adieu:
Good riddance of the Snuff and Diamond Crew!
Your absence, all, alone the State relieves;
For, hungry Ladies, as I'm here alive,
A House can never hope to thrive
That harboureth a Nest of Thieves.

* The Author thinks this expression, though a dirty one, more *descriptive* than any other of the guttural German; and therefore chooses not to sacrifice Truth to a little *bienséance*.

An insupportable Apology for keeping Mistresses; and a Laugh at that most respectable state, Matrimony.

ODE.

THAT I have often been in Love, deep Love,
A hundred doleful Ditties plainly prove.
By Marriage never have I been disjointed;
For Matrimony deals prodigious blows:
And yet, for this same stormy state, God knows,
I've groan'd; and, *thank my Stars*, been *disappointed.*

With Love's dear passion will I never war:
Let every man for ever be in love,
Even if he beats in age old Parr;
'Tis for his chilly veins a good warm glove;
It bids the blood with brisker motion start,
Thawing time's icicles around his heart.

Wedlock's a saucy, sad, familiar state,
Where folks are very apt to scold and hate:—
Love keeps a modest distance, is divine,
Obliging, and says every thing that's fine.
Love writes sweet Sonnets, deals in tender matter;—
Marriage, in Epigram so keen, and Satire.

Love seeketh always to *oblige* the Fair;
Full of kind wishes, and exalted hope:—
Marriage desires to see her in the air
Suspended, at the bottom of a *rope*.

Love wishes, in the vale or on the down,
To give his dear, dear Idol, a *green gown*:—
Marriage, the Brute, so snappish and ill-bred,
Can kick his sighing Turtle *out of bed*;
Turns bluffly from the charms that Taste adores,
Then pulls his night-cap o'er his eyes, and snores.

Wedlock at first indeed is vastly pleasant;
A very showy bird, a fine Cock-pheasant:—
By time, it changeth to a *different* fowl;
Sometimes a Cuckoo, oftener a Horn-owl.

Wedlock's a Lock, however large and thick,
Which every rascal has a Key to pick.

O Love! for Heaven's sake, never leave my heart:
No; thou and I will never, never part.—
Go, Wedlock, to the men of leaden brains,
Who hate variety, and sigh for chains.

A bare-faced Apology for leaving a loving Wife.

TO CHLOE:

(An Apology for going into the Country.)

CHLOE, we must not *always* be in Heaven;
For ever toying, ogling, kissing, billing:
The joys for which I Thousands would have given,
Will presently be scarcely worth a Shilling.

Thy Neck is fairer than the Alpine Snows;
And, sweetly swelling, beats the Down of Doves:
Thy Cheek of health, a rival to the Rose;
Thy pouting Lips, the Throne of all the Loves.
Yet, though thus beautiful beyond expression,
That beauty fadeth by too much possession.

Economy in love, is peace to Nature;
Much like economy in worldly matter:
We should be prudent, never live too fast;
Profusion will not, cannot, *always* last.

Lovers are really Spendthrifts; 'tis a shame:
Nothing their thoughtless wild career can tame,

Till Penury stares them in the face;
And when they find an empty purse,—
Grown calmer, wiser, how the fault they curse,
And, limping, look with *such* a sneaking grace!
Job's War-horse fierce, his neck with Thunder hung,
Sunk to an humble Hack that carries Dung.

Smell to the Queen of Flowers, the fragrant Rose:
Smell twenty times; and then, my Dear, thy nose
Will tell thee (not so much for scent athirst),
The *twentieth* drank *less* flavour than the *first*.

Love, doubtless, is the sweetest of all fellows;
Yet often should the little God retire:
Absence, dear Chloe, is a Pair of Bellows
That keeps alive the sacred Fire.

In the same impudently ironical style.

ODE TO LAIS.

O Nymph with all the Luxury of Skin,
Pea-bloom Breath, and dimpled Chin,
Rose Cheek, and Eyes that beat the blackest Sloe;
With flaxen Ringlets thy soft Bosom shading,
So white, so plump, so lusciously-persuading;
And Lips that none but mouths of Cherubs know!

Oh, leering, lure me not to Charlotte-street,
That too, too fair, seducing Form to meet,
Warm, unattired, and breathing rich delight;
Where thou wilt practise every roguish art,
To bid my spirits all unbridled start,
Run off with me full-tilt, and steal my sight.
Then shall I trembling fall, for want of grace,
And *die* perhaps *upon my face.*

Ah! cease to turn, and leer, and smile,
My too imprudent senses to beguile:
Ah! keep that Leg so taper from me,
Ah! form'd to foil a Phidias's art;
So much unlike that Leg in every part
By me abhorr'd, and christen'd *gummy.*

In vain I turn around to run away:
Thine Eyes, those Basilisks, command my stay;
While, through its gauze thy snowy Bosom peeping,
Seems to that rogue Interpreter, my Eye,
To heave a soft, desponding, tender sigh;
Like Gossamer, my Thoughts of goodness sweeping.

Pity my dear Religion's dread *debility,*
And hide those Orbs of sweet Inflammability!—
Abound, I say, abound in grace, my Feet;
And do not follow her to Charlotte-street.—

Alas, alas! you have no grace, I see,
But wish to carry off poor struggling *me;*
Yes, the wild bed of Beauty wish to seek.
Yet, if you *do,*—to make your two hearts ache,
A sweet, a sweet *revenge* I mean to take;
For curse me if you shall not *stay a week.*

Yet let me not thus pondering, gaping, stand.—
But, lo, I am not at my own command:
Bed, bosom, kiss, embraces, storm my brains,
And, lawless tyrants, bind my will in chains.
O lovely Lass! too powerful are thy charms,
And fascination dwells within thy arms.

The Passions join the fierce invading Host,
And *I* and *Virtue* are o'erwhelm'd and lost:
Passions that in a Martingale should move;
Wild Horses loosen'd by the hands of Love.

I'm off, alas! unworthy to be seen,
The Bard, and Virtue a poor captive Queen!—
O Lais, should our deeds to *sins* amount,
Just Heaven will place them all to *thy* account.

The following Stanza, on the Death of Lady Mount Edgecumb's favourite Pig Cupid, is verily exceeded by nothing in the annals of Impertinence.

A CONSOLATORY STANZA

TO

LADY MOUNT EDGECUMB,

ON THE DEATH OF HER PIG CUPID.

Oh dry that tear, so round and big;
Nor waste in sighs your precious wind!
Death only takes a *single* Pig:
Your *lord* and *son* are still behind.

Superlatively impudent, and, I hope, untrue; sent to me two days after my publication of my "Queen Elizabeth's Progresses," one of which is now actually in his Majesty's glorious Library at Buckingham-house.

TO MR. JOHN NICHOLS,

ON HIS HISTORY OF THE PROGRESSES OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

John, though it asks no subtilty of brain
To write Queen Bess's Progress through the land;
Excuse the freedom, if I dare maintain
The theme too high for *thee* to take in hand.

On Vanity's damn'd rock what thousands split!
Thou shouldst have labour'd on some humbler matter;
On somewhat on a level with thy wit:
For instance, when her Majesty *made water*.

To show that I can be *candid*, even to people of *no candour*, I shall conclude this first part with a few Songs that are not totally destitute of merit.

TO DELIA.

WHILE Poets pour their happiest Lays,
And call thee every thing divine;
Not quite so lavish in thy praise,
To *censure* be the province mine.

Though born with talents to surprise,
Thou seldom dost those powers display:
Thus seem they trifling in thy eyes;
Thus Heaven's best gifts are *thrown away*.

Though rich in charms, thou know'st it not;
Such is thine *ignorance* profound:
And then such *cruelty* thy lot,
Thy sweetest smile inflicts a wound.

TO FORTUNE.

YES, Fortune, I have sought thee long;
Invoked thee oft, in prose and song;
Through half Old England woo'd thee:
Through seas of danger, Indian lands,
Through Afric's howling, burning sands,
But, ah! *in vain* pursued thee.

Now, Fortune, thou wouldst fain be kind;
And *now* I'll plainly speak my mind:
I care not straws about thee.
For Delia's hand alone I toil'd;
Unbribed by wealth the Nymph has smiled,
And bliss is ours *without thee*.

TO CHLOE.

CHLOE, a thousand charms are thine,
That give my heart the constant sigh:
Ah! wherefore let thy Poet pine,
Who canst with ease his wants supply?

Oh haste, thy charity display;
With little I'll contented be:
The kisses which thou throw'st away
Upon thy Dog, will do for *me*.

I cannot however conclude this first part of Mr. Peter's Lucubrations, without a severe reprehension of his Want of Loyalty, as well as Want of Respect, for that *first* of Courts, Saint James's; and moreover, to prove that Disloyalty and Disrespect, I give the following Ode, which he, with all his impudence, dares not deny that he wrote. I suppose that it was written in the *last* Reign, since it is *impossible* that it should be in the *present*.

TO A FRIEND IN DISGRACE.

So then! thy Sovereign turns away his face?
Thank God, with all thy soul, for the *disgrace*.

This instant down upon thy knee,
And idolize the Man who makes thee *free;*
No more endeavour Folly's hand to kiss.
At first I look'd with *pity* on thy state;
But now I humbly *thank* the foot of Fate,
That kindly *kicks* thee into *bliss*.

I've been disgraced too, felt a Monarch's frown,
And consequently quitted town:—
But have my *fields* refused their *smiles* so sweet?
Say, have my *birds* grown *sulky* with the King;
My thrushes, linnets, larks, refused to sing;
My winding brooks, to prattle at my feet?

No; no such matter. Each unclouded day
On dove-like pinions gaily glides away:
In short, all nature seems disposed to please.
Then prithee quit thy qualms; look up and laugh;
The rural pleasures let us largely quaff,
And make our *congé* to the Gods of Ease.

By day, shall Nature's simple voice
Our walks and rides of health rejoice,
Far from an *empty* Court where Tumult howls:
And should at night, by chance, an hour
Be with *ennui* inclined to lour,
We'll go and listen to our Owls;

Birds from whose throats 'tis said that *wisdom* springs—
How *very different* from the throats of *Kings!*

ADVICE

TO

THE FUTURE LAUREAT:

AN ODE.

Nil nimiùm studeo, Cæsar, tibi velle placere;
Nec scire utrùm sis albus an ater homo. CATULLUS.

So little Cesar's humour claims my care,
I know not if the man be black or fair.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Poet expresseth wonderful Curiosity for *knowing* the *future* Laureat—reporteth the *Candidates* for the sublime Office of Poetical Trumpeter—recommendeth to *his* Muse the Praises of Economy, Poultry, Cow-Pens, Pigs, Dunghills, &c.—adviseth the Mention of his present *Money-loving* Majesty of Naples; also of the *great* People of Germany—Peter gently criticiseth *poor* Thomas, and uttereth strange Things of Courts—He exclaimeth suddenly, and boasteth of his Purity—He returneth sweetly to the *unknown* Laureat, asketh him pertinent Questions, and informeth him *what* a Laureat should resemble.

PART II.

The Poet feeleth a most uncommon Metamorphose—breaketh out into a kind of Poetical Delirium—talketh of Court-*reformation*, the Arts and Sciences; and seemeth to continue mad to the End of the Chapter.

ADVICE

TO

THE FUTURE LAUREAT.

Who shall resume Saint James's fife,
And call *ideal* Virtues into life?
On tiptoe gaping, lo! I stand,
To see the future Laureat of the land.

Dread Rivals, splashing through the dirty road,
With thundering Specimens of Ode;
The Lyric bundles on each Poet's back,
Intent to gain the Stipend and the Sack;
See Mason, Hayley, to the Palace scamper,
Like Porters sweating underneath a hamper!
And see the Hacks of Nichols' Magazine
Rush loyal to berhyme a King and Queen;
And see, full speed, to get the tuneful job,
The Bellman's heart, with hopes of *victory*, throb!

O thou, whate'er thy name, thy trade, thy art,
Who from obscurity art doom'd to start;

Call'd, by the Royal mandate, to proclaim
To distant Realms a Monarch's *feeble* fame
(For fame of Kings, like Cripples in the Gout,
Demands a *crutch* to move about);—

Whoe'er thou art, that winn'st the envied Prize,
Oh, if for Royal Smile thy bosom sighs,
Of Pig-economy exalt the praise;
Oh *flatter* Sheep and Bullocks in thy lays;
To *saving-wisdom* boldly strike the strings,
And justify the *grazier-trade* in *kings*.

Descant on Ducks and Geese, and Cocks and Hens,
Hay-stacks and Dairies, Cow-houses and pens:
Descant on Dung-hills, every sort of Kine;
And in the pretty article of Swine.

Inform us, without loss, to twig
The stomach of a feeding Calf, or Cow;
And tell us, economic, how
To steal a dinner from a fattening Pig;
And, Bard, to make us still more blest, declare
How Hogs and Bullocks may *grow fat* on *air*.

Sing how the King of Naples sells his Fish,
And from his stomach cribs the daintiest dish;

Sing, to his subjects how he sells his Game,
So fierce for *dying rich* the Monarch's flame:

Sing of th' economy of German Quality;
Emperors, Electors, dead to hospitality;
Margraves, and miserable Dukes,
Who squeeze their subjects, and who starve their cooks:—
Such be the burthen of thy Birth-day Song,
And, lo! our Court will listen all day long.

Tom proved unequal to the Laureat's place;
He warbled with an *Attic* grace:
The language was *not understood* at Court,
Where bow and curtsey, grin and shrug, resort;
Sorrow for sickness, joy for health, so civil;
And *love*, that wish'd each other at the devil.

Tom was a *scholar*, luckless wight!
Lodg'd with old manners in a musty College:
He knew not that a Palace *hated* knowledge,
And deem'd it *pedantry* to spell and write.
Tom heard of Royal Libraries indeed,
And weakly *fancied* that the Books were *read*:—

He knew not that an author's *sense*
Was, at a Palace, not worth finding;
That what to notice gave a Book pretence,
Was solely *paper*, *print*, and *binding*.

Some folks had never known, with all their wit,
Old Pindar's name, nor occupation,
Had not *I* started forth (a lucky hit),
And *proved* myself the Theban Bard's *relation.*

The Names of Drummond, Boldero, and Hoare,
Though strangers to Apollo's tuneful ear,
Are discords that the Palace-folks adore;
Sweet as Sincerity, as Honour dear.

The name of Homer, none are found to know it,
So much the Banker soars beyond the Poet;
For Courts prefer, so classically weak,
A Guinea's music to the noise of Greek:
Μηνιν ἄειδε Θεὰ, empty sounds,
How mean to "Pay the Bearer Fifty Pounds!"—

Angels, and Ministers of Grace, what's here?
See suppliant Salisbury to the Bard appear!
He sighs; upon his knuckles he is down:
His Lordship begs I'll take the Poet's Crown.

Avaunt, my Lord! Solicitation, fly!
I'll not be Zany to a King, not I:
I'll be no Monarch's humble Thrush,
To whistle from the Laurel-bush;

Or rather a tame Owl, to hoot
Whene'er it shall my Masters suit.

I have no flatteries cut and dried; no varnish
For Royal qualities, so apt to tarnish,
Exposed a little to the *biting* air:
I've got a Soul, and so no *lies* to spare.
Besides, too proud to sing for Hire,
I scorn to touch a *venal* Lyre.

Avaunt, ye Sceptred Vulgar, purpled, ermin'd!
The Muse shall make no *mummies,* I'm determin'd.
World, call her Prostitute, Bawd, dirty Bitch,
If meanly *once* she deals in Spice and Pitch;
And saves a Carcase, by its Lyric Balm,
So *putrid,* which the very Worms must damn.

PART II.

Oh! were I Monarch of this mighty Isle,
By Verse unvarnish'd should my merits smile.
The real Virtues dare *themselves* display,
And need no Pedestal to show away:
Each from *herself* her own importance draws,
And scorns a chattering Poet's mock-applause.

Obliged not to one Poet's Rhyme,
Important, down the stream of time,
Proud let me sail, or not at all:
Too proud for Verse to take in tow my Name;
Just like the Victory, or Fame*,
That by its painter drags the Gig or Yawl.——

Low at my feet the Spaniel Courtiers cower;
Curl, wheedle, whine, paw, lick my shoe, for power:
Prepared for every insult, servile train,
To take a kicking, and to fawn again.

Off, Pitt and Grenville! You are not yet Men:
Go, Children, to your leading-strings agen;

* Ships of the line.

Make not a Hobby-horse of this fair Isle :—
Yet, were *no danger* in the childish sway,
A Kingdom *might* permit a Baby's play,
And at its weaknesses indulge a smile.
Off then! Once more upon your letters look :
Go, find of Politics the lost Horn-book.

Off with Excise, your Imp with lengthen'd claws,
And fangs deep-rooted in his Hydra-jaws :
That monster, damping Freedom's sacred joys ;
Fed by *your* hands, ye pair of foolish Boys!
My Soul, to Freedom wedded, Freedom loves ;
Then blast me, lightnings, when, so coldly cruel,
I to Pomatum sacrifice the jewel,
Rouge, Pigtail, and a Pair of Gloves.

Off, Jenkinson! Some Demon did create thee :
Oh, form'd to fawn, to kneel, to lie, to flatter!
" Perdition catch my soul, but I do hate thee ;
And, when I hate thee not," I war with Nature.
Such Reptiles dare not 'midst my Radiance sport :
Cursed be such Snakes that crawl about a Court.

Disgrace not, simpering sycophants, *my* Throne.
Edgecumb, and pigmy Valletort, begone!—
Brudenell, thou stinkest; weazel, polecat, fly!
Thy manners shock, thy form offends my eye.

As for thy principles, they're gone long since;
Lost when a poor deserter from thy Prince.

Richmond, avaunt! thou'rt cowardly and mean;
Thy soul is sable, and thy hands unclean.—
Yet to minutiæ to descend, what need?
Enough, that thou art one of Charles's Breed.

Out with that Salisbury! Dundas, avaunt!
Off, water-gruel Westmoreland, and Leeds!
You verily are not the men *I* want:
My bounty no such folly feeds.

Off, Harcourt! who wouldst starve my Kine;
Or make them, poor lean devils, dine
On vile Horse-chesnuts ('tis a cursed meal),
Instead of Turnips, Corn, and Hay:
Thou shalt not, by this avaricious way,
Into *my* Royal favour steal.

Off, Uxbridge! Leeds too, once more get along!
You shall not be Lord-presidents of Song;
You throw poor Saint Cecilia into fits:
You've ears, but verily they do not hear;
Just as you've tongues that cannot speak, I fear;
And Brains that want their complement of Wits.

Off, Walsingham! Thou putt'st me in a sweat:
I hate a Jack-in-office Martinet,
For ever something *most important* brewing;
For ever busy, busy, nothing doing:

Thou plague of Post-office, the teaser, fretter,
Informing clerks the way to seal a letter:
Who, full of wisdom, hold'st thyself the broom,
Instructing Susan how to sweep the room;
The letter-man, to hold his bag;
The mail-guard (sunk in ignorance forlorn),
To load his blunderbuss, and blow his horn:—
Off, off, of consequence thou rag!
Go to the fields, and gain a Nation's *thanks:*
Catch grasshoppers and butterflies for Banks.

I want not fellows that can only prate:
I want no Whirligigs of State;
No Jack-a-lanterns, imitating fire,
Skipping, and leading men into the mire.

Thou servile copyist, West, begone!
With nought worth saving of thy own.

Phyllis and Chloe, dancing dogs,
Pinetti, and the fortune-telling Hogs,

Toymen, and Conjurors, from my presence fly:
I have no children to amuse, not I.

Off Schwellenberg! thou lean, old, wicked Cat;
Restless and spitting, biting, mewing, mean.
Thou shalt not in *my* chimney-corner squat;
Thou shalt not, Haridan, be Queen:
Off to thy country, by the map forgot,
Where Tyranny and Famine curse the spot:—

Yet empty first thy bags of plunder'd gain,
Wages of vile political pollution;
Then vanish, thou old Fistula! a Drain
Enervating our glorious Constitution.

Off, Hastings' Wife! thy diamonds bode no good:
They shall not taint *us;* lo, they smell of blood!

Off, off, old Gilbert's spawn, now Edgecumb's Fury,
In manners coarser than the Dames of Drury!
Oh form'd for Ugliness itself a Foil!
Sprung from the Church, the World might well suppose
Thy blood with some few drops of Meekness flows:—
No, Vitriol; not one particle of Oil.

I'll have no Laureat: sacred be the Ode;
Unsullied let its torrent roll.
Few merits mine, the Muse's wing to load;
Small grace of form, and no sublime of soul:

And yet, whate'er the merits that are mine,
By Verse unvarnish'd shall they shine.

Have niggard Nature, and my Stars unkind,
Of sense and virtues stript my desert mind;
My name let Silence, with her veil, invade,
And cold Oblivion pour th' eternal shade.

Away, the little snivelling spirit!
Away, the hate of rising merit!
Thy heavenward wing, aspiring Genius, wave:
I will not, levelling with a jaundiced eye,
The secret blunderbus let fly,
To give thee, O thou Royal Bird! a grave.

I'll have no Poet-persecution; no:
Proud of its liberty, the Verse shall flow;
The mouth of Pegasus shall feel no curb.
If, idly wanton, Poets tax me wrong,
Theirs is the Infamy, for theirs the Song;
Such Blasts shall ne'er my soul's deep Calm disturb.

But should fair Truth to Satire lend an edge,
Bid with more force descend her thundering sledge,
My justice dares not break that Poet's pipe;
And, like a School-boy, to the Tyger's den
Who wanton flings a Cat, a Cock, or Hen,
I will not give him to Macdonald's* gripe.

* The Attorney-general.

Wise let me hush of Prejudice the storm;
Disarm him for the future, and *reform*:—
Yes; 'stead of giving him a *law-jobation*,
Revenge the blow by Reformation.

To Teos, which of yore was reckon'd far,
Hipparchus really sent a man of war,
To bring Anacreon, honeyed Bard, to Court;
So Plato says, a man of good report.

How *different* Monarchs of the present day!
From modern Kings each Bee-like Minstrel sculks;
Whose *love* would clap the Bards on board the Hulks,
Or send them out to warble at Thieves' Bay*.

Come, Science, and the Arts, around me bloom;
Thrice-welcome, half my Empire claim:
The eye of Genius shall not wear a gloom,
Nor Boydell dash my cheek with shame.

Historians, Poets, Painters, every merit,
Shall feel *King Peter's* fostering spirit.

Yes, Men of Genius, be my Equals, free:
Imperious *consequence* you shall not feel;
For show collected, just to bend the knee,
And grace, like Slaves of yore, a chariot-wheel.

* *Commonly* called Botany Bay.

Avaunt, the parasitic Dedication;
A trap to catch my smile, deceive the Nation,
And make the wide-mouth'd Million bless my name!
Ah! let my *deeds* alone, instead of *lies*,
Proclaim me open, generous, good, and wise;
Those manly Heralds of a virtuous Fame.

Here, from your hovels, Sons of Science, come;
Oh, haste! and call King Peter's House your Home:
Your huts, your solitary mountains, quit,
And make my Court a Galaxy of Wit.

Come, Virtue; though a dungeon hide thy face
(For to thy lot too oft misfortune falls),
Whose Angel-form from Jails can blot Disgrace,
And cast a sacred splendour o'er the walls.

Thus shall our moments glide on golden wings;
Thus will we triumph with expanded hearts;
At times be merry upon *thrifty* Kings,
And smile at Majesty that *starves* the Arts.
Ambitious, if with Wisdom thus we wed,
A Farthing shall not *blush* to bear *our* Head.

A

COMPLIMENTARY EPISTLE

TO

JAMES BRUCE, ESQ.

THE ABYSSINIAN TRAVELLER.

Non fabula mendax.

WONDERS! Wonders!! Wonders!!!

EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

ILLUSTRIOUS SIR,

PERMIT a poor Son of Apollo to make an offering of his Pamphlet (a sort of Widow's Mite), for the pleasure received from your five Quartos. Aware of the dangers of launching into the foaming Sea of usual Dedication, in which many an unfortunate Author has been drowned, I tremble at my present attempt. Exalted Panegyric too frequently incurs the suspicion of a Sneer. *Your* Dedication, illustrious Sir, to the Best of Kings, strikes me as the most perfect Model of imitation: it is a Column of Attic elegance and simplicity, erected to a deserving Monarch. Pray, Sir, did his august Majesty honour it with a perusal before publication? It truly forms the *ne plus ultra* of human Panegyric; and, what is marvellous, cannot be suspected of Adulation. Pray, Sir, how much might his Majesty give you for it?

What a similarity, illustrious Sir, between yourself and Mr. James Boswell; and yet what a distance!

both gloriously ambitious, both great Scholars, both intellectually adorned, both popular Gentlemen, both Dealers in History, and both descended from Kings. But Mr. James Boswell's Ambition was not of so bold a wing as yours. *He* was content with a journey to Scotland, to exhibit Dr. Samuel Johnson, the lexicographer, to the *literati* of that country: *your* more exalted ideas could only be satisfied with a display of the Head-quarters of the immortal Nile, who had puzzled the pursuits of men for seven thousand years. While Mr. Boswell entertains only with a breakfast on Spaldings *(alias* dried Whitings), the sublimer Bruce treats us with a Dish of Lion. While Boswell brings us acquainted with plain Scottish Gentlewomen only, the gallant Bruce charms us with romantic tales of Queen Sittinia, &c. While Mr. Boswell presents us only with an anecdote of a Flannel Night-cap, made by Miss Macleod for the Doctor's bald head; the sublimer Bruce tells of a Piece of Satin, and six crimson and green Handkerchiefs, most galantly transmitted to the beautiful Aiscach, of Teawa. While Mr. Boswell amuses us only with his Drunken-bout, and consequently a simple Emetic scene, the soaring Bruce greets us with the more important history of a thundering Diarrhœa. While Mr. Boswell prides himself

only upon his descent from a Scottish King, the penetrating Bruce discovers an origin from King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba: which, under the rose, must be establishing a bastardy in the family; as the Abyssinian Queen could be nothing more than Solomon's Concubine, their marriage having never been proved.

Pray, Sir, what may his Majesty intend to do with your invaluable Drawings, &c. &c.? Are they to be engraved, *pro bono publico*, at the expense of the Royal Purse; or kept *cautiously* locked up in a drawer at Buckingham-house, to induce the *Dilettanti* to sigh for the publication? Possibly they are destined to be a posthumous work of the Greatest of Kings; but not, like posthumous works in general, to disgrace the dead.

I am, illustrious Sir,

P. P.

A

COMPLIMENTARY EPISTLE.

SWEET is the Tale, however strange its air,
That bids the public eye *astonied* stare.
Sweet is the Tale, howe'er uncouth its shape,
That makes the World's wide mouth with Wonder gape.
Behold our infancies in Tales delight,
That bolt like Hedgehog-quills the Hair upright!
Of Ghosts how pleased is every child to hear!
To such is Jack the Giant-killer dear.
Dread Monsters, issuing from the flame or flood,
Charm, though with horror clothed they chill the blood.
What makes a Tale so sleepy, languid, dull?
Things as they happen'd; not of Marvel full.
What gives a zest, and keeps alive attention?
A Tale that wears the visage of Invention:
A Tale of Lions, Spectres, Shipwreck, Thunder;
A Wonder, or First-cousin to a Wonder.
Mysterious conduct! yet 'tis Nature's plan,
To sow with Wonder's seeds the soul of man;

That every where in sweet profusion rise,
And sprout luxuriant through the mouth and eyes.

What to "the vasty deep" Sir Joseph gave*;
As of the World, the sport of Wind and Wave?
What bade the Knight, amid those scenes remote,
Sleep with Queen Oborea in the boat?
What, unconfounded, leap to Newton's Chair?—
What, but to make a World with *wonder* stare?

What bids a King on Wimbledon, Blackheath,
So oft rejoice the Regiments of Death;
While Britain's mightier Bulwark slighted lies,
And vainly groaning for its Cesar sighs?
What, with the vulgar Pigs of Ascot taken,
Devour on Ascot Heath his annual Bacon†?
What bade that *great, great* Man, a goodly sight,
Watch his Wife's Diamond Petticoat all night;
And what that Wife of *great, great, great* renown,
Make her own Caps, and darn a threadbare Gown?
What bade the charming Lady Mary‡ fly
Marchesi's squeeze, for Pacchierotti's sigh?

* Sir Joseph Banks.

† Constantly, yea, with *annual* constancy, do their august Majesties devour the fine fat Bacon of Ascot at the time of the Races; and, after deeply loading their Royal Stomachs with this savoury meat, in grateful return load Ascot and the Bacon with Royal Approbation.

‡ Lady Mary Duncan.

What Master Edgecumb deal in rhyming-ware?—
What, but to put all Cawsand* in a *stare?*
Sweet Child of Verse, who, with importance big,
Pleased its own self, and eternized a Pig†;
While, mad an equal weight of praise to share,
Old Mount plays Punchinello to a hair.

What makes a Girl the shops for Novels rove?
The sweet *impossibilities* of love:
Quixotic deeds to catch the flying Fair;
To pant at dangers, and at *marvels* stare.—
What prompteth Chloe, conscious of the charms
That crowd the souls of Swains with wild alarms,
To give the swelling Bosom's milk-white skin
A Veil of gauze so marvellously thin?
What, but a kind intention of the Fair
To treat the eyes of Shepherds with a *stare?*

Behold! Religion's self, celestial Dame,
Founds on the rock of Miracle her fame:

* A small fishing-town near Mount Edgecumb.

† This Pig, Cupid, who many years ago *fell in love* with the Earl, has a Monument erected to his memory; with an Inscription on it by Lord Valletort, the Earl's Son.—It is said that his Majesty, when at Mount Edgecumb, happening to be gravely pondering near his Grave, the Queen, who was at some distance, asked him, what he was looking at so seriously. His Majesty, with a great deal of humour, immediately replied, "The *family-vault*, Charly; family-vault, family-vault."

A sacred building, that defies decay,
That Sin's wild Waves can never wash away.

What made John Rolle, except for Exon's *stare*,
Drill-serjeant to the Aldermen and May'r;
Ere from the Hall he led his chosen Bands,
To view the King of Nations, and kiss hands*?

How rarely Man the haunts of Wisdom seeks,
Pleased with the life of Cabbages and Leeks!
Though form'd to plough the soil, divinely strong,
'Tis Famine goads him, like an Ox, along.
But Bruce, on Curiosity's wild wings,
Darts, Hawk-like, where the Game of Marvel springs.

Let Envy kindle with the blush of Shame,
That dares to call thee, Bruce, a thief of fame.

* Mr. John Rolle's dread of a failure in the *etiquette* of Presentment to his Majesty when at Exeter, prevailed on him to take a deal of trouble with Gentlemen who were to be introduced at the Levee: but in spite of all his intellectual powers (which, like his corporeal, are of more than ordinary texture), much disorder happened; indeed the Best of Kings was three or four times nearly overturned. Many were the Gentlemen that Mr. Rolle was forced to place himself behind, to pull down properly on their knees; and many were the Gentlemen he was obliged to run after and make face to the right about, who uncourteously, though unwittingly, in quitting the Presence, had turned their unpolished *tails* on Majesty.

Pleased to thy *wonder's* vortex to be drawn,
A thousand volumes could not make me yawn;
And (oh! accept a salutary hint),
The World will *read* as fast as thou canst *print*.

Curs'd by the Goose's and the Critic's quill,
What tortures tear us, and what horrors thrill!
Thus that small imp, a Tooth, a simple bone,
Can make fair Ladies and great Heroes groan;
Tear hopeless Virgins from their happy dream,
And bid for Doctors 'stead of Sweethearts scream;
In tears the tender-tossing Infant steep,
And from its eye-lids brush the dews of sleep;
Where, with a cheek in Cherub blushes drest,
It seeks, with fruitless cries, its vanish'd rest.—
Far different, thou, erect in conscious pride,
Colossal darest the Critic Host bestride;
Like yelping coward Curs canst make them skip,
And tremble at the thunder of thy whip.

How hard that thou, a busy working Bee,
Shouldst range from flower to flower, from tree to tree;
Fly loaded home from Shrubs of richest prime,
Egyptian, Nubian, Abyssinian Thyme;

And plundering Drones upon thine Honey thrive,
Who never gave an atom to the Hive!*

Huge Whale of Marvel-hunters, further say,
And glad the present and the future day;
Speak, did no Angel, proud to intervene,
Bear thee, like Habakkuk, from scene to scene?

Lo! moon-eyed Wonder opes her lap to thee:
How *niggardly* alas, to luckless *me!*
Where'er through trackless woods thy *luckier* way,
Marvels, like Dew-drops, beam on every spray.
Blest man! whate'er thou *wishest* to behold,
Nature as strongly *wishes* to unfold;
Of all her Wardrobe offers every Rag,
Of which thy skill hath form'd a Conjuror's Bag.
Thy deeds are Giants, covering ours with shame;
Poor wasted Pigmies, Skeletons of fame.
To thee how kindly hath thy Genius given
The massy Keys of yonder star-clad Heaven;
With leave, whene'er thou wishest to unlock it,
To put a few *eclipses* in thy *pocket!*

* Alluding to an Abridgment of Mr. Bruce's Travels.

Nature, where'er thou tread'st, exalts her form:
The whispering Zephyr swells a howling Storm;
Where Pebbles lay, and Rivulets purl'd before,
Huge Promontories rise, and Oceans roar.

Thrice-envied man (if truth each volume sings);
Thy life how happy, hand and glove with Kings!—
A simple Swain, a stranger to a Throne,
I ne'er sat down with Kings to pick a bone:
For smiles *I* gaped not, crouch'd not for assistance;
But paid my salutations at a *distance:*
Yet live, O Kings! to see a distant date,
Because I've got a pretty good estate;
A comely spot near Helicon, that thrives
(A Leasehold though, that hangs upon *your* Lives),
Set to George Kearsley at a moderate rent;
Enough for me, poor swain, it brings content.
Were Heaven to place a Crown upon my head,
So meek, so modest, I should *faint* with dread;
And like some honest Bishop, with a sigh,
"Pity my greatness, Lord!" would be my cry.

Poets, like Spiders, now-a-days must spin,
Even from *themselves*, the threads of life so thin.
Nought pleaseth now the Rulers of great Nations,
But Books of Wonders, and sweet Dedications.

Kings, like the Mountains of the Moon, indeed,
Proud of their stature, lift a lofty head;
Heads, like the Mountain's also, *cold* and *raw*,
That, ice-enveloped, seldom feel a thaw.
Oh may the worst of ills my soul betide,
For *me* if ever lovesick Lady died!
If fatal darts from these two Eyes of mine,
Play'd havoc with fair Ladies' Hearts, like thine!
No, no: I ever a *hard bargain* drove,
And *purchased* every atom of *my* love.

O Bruce! I own, all candour, that I look
With envy, downright envy, on thy Book;
A book like Psalmanazar's, form'd to last,
That gives th' historic eye a sweet repast;
A Book like Mandeville's, that yields delight,
And puts poor Probability to flight;
A Book that e'en Pontoppidan would own;
A Book most humbly offer'd to the Throne;
A Book, how happy! which the King of Isles
Admires (says Rumour), and received with smiles.

The fool, with *equal* gape, astonish'd sees,
Through Wonder's glasses, Elephants and Fleas;
But thou, in Wonder's school long bred, full-grown,
Art pleased indeed with Elephants alone:

Hadst thou been God, an insult to thy sight,
Thy Majesty had *scorn'd* to *make* a Mite.

Know, where th' Atlantic holds th' unwieldy Whale,
My heart has *panted* at the Monster's tail :—
Had Bruce been there, th' invincible, the *brave*,
How had he dash'd at once beneath the wave,
Bold with his dirk the mighty Fish pursued,
And stain'd whole leagues of ocean with his blood ;
Then rising glorious from the great attack,
Graced with the watry Tyrant *on his back!*

'Mid those fair isles, the Happy Isles of old*,
Plains that the ghosts of Kings and Chiefs patrol'd,
These eyes have seen ; but, let me truth confess,
No Royal Spectre came, these eyes to bless :
To no one Chieftain-phantom too, I vow,
With reverence did I ever make my bow ;
Gone to make room (poor Ghosts!), so Fate inclines,
For gangs of lazy Spaniards and their vines.—
But had *thy* foot, illustrious Traveller, trod,
Like me, the precincts of th' Elysian sod ;
Full of inquiry, easy, unconfounded,
By Spectres hadst thou quickly been surrounded :

* The Canaries, or the *Insulæ Fortunatæ* of the ancients.

Then had we heard thy Book of Wonder boast,
How Bruce the Brave shook hands with every Ghost.

In vain did *I* phenomena pursue;
For Wonder waits upon the *chosen few.*
Whate'er *I* saw, required no Witch's Storm;
Slight deeds, that *Nature* could with ease perform.
Audacious, to purloin my flesh and fish,
No Golden Eagles hopp'd into my dish;
Nor Crocodiles, by love of knowledge led,
To mark my figure, left their oozy bed;
Nor loaded Camels, to provoke my stare,
Sublimely whirl'd, like Straws, amid the air;
Nor, happy in a stomach form'd of steel,
On roaring Lions have I made a meal.
Unequal *mine* with Lions' Bones to cope;
Thy jaws can only on such viands ope.

Oh! hadst thou trod, like me, the happy isle
Whose Mountain treats all Mountains with a smile;*
Bold hadst thou climb'd th' ascent, an easy matter,
And, nobly daring, sous'd into the *crater;*
Then out again hadst vaulted with a hop,
Quick as a Sweeper from a Chimney-top.

* Teneriffe.

Oh had thy curious eye beheld, like mine,
The isle which glads the heart with richest wine* !—
Beneath its vines, with *common* clusters crown'd,
At eve my wandering steps a passage found,
Where rose the hut, and, neither rich nor poor,
The Wife and Husband, seated at the door,
Touch'd, when the labours of the day were done,
The wire of music to the setting Sun;
Where, blest, a tender offspring, ranged around,
Join'd their small voices to the silver sound.
But had *thine* eyes this simple scene explor'd,
The Man at once had sprung a sceptred Lord;
Princes and Princesses, the *bearns* had been;
The Hut a Palace, and the Wife a Queen;
Their golden Harps had ravish'd thy two ears,
And beggar'd all the Music of the Spheres:—
So kind is Nature always pleased to be,
When visited by Favourites like *thee*.
Strange! thou hast seen the land that, to its shame,
Ne'er heard our good King's Virtues, nor his Name!
I've only seen those regions, let me say,
Where his great *virtues* never found their way.

Alas! I never met with Royal Scenes;
No Vomits gave to Abyssinian Queens;

* Madeira.

Drew not from Royal Arms the purple tide,
Nor scotch'd with fleams a sceptred Lady's hide;
Nor, in anatomy so very stout,
Ventured to turn a Princess inside out;
Nor blushing stripp'd me to the very skin,
To give a Royal Blackamoor a grin.
I never saw (with ignorance I own)
Mule-mounted Monarchs seek th' Imperial Throne;—
Which Mule the carpet spoil'd (a dirty beast!);
First staled, then what? oblivion cloud the rest.
I saw no King whose subjects form'd a *riot*,
And Imp-like *howl'd* around him for his *quiet:*
Nor have I been where men (what loss, alas!)
Kill *half* a Cow, and turn *the rest* to *grass.*

Where'er, great Traveller, thou art pleased to tread,
The teeming Skies rain Wonders on thy head:
No *common* birth to greet thine eye appears,
But sacred labours of a thousand years.
Where'er the Nile shall pour the smallest sluice,
The Rills shall curl into the Name of BRUCE;
And, lo! a Universe *his* praise shall utter
Who, first of mortals, found the Parent-gutter
(And, let me add, of Gutters too the Queen),
Without whose womb the Nile had never been.—

Thus many a man whose deeds have made a pother,
Has had a scurvy Father or a Mother.

O form'd in art and science to surpass;
To whom e'en Valour is an arrant Ass;
O Bruce, most surely Travel's eldest Son;
Tell prithee *all* that thou hast seen and done!
I fear thou hidest *half* thy feats, unkind;
A thousand wonders, ah! remain behind.
Where is the *chariot-wheel* with *Pharaoh's name*,
Fish'd from the old *Red Sea* to swell thy fame?
Where the *horse-shoe* with *Pharaoh's arms*, and found
Where wicked Pharaoh and his Host were drown'd?
Where of that *stone* a *slice*, and fresh account,
Given by the Lord to Moses on the *Mount?*
And where a *slice* of that stone's *elder brother*,
That, broken, forced th' All-Wise t' engrave another?
Where of the *cradle* too a sacred *rush?*
Where a true *charcoal* of the *burning bush?*
And oh! the *jewel*, curious gem, disclose,
That dangled from the *Queen of Sheba's* nose,
When, with hard questions, and two roguish eyes,
She rode to puzzle Solomon the Wise.

Sagacious Terrier in Discovery's mine,
Shall Nature form *no more* a nose like thine?

No more display'd the pearls of Wonder beam,
When thou, great man, art past the Stygian stream?
To Afric wilt thou *never*, Bruce return?
Howl, Britain! Europe, Abyssinia, mourn!
Droop shall Discovery's wing, her bosom sigh,
And Marvel meet no more the ravish'd eye;
Nature "outstep her modesty" no more;
Her Cataracts of Wonder cease to roar,
Forced to a common Kennel to subside,
And pour no longer an astounding tide?
Oh! bid not yet thy *lucky* labours cease;
Still let the Land of Wonder feel increase:
Thy loads of dung, delightful ordure, yield,
And blossom with *fertility* the field;
Gates, hedges mend, that ignorance pull'd down,
And bring in triumph back each kidnapp'd town.

Though Envy damns thy Volumes of Surprise,
Blest I devour them with unsated eyes.
What though sour Johnson cried, with cynic sneer,
"I deem'd *at first* indeed, Bruce *had* been there;
But soon the eye of keen investigation
Proved all the fellow's Tale a Fabrication?"
But who, alas! on Johnson's word relies,
Who saw the *too kind* North with jaundiced eyes;

Who rode to Hawthornden's fair scene by night,
For fear a Scottish Tree might wound his sight;
And, bent from decent candour to depart,
Allowed a Scotchman neither Head nor Heart?

Grant Fiction, *half* thy Volumes of Surprise;
High in the scale of merit shalt thou rise:
Still to Fame's temple dost thou boast pretension;
For thine the *rara avis* of Invention.
And, lo! amidst thy work of labouring years,
A Dignity of Egotism appears;
A style that Classic authors should pursue;
A style that peerless Katerfelto* knew.

Thou dear Man-mountain of Discovery, run;
Again attempt an Abyssinian sun!
Yes, go: a *second* journey, Bruce, pursue;
More Volumes of rich History bring to view.
Oh run, ere Time the spectred tombs invade,
And seize the crumbling Wonders from the shade;
Crowd with fair Columns, struck by Time, thy page,
And snatch the falling Grandeur from his rage.
Give that old Time a vomit too, and draw
More of Egyptian Marvels from his maw:

* A late *celebrated* Philosopher and Conjuror.

Bid him disgorge (by moderns call'd a *hum*),
Scratch'd by ten thousand Travellers, *Memnon's bum*;
And, what all rarities must needs surpass,
The *tail*, the curious tail, *of Balaam's ass.*

Say, what should stop, O Bruce thy grand career;
Of Fame the Favourite, and no Child of Fear?
Danger's huge form, so dread to vulgar eyes,
Pants at thy presence, and a Coward flies.
Where *other* Travellers, fraught with terror, roam,
Lo! Bruce in Wonder-land is quite *at home:*
The same cool eye on Nature's forms looks down;
Lions and Rats, the Courtier and the Clown.
Whate'er thine action, Wonder crowds the tale:
It smells of Brobdignag; it boasts a scale!
Fond of the lofty, Bruce no pigmy loves:
Who likes a Pigmy, that a Giant moves?
Again, what Pigmy, with a form of lath,
Lost in his shadow, likes the Man of Gath?
The burly Hostess, for a Cart-horse fit,
Scorns Daphne's Reed-like shape, and calls her *chit;*
While on the rough *robustious* Lump of Nature,
Contemptuous Daphne whispers, "What a creature!"

Pity pursuits like thine should feel a pause,
More than half-smother'd by fair Fame's applause!

I see thee safe return'd from Marvel's mine,
Whose gems in every rock so precious shine;
Proud of the product of a world unknown,
Unloading all thy treasure at the Throne:
While Courtiers cry aloud with one accord,
"*Most marvellous* is the reign of George the Third!"—
How like the Butchers' Boys we sometimes meet,
Stuck round with Bladders, in a London street:
In *full-blown* majesty who move, and drop
The bloated burden in an Oilman's shop;
While Country Bumkins, gazing at the door,
Cry they "*ne'er zeed zo vine a zight bevore!*"

I see old Nile, the King of Floods, arise,
Shake hands, and welcome thee with happy eyes;
Otters and Alligators in his train,
Made by thy five immortal Volumes *vain;*
Weasels and Polecats, Sheregrigs, Carrion-Crows,
Seen and smelt *only* by *thine* eyes and nose.
"Son of the Arts, and Cousin of a King,
Loud as a Kettle-drum whose Actions ring,"
Exclaims the King of Floods, "thy Books I've read,
And for thy birth-place envy Brother Tweed."

O Bruce, by Fame for ever to be sung;
Job's War-horse fierce, thy neck with thunder hung!

When envious Death shall put thee in his stable,
Snipp'd life's fine Thread that *should* have been a Cable;
Lo! to thy memory shall the marble swell,
Mausoleum huge, and all thy actions tell.
Here, in fair sculpture, the recording stones
Shall give thee glorious, cracking Lions' Bones;
There, which the squeamish souls of Britain shocks,
Rich Steaks devouring from the *living* Ox:
Here, staring on thee from the realm of water,
Full many a Virtuoso Alligator;
There, Bruce informing Queens, in *naked* pride,
The Feel and Colour of a Scotchman's Hide:
Here of the Genealogy a Tree,
Branching from Solomon's wise Trunk to thee;
There, with a valour nought could dare withstand,
Bruce fighting an Hyena hand to hand,
Which dread Hyena (what a beast uncouth!)
Fought with a Pound of Candles in his mouth:
Here Temples bursting glorious on the view,
Which History, though a Gossip, *never knew;*
There Columns starting from the earth and flood,
Just like the Razor-fish from sand and mud:
Here a *wise* Monarch, with voracious looks,
Receiving all thy Drawings and thy Books;
While Fame behind him all so solemn sings
The *liberal* spirit of the Best of Kings.

Man says, O Bruce! that thou wast hardly used;
That our *great* King at first thy Book refused;
Indeed look'd *grimly* 'midst his Courtier crew,
Who, gentle Courtiers, all look'd *grimly* too.—
Thus when in black the lofty Sky looks down,
The sympathising Sea reflects a Frown;
Vale, cattle, reptile, insect, man, and maid,
All mope, and seem to sorrow in the shade.

Steep is th' ascent, and narrow is the road,
Ah me! that lead to Fame's divine abode:
Yet thick (through lanes like pilgrimaging Rats,
Unawed by mortals, and unscared by cats),
What crawling Hosts attempt her sacred fane,
And dizzy, drunk-like, tumble back again;
Fast as the Swains whose arms the Damsels fill
(Embrace of elegance), down Greenwich Hill:—
While thou, Briareus like, with dauntless air,
Resolved to ravish Fame, immortal Fair,
Just like our London Bullies with the Whores,
Hast scaled the cloud-capt height, and forced her doors!

O form'd the Travellers of the East to scare!
Although thy powers are mighty, learn to spare.

Dog should not prey on Dog, the proverb says;
Allow then Brother-travellers *crumbs* of praise:
Like thee, let others reap applause, and rise
By daring visits to Egyptian skies.
But calmly, lo! thou canst not see them pass;
"This is a rogue or fool, and that's an ass."—
Thus on a tree, whene'er the weather's fine,
Jack Ketch, the Spider, weaves the fatal line:
Beneath a leaf he hides with watchful eye;
Now darts, and roping hangs the *travelling* Fly.

Again, most tiresome let me say: "Go, go;
Proceed, and *all about it* let us know:
Led safely by thine enterprising Star,
Hyenas shall not with thy journey war.
Uneat by Tigers, dare the forest's gloom,
To bid the barren Field of Knowledge bloom:
Wave o'er *new* Pyramids thine eagle wings;
And, Hound-like, scent *fresh* Tombs of ancient Kings,
Which Time had buried with the mighty dead,
And cold Oblivion swallowed in her shade.—
And mind ('tis History's province to *surprise*),
Those Tales are *sweetest* that *sound most like lies.*"

As the confessed Superiority of Mr. Bruce to Mr. Boswell entitles him to a more eminent Mark of Distinction, I have added an Ode, in my best manner, to this Complimentary Epistle; which the Congratulatory Epistle to Mr. Boswell cannot boast.

ODE TO JAMES BRUCE, ESQ.

O Bruce! for this his short and sweet Epistle,
Thou biddest perhaps the gentle Bard " go whistle;"
Or somewhat worse, perchance, that *rhymes* to *knight*:—
That is to say, knights of the Blade
One time so busy in the dubbing-trade,
That like to Silver it was *shoulder'd* bright.

Pity by hungry Critics thou shouldst fall,
So clever, and so form'd to please us all!
Again; by Royal favour all surrounded,
A balm so rich, like Cloves and Nutmegs pounded!—
Thus the Bag-fox, (how cruelly, alack!)
Turn'd out with Turpentine upon his back,

Amidst the war of Hounds and Hunters flies;
Shows sport; but, luckless, by his Fragrance dies.

Safe from the fury of the Critic Hounds,
O Bruce! thou treadest Abyssinian grounds;
  Nor can our British noses hunt thy foil:
Indeed thou need'st not dread th' event;
Surrounding clouds destroy the Scent,
  And mock their most sagacious toil.
Yes, in thy darkness thou shalt leave the dogs;
For Hares, the hunters say, run best in Fogs.

Of thee and me, two *great* Physicians,
How different are the dispositions!
  Thy soul delights in Wonder, Pomp, and Bustle:
Mine in th' *un*marvellous and placid scene,
Plain as the Hut of our good King and Queen*;
  I imitate the stationary Muscle.

Yet boldly thou, O Bruce! again proceed;
Of Wonder ope the Fountain-head;
  Deluge the land with Abyssinian ware:

* A House close by the glorious Castle of Windsor.

While I, a simple Son of Peace,
The world of *bagatelle* increase,
By lovesick Sonnets to the Fair;

Now to Sir Joseph, now a Duke, now Wren,
Now Robin-redbreast, dedicate the pen;
Now Glow-worm, Child of Shade and Light, not Flame;
To whom of wicked wits the tuneful art,
So very apt indeed from truth to start,
Compares the nightly street-meandering Dame.—

Mild Insect, harmless as *myself* I ween;
Thou little Planet of the rural scene,
When Summer warms the valleys with her rays;
Accept a trifling Sonnet to thy praise.

ODE TO THE GLOW-WORM.

Bright Stranger, welcome to my field;
Here feed in safety, here thy radiance yield:
To me, oh! nightly be thy splendour given.
Oh, could a wish of mine the Skies command,
How would I gem thy leaf with liberal hand,
With every sweetest dew of Heaven!

Say, dost thou kindly light the Fairy train
Amidst their gambols on the stilly plain,
Hanging thy lamp upon the moisten'd blade?—
What lamp so fit, so pure as thine,
Amidst the gentle elfin band to shine,
And chase the horrors of the midnight shade?

Oh may no feather'd Foe disturb thy bower,
And with barbarian beak thy life devour!
Oh! may no ruthless Torrent of the sky,
O'erwhelming, force thee from thy dewy seat;
Nor Tempests tear thee from thy green retreat,
And bid thee 'midst the humming myriads die!

Queen of the Insect World, what Leaves delight?
Of such these willing hands a Bower shall form,
To guard thee from the rushing Rains of night,
And hide thee from the wild wing of the Storm.

Sweet Child of Stillness, 'midst the awful Calm
Of pausing Nature thou art pleased to dwell;
In happy Silence to enjoy thy balm,
And shed through life a Lustre round thy cell.

How different Man, the imp of noise and strife,
Who courts the Storm that tears and darkens life;

Blest when the Passions wild the soul invade!—
How nobler far to bid those Whirlwinds cease;
To taste, like thee, the luxury of Peace,
And shine in Solitude and Shade!

THE RIGHTS OF KINGS,

OR

LOYAL ODES

TO

DISLOYAL ACADEMICIANS.

Τις μανίη θυμὸν εἰσέδη.

ANACREON.

Thus for a mighty Monarch to be *levell'd!*
Pray were you drunk, or mad, Sirs, or be-devill'd?

TO THE READER.

GENTLE READER,

THE foundation of the following Odes is simply this: The President of the Royal Academy, happy to be able to gratify our amiable Monarch in the minutest of his predilections, reported lately to the Academicians his Majesty's desire, that a Mr. Laurence might be added to the list of R. A.s; his Majesty, from his *superior knowledge* in Painting, being *perfectly convinced* of this young Artist's *uncommon* abilities, and consequently fair pretensions to the honour. Notwithstanding the Royal *wish*, and the *wish* of the President, and (under the rose!!!) the *wish* of Mr. Benjamin West, the Windsor Oracle of Paint, and Painter of History, the R. A.s received the annunciation of his Majesty's *wish*, Sir Joshua's *wish*, Mr. West's *wish*, with the most ineffable *sang froid;* not to call it by the harder name, *disgust*. The annunciation happening on the night of an election of Associates, at which Mr. Laurence ought to have been elected an Associate (a step necessary to the more exalted one of R. A.), behold

the obstinacy of these *royal* Mules!—the number of votes in favour of Mr. Laurence amounted to just *three;* and that of his Opponent, Mr. Wheatley, to *sixteen!!!* Indignant and loyal Reader! the Lyric Muse, who has uniformly attacked *meanness, folly, impudence, avarice,* and *ignorance,* from her cradle, caught fire at the above important event; and most loyally poured forth the following Odes, replete with her *usual* sublimities.

PROËMIUM.

TO THE PUBLIC.

GENTLES, behold a poor plain-spoken man;
Modest as Addington our Speaker
Amidst Saint Stephen's *patriotic* clan,
Where Innocence so meek did ne'er look meeker:

When with much *palpitation*, and much *dread*,
He turn'd about his pretty Speaker's-head,
One leg just raised to hop into the Chair;
Just like a Cat in Rain amid the street,
That fears to wet her white and velvet feet,
Which for a handsome gutter-leap prepare.

"I fear I am a most unworthy choice,"
Said Mister Speaker, with a Lamb-like voice.—
"I have but one step more," he cried,
Keeping his head coquetishly aside.

How much like Christie, with his hammer raised
(Christie, a public *speaker* too, so praised),

Looking around him, simpering, smiling, bowing;
Then crying, " *Gemmen*, going, going, going!"

Yes, Gentles all, a modest Bard, and shy,
With Dove-like mien, and ground-exploring eye:
Modest as Mister Speaker at the Lords,
When lowly he did Majesty beseech
T' allow his humble Commons use of words;
That is to say, a liberty of speech:

Also to have at times a *tête-à-tête*,
Because a Confab Royal is a treat;
Indeed for Subjects much *too rich*,
As wise King James asserted of the *itch:*

Likewise to have the privilege of *tick;*
Because a bailiff is a meddling rogue,
Who, with a Hand of Iron, or a stick,
Stoppeth the *travels* of our men of vogue:—

Barbarian act, that Men of Worship frets:
Who think of *loftier* things than idle *debts;*
Deep pondering ever on the Nation's Good:
Not on great greasy Butchers, Taylor knaves,
Mercers, and clammy Grocers; counter slaves,
Who by their stinking sweat procure their food.

Tradesmen! a set of vulgar Swine;
Crutches for Fortune in a deep Decline:
Lo what a Tradesman's good for, and lo all—
A wooden Buttress for a tottering Wall!

With tears have I beheld full many a Squire
Most *brutally* by Bailiffs dragg'd along;
For turnpike, furniture, or house's hire,
Horse, wages, coach, or some such *idle* song.

Now *Squire*'s a title of much reputation,
Belongs to people of *no* occupation;
Who cannot (in their looks we read it)
Get for a mutton-chop a little credit:
Poor gentlemen! how hard, alas, their fate,
To knuckle to such *nuisances* of State!—

Gentles, to you, well pleased, I turn again,
Quitting my favourite rambling strain;
Leaving beloved, admired, adored Digression,
So practised by us men of Ode-profession
When we have scarcely aught to sing or say,
And sneaking Fancy quits the Lyric Lay.

I do remember—What?—that thus my pen,
Licentious, slander'd Crown and Sceptre Men:—

" Readers, one moment look me in the face;
A poet *not quite* destitute of grace;
And answer one not bred in Flattery's schools —
Are you, or are you not, a set of fools,
Pinning your faith on Grandeur's sleeve?
Say, do you, in your consciences, believe
That Monarchs never can be weak nor mean;
And that a Monarch's wife, yclept a Queen,
May not (and why not?) be a downright Slop,
Form'd of the coarsest Rags of Nature's Shop?
I read the answer in each visage: ' No:
' O Jesu! *can* it be? and *is* it so?'—
Put down my Book;
Give it not one contaminating look.
I stare on you with pity; nay, with pain:
Kearsley shall toss your money back again.
Get your crowns shaved, poor souls; I wish you well:
And hear me; Bedlam has a vacant cell."—

Such were the Stanzas that I wrote *of yore*,
When tainted by a King-deriding clan:
But now I curse those tenets o'er and o'er;
A *convert* quite, a *sweet* and *alter'd* man.

The *sacred* force of Sovereignty I feel:
To Royalty's stern port I learn to kneel,

For Royalties are deemed most sacred things;
So sacred by the Courtiers, that the Bible
May be inform'd against, and proved a Libel,
For saying, " Put no confidence in Kings."

Though this indeed may be *interpolation*,
As much was *coin'd* by Popish priests and friars;
For ah! how *hard* 'tis for imagination
To *fancy* Monarchs Hypocrites and Liars!

ODE TO THE ACADEMICIANS.

Am I awake, or dreaming, O ye Gods?
Alas! in *waking's* favour lie the odds.
The devil it is! Ah me, 'tis really so!
How, Sirs? on Majesty's proud corns to tread!
Messieurs Academicians, when you're *dead*,
Where can your Impudences hope to go?

Refuse a Monarch's mighty orders!—
It smells of Treason; on Rebellion borders.—
Sdeath, Sirs! it was the Queen's fond wish as well,
That Master Laurence* should come in.
Against a Queen so *gentle* to rebel!
This is another crying sin.

What! not oblige, in such a trifling thing,
So *sweet* a Queen, and such a *goodly* King?

A Queen *unused* to opposition-weather;
At disappointment so *unused* to start:
So full of Dove-like gentleness her Heart,
As if the dove had lent its softest feather,

* A young Portrait-painter of some merit.

That heart of gentleness to form;
Unused (as I have said) to opposition storm.

Oh let me just inform you, one and all,
That Kings and Potentates, both great and small,
Born to be humour'd, for Obedience battle.
Most instantaneous too must be compliance;
Refusal is most damnable defiance:
They struggle for't, like Children for the Rattle.

But in our simile some difference lies:—
We *whip* a Bantling when it kicks and cries,
Fully determin'd *not* to please it;
But lo! the Children that possess a Crown
(Young Herculeses) knock us down,
And, angry for the Bauble, *seize* it.

Each of you, Sirs, has kept a Cur perchance:
Poor wretch, how oft his Eyes with Lightnings dance;
How he looks up to Master for a smile!
Shakes his imploring head with wriggling tail,
Now whining yelps, now pawing, to prevail,
Eager with *such* anxiety the while;
And if a pat *should* bless the whining scraper,
Lord, how the animal begins to caper!

Thus should it be with Subjects and great Kings.—
But you are *strangers* to these humble things.
For shame! upon the Courtier's creed go look,
And take a leaf from humble Hawkesbury's book:
Or sweet neck-bending water-gruel Leeds,
Who Majesty with Pap of Flattery feeds;
Which pap, if highly relish'd, will of course,
Rewarded, make him Master of the Horse.

Where was Prerogative? asleep?
A blockhead, not a better watch to keep
In this most solemn, most important hour!
Why heard we not the Thunder of his Voice;
Saw down your gullets cramm'd the Royal Choice,
So easy to the iron arm of Power?

Why slept his sledge, the Guardian of a Crown,
So form'd to knock unruly rascals down?—
Ah me! Prerogative seems nearly dead:
Behold his tottering limbs and palsied head;
Sunk in their orbits his dim eyes;
His teeth dropp'd out; and hark! his Voice so weak,
A Mouse behind the wainscot, Eunuch-squeak!
"Ah! *non sum qualis eram*," now he sighs:

To every body's call, ah! now so pliant;
Sad Skeleton of once a sturdy Giant.

Poor bending shrivell'd form, but just alive,
Art thou that Bully once, Prerogative?
Where is the mien of Mars, the Eye's wild Stare,
A Meteor darting horror with its glare?

How like a Brandy-drinker, who on flame
Feeds with a rosy beacon-face at first:
But, by his enemy Intemperance curst,
Yields to that Victor of Mankind with shame;
Pale, hobbling, voiceless, crawling to decay,
Just like a passing Shadow, sinks away!—

Bed-chamber Lords are all in ire;
The Maids of Honour all on fire;
Nay, though despotically *shaved*, the Cooks,
Bluff on th' occasion, put on Bull-beef looks:
And really this is very grand behaving,
So nobly to *forgive* the famous *shaving!*

See Madame Schwellenberg most Cat-like stare;
And, though no favourite of the King,
She cries, "*By Got, it shock and make my hair*
Upright; it is so dam dam saucy ting."

Stanhope, perchance, will clasp you in his arms;
And Price's Ghost, with eloquence's charms,
Will, from his tomb up-springing, sound applause.
But know, I deem not so of Edmund Burke:
He nobly styles the deed "a damn'd day's work;"
Superior he to cutting Royal Claws.

Mun very justly thinks the human Back
Should be to Kings a sort of humble Hack;
That every Subject ought to wear a Saddle,
O'er which those great Rough-riders, Kings, may straddle.

ODE II.

The famed Assembly of the French will smile,
At this disgrace of our fair Isle:
Messieurs Fayette the Great and Co.
With tears of joy will overflow,
And order the Assembly of the Nation
To send you sweet congratulation.

What hast thou to complain of each, thou imp?
Compared to Kings, a Grampus and a Shrimp!

Lo! when from Windsor mighty Kings arrive,
Like London Mackrel, *all alive*,

Tureens of Flattery are prepared so hot
By Courtiers, a delicious Pepper-pot;
Which, to be sure, the Royal maw devours,
Kings boasting very strong *digestive* powers.

A Pointer thus, lock'd up a week,
Half-starved, and longing for a steak;
Behold him now turn'd loose so wild to eat:
Gods, how he gobbles down the Broth and Meat!

Yes, Flattery-soups are all prepared so hot,
As I have hinted, a fine Pepper-pot:

Side-dishes too of Curtseys, Bows, and Scrapes,
With Stare and Wonder in all sorts of shapes;
Attentions darting from the full-stretch'd eye,
That not a Royal glance may pass unheeded by;
Attentions sharp as those of Lumpy, Small,
At Cricket skill'd to catch the flying Ball:
While you survey (abominable thing!)
With cold *contempt* the character of King.

Think by what Royal *bounty* you are blest;
Think of the *patronage* to Painters all;
Not a poor shallow Rill confined to West,
But Torrents that like Niagara fall.

Yes, George is *generous*, watches all your wants,
And pours his fostering Rains upon his Plants.
Then, meeting such a friend, you ought to cry,
" Glory be to George on high!"

Thus, when two Clouds approach, a wandering pair,
As oft it happens 'mid their walks in air;
Though one be rich, the other poor,
In rare electric matter, how they greet!
With what delight they seem to meet;
And, pleased, with all the *fire* of friendship roar!

George, O ye Ragamuffins, loves you dearly;
Sends you rare Pictures for improvement yearly;
Buys up your works; and much commission gives
To History, Portrait, Landscape Men;
Careful as of her Chicken a good Hen:
Thus like an Alderman each Limner lives.

Yes; a good Hen. I see her wing display'd,
To warm, protect you with parental shade:
But you, a flock of vile rebellious Chicken,
Are all for mounting on your mother's back,
With threatening beak and noisy saucy clack,
Her eyes out trying to be picking;

Against her blasphemously swearing.—
This is undutiful beyond all bearing.

Where'er the plaintive cry of Want appears,
Cock'd like a Greyhound's are the King's two ears;
Ready for such poor wights to bake, and brew:
A circumstance *believed* by *very few*.—
Thus, to Philosophy's surprise,
A Pin can lead the Lightning of the Skies.

ODE III.

Behold, his Majesty is in a passion!
Tremble, ye Rogues; and tremble all the Nation!
Suppose he takes it in his Royal head
To strike your Academic Idol dead;
Knock down your House, dissolve you in his ire,
And strip you of your boasted title *Squire!*

To bend a Piece of Iron to your will,
You always make that iron *hot;*
For then it asks but little force and skill,
Its sturdiness is quite forgot:

But lo! it is quite otherwise with Man;
Make *him* red-hot, and bend him as you can:

So widely *different* are the metals
Composing Man, or Kings indeed, and Kettles.

Oft has he left his Queen and Windsor towers,
Oft from the *fascinating* Dairy flown,
To raise the Arts with all his *mighty* powers,
And hold high converse with the folks of town:—

From lofty Carthage thus, by Jove's decree,
On nobler *works* than those of Love intent,
Eneas from the widow Dido went,
And, full of *piety*, put off *to sea!*

Vain of your Academic honours, vain,
I say again,
Idly you deem'd yourselves the First of Men;
And then
You spurn'd the hand which raised you into notice:
By all the Gods, unfortunately so 'tis!

Full oft, by Fortune, man is play'd a trick;
Too often ruin'd by her glittering toys:
Just like the Candle's luckless Wick,
Surrounded by the Lustre that destroys.

ODE IV.

Resistance turns me, like a Napkin, pale;
Rebellion chills me into stone:
"Tell not in Gath the tale,
Nor publish in the streets of Ascalon."

Copy the manners of a Court:
There (thanks to education for't)
Submission cowering creeps, with fearful eye;
Unceasing bends the willowy neck to ground,
In reverence abject and profound,
Too humbly modest to behold the sky.

There, all alive too, Hawk Attention sits,
To study Royal Humour's various fits;
With wings expanded, ready to fly post,
To east, to west, to north, or south,
To cater for a Monarch's mighty mouth,
To get him baked, or grill'd, or boiled, or roast:

Now scampers to pick up each bit of news
Which full-fed London every moment spews;

Then to the Palace the rich treasure bears,
And pours the whole into the Royal ears.

There Adulation, with her silver tongue,
Sweeter than Philomela's sweetest song,
Says unto Majesty *such things!*
Tells him that Cesar won not half *his* fame;
That Alexander was a childish name
Compared to *his*, the King of Kings!

Now smiling, staring huge surprise,
With such a brace of wonder-looking eyes,
On all the words from Majesty that dart;
As if bright Gems, as large as Eggs of Pullet,
Flow'd from the King's Golconda gullet,
Enough indeed to load a cart:
Her Mouth, so pleased the *treasures* to devour,
Wide as the Port-hole of a seventy-four.

Such is the picture of a Palace-scene,
Drawn by an *amateur*, I ween:
The outline chaste, and easy flowing;
The colouring not a whit too glowing.

Such, such is Adulation, *charming* maid!
Whose conduct you *won't copy*, I'm afraid.

ODE V.

At Opposition, lo! the soul demurs:
At such the Royal mind revolts;
Hates it as much as Sticks the Cats and Curs;
Or Curbs, and Whips, and Spurs, high-mettled Colts.

Too well I know that you the Great despise;
Molehills, instead of Mountains, in your eyes.
'Tis wrong:
I often reverence Grandeur in my Song.

Go, Sirs, to Court upon a gala-day.
Soon as the Soldiers cry aloud, "Make way,"
How *gloriously* the Courtiers strut it by!
In gorgeous clothes of silk and gold;
With *such* an elevated front, and bold,
With *such* state-consequence in either eye:

So much above the ground on which they strut,
So stiff, *so* Stake-like, all the pompous Pack,
As though Dame Nature had forgot to put
The *joints* of *manners* to the neck and back.

O glorious sight! this no one dares deny:
And lo, I'd lay considerable odds,
That man who *ne'er* Divinities did spy,
Would really take them for a pack of Gods.

Grant that the Great are ignorant, what then?
Still are they Folks of Worship, still *great* men;
Though flogg'd through schools, and banish'd from a college;
Although not one inch broad their minds, I ween:
The utmost boundary of all their knowledge,
The Game-act and John Nichols' Magazine.

Still Men of Worship must they all appear,
Beings we *little* people should *revere*.
'Tis natural to revere the folk on high.
To reverence, lo! our infancies are led:
Well do I recollect how oft my eye
Adored the Kings and Queens of Gingerbread:
King David, Solomon, and that brave Queen
Who rode so far to see and to be seen*.

Though hungry as a Hound, with pence in store,
When in their glory on the stalls I met 'em;
Though longing to devour them o'er and o'er,
I deem'd it *sacrilege* to *eat 'em*.

* Her Majesty of Sheba.

ODE VI.

THE Light of Reason is a little Ray,
But still it shows us the right way:
Indeed the Gentlewoman makes no Blaze,
No Bonfire tempting a fool's eye to gaze;
A modest Dame, remote, and calm, and coy,
And never playeth gambols to destroy.

But Error, what a meretricious jade!
Amidst her trackless wilds immers'd in shade,
To tempt the silly and unwary,
Her Meteor, lo! she lights: here, there,
Up, down, she dances it; now far, now near,
In mad and riotous vagary:—

On the fools wander, in pursuit so stout,
And love of this same garish Light.
All on a sudden goes this Meteor *out;*
And caught, like Badgers, in the Sack of night,
Blundering, and trying to get back agen,
They roll about in vain, poor men!

Thus you Academicians all proceed:
You are those Badgers, Gentlemen, indeed.

There seems an ardent spirit, to my mind,
A revolution-spirit, 'mongst mankind:
A Spark will now set Kingdoms in a Blaze,
That would not fire a Barn in former days;
So lately turn'd to Touchwood is each State,
So whimsical indeed the ways of Fate.

Pray, Sirs, both old and young, ye bright and muddy,
Did ever you make *cuckoldom* your *study?*—
Perhaps *not*, if rightly I divine:
But, Gentlemen, I've made it *mine.*

This state of man, and let me add obscenity,
Is not a situation of *betweenity*,
As some word-coiners are disposed to call 't:
Meaning a mawkish *as-it-were-ish* state,
Containing neither love nor hate;
A sort of Water-gruel without Salt.

Know then, that Cuckoldom's all eye, all ear,
All smell, all taste, and, faith! all feeling:
His senses sharp as those of Cats appear;
To right, to left, as quick as Soldiers wheeling;

To catch a Wife's bad fame, alas! not praise:
Thus setting traps to squeeze his future days;

Watering with one eternal tear the eye,
And making lovely Life one lengthen'd Sigh:
A pair of antlers his, he sits on thorns;
He nothing sees but Horns, Horns, Horns.

Nay, to the *cuckold in idea*, lo,
On either side his head a Horn appears
Tremendous; but which all his neighbours know
Are only one huge pair of Ass's Ears.

Then pray dismiss your jealousies and frights:
Our Monarch means not to invade your rights;
It never, never was a Royal plan,
For "Brutus is an honourable man."
Greater from Chambers should be all your fears,
Whose House is tumbling fast about your ears.

ODE VII.

THE King (God grace him!) wishes you to *shine*:
He raised the Building with *your* cash and *mine*.

But what is wealth? what, thousands? trifling things!
To swell the mighty volume of its fame,
He call'd it Royal: thus he *gave*—the *name;*
Which proveth the *munificence* of Kings.
Heavens, what a *present!* ah, well worth possessing!
Lo, on a *level* with a Bishop's Blessing.

Domitian (so says History with a sigh)
Would quit affairs of State, to hunt a Fly:
But *we* have no such *trifle-hunting* Kings;
Europe knows *no such* miserable *things*.
Her Princes gallop on a *larger* scale;
No flippant Minnow, but the floundering Whale.

George wishes not to give the Dome a grave;
Not to destroy he cometh, but to save:
Not like Dame Nature, who composes Forms
The fairest for the fascinated eye;
Then sends her Lightnings, Floods, and Storms,
To bid the beauteous flowrets die.

When once a Woman's handsome, smart, and clever,
In God's name let her bloom for ever.

Ah could I snatch Time's plowshare from his hand,
Who, with that ease a Farmer skirts his Land,

Furrows so cruelly o'er the fairest Face!
Relentless as a Mohawk, on he goes,
Cuts up the Lily and the Rose,
Roots up each wavy Curl, and bends the Neck of Grace:

Ah! could I simply do but this,
The sweetest Lips would give me many a Kiss.

By raising, then destroying like a Turk,
It seems as though Time did not like his work;
As though he wanted something *better* still,
Than e'er was manufactured at his mill.

And yet how exquisite, of charms the crop
In Mesdames Johnson's, Kelly's, Windsor's shop*,
Or rather Hot-house! Lord, if fond of billing,
What grace, for guineas, we may find!
Nay, in the streets, if cheapness suits our mind,
We purchase Cleopatras for a shilling.

O Beauty, how thou stealest me away!
Born, thou sweet Witch, thy Poet to beguile:
Thy fool, idolater, by night, by day,
He feels a Chain in every Smile.

* The Priestesses of the Cyprian Goddess.

Thou Tyrant of my Heart, let go my pen :
I *must, will* speak to Academic Men.

Sirs, should the Royal Eagle, from his height,
Dart on your puny forms his eye of flame,
And wanton, just to exercise his might
(Deeming you no ignoble Game),
Should pounce on your Owl-backs so stout,
How would a cloud of feathers fly about!
The thunder of his beak, for falling ripe;
What figures you would cut within his gripe!

This can the King of Isles perform, I know it:
Yet, though of power so full, he will not show it.
Too soon your band its weakness would deplore:
A Crab in a Cow's mouth, no more.

Say, don't you tremble at th' affronted name?—
Where lurks the burning blush of shame?
Alas! that symptom of remaining grace
Knows not to tinge an Academic face.
Sons of the Devil, like you rebellious, hear:
It is for Kings to *burden*, us to *bear*.

I own I've said (and glory in th' advice),
" Be not, O King, as *usual*, *over-nice*:

Dread Sire, to take a phrase from Caliban,
'Bite 'em;'—
To pour a *heavier* vengeance on the clan,
Knight 'em."

ODE VIII.

THE modern French deem Monarchs much like Fire,
Which a *good looking after* doth require;
Too much inclined to prove an evil:
A Fire that needeth to be well secured,
Well-iron'd, pinion'd, and immured,
Which otherwise would play the devil.

Yet if on Politics a Bard may prate,
I deem *their* Monarch's jacket rather strait.

Mesdames Poissardes, 'twas shockingly ill-bred,
To fling your Flounders at your Monarch's head.
Though, Venus-like, descended from the flood,
'Twas base, ye sweet Divinities of Mud.

To this great truth a universe agrees,
"He who lies down with Dogs, will rise with Fleas."
How applicable! Lo, you took advice,
I'm sure, from that Arch-devil, Doctor Price,

And Stanhope; who so praise the French, and clap,
For catching Kings, like Polecats, in a trap.

Oh may I never *be!* but *were* I King,
Like Ropes should I consider Laws;
Preventing, when I wish'd it, a good spring;
Hand-cuffs to bind my Lion Claws.

A set of articles implies mistrust:
How can the Lord's Anointed be unjust?
We *never* should *believe* such things,
Or doubt the wisdom of the King of Kings:
What the Lord chooses, *must* be good;
Although he sent us but a Piece of Wood.
Even Chesterfield, that atheistic dog,
Declares he has a reverence for King Log*.

"When will that lucky day be born, that brings
A Bridle for the Arrogance of Kings?
Too slowly moves, alas! the loitering hour.
When will those Tyrants cease to fancy Man
A Dog in Providence's levelling plan,
To crouch and lick the blood-stain'd rods of pow'r?"—
Such is your most unkingly cry;
And lo, I tell it with a sigh.

* "I confess I have some regard for King Log." See his Letters.

Rank is in man the Itch of Opposition,
Which wanteth a good Whip for a Physician.
You keep bad company that turns your head.
So hungrily you every thing devour
That tends to clip the Wings of Royal Pow'r,
Which like the Eagle's pinion ought to spread;
So greedily suck in Rebellion's breath,
That wafts the seeds of impudence and death.

Thus, Hound-like, at a Lord-mayor's feast,
A Common-councilman, a beast,
On every season'd dish so hungry stuffs;
Unbuttons, wipes the sweat away, and puffs:—

Poor fool! he swallows Rheumatism and Gout,
Asthma and Apoplexy; and more ills
Than Doctors, with their knowledges so stout,
Can vanquish with their Boluses and Pills.

But, Sirs, you must be *cautious* how you act;
Attorney-general is no *reasoning* thing:
'Tis an indubitable fact,
This fellow is the creature of a King;
His eagle, thunder-bearer; loud his cry,
And "instant vengeance" is his sole reply.
'Tis dangerous to *shake hands* with such hard *claws*,
His gripe enough to make the bravest pause.

Then be not at your midnight orgies seen,
Buzzing *opinions* upon King and Queen.
Ah! should he sally forth so strong,
Amidst your wantonness of speech and song;
Unlined by mercy, you will feel his gripe,
Stopping the melody of many a pipe.

Thus at the solemn, still, and sunless hour,
When to their sports the Insect Nations pour;
In airy tumult blest, the light-wing'd throng,
Thoughtless of enemies in ambuscade,
Hum to Night's listening ear the choral song,
And wanton through the boundless field of shade;
When, lo! the mouse-faced Demon of the Gloom,
Espying, hungry, meditates their doom:—

Bounce, from his hole so secret, bursts the Bat;
To honour, mercy, moderation, lost:
Behold him sally on the humming Host,
And murderous overturn the Tribes of Gnat;
Nimbly from right to left, like Tippoo, wheel,
And snap ten thousand prisoners at a meal!

ODE IX.

How pleasant 'tis, the Courtier Clan to see;
So prompt to drop to Majesty the knee;
To start, to run, to leap, to fly,
And gambol in the Royal eye!
And, if expectant of some high employ,
How kicks the heart against the ribs, for joy!
How rich the incense to the Royal nose!
How liquidly the Oil of Flattery flows!

But should the Monarch turn from *sweet* to *sour*,
Which cometh oft to pass in half an hour,
How alter'd instantly the Courtier Clan!
How faint, how pale, how woe-begone, and wan!

Thus Corydon, betroth'd to Delia's charms,
In fancy holds her ever in his arms:
In maddening fancy, cheeks, eyes, lips devours;
Plays with the ringlets that all flaxen flow
In rich luxuriance o'er a Breast of Snow,
And on that breast the soul of rapture pours.

Night too entrances. Slumber brings the dream;
Gives to his lips his Idol's sweetest kiss;
Bids the wild heart, high-panting, swell its stream,
And deluge every nerve with bliss.—
But if his Nymph unfortunately frowns,
Sad, chapfall'n, lo! he hangs himself, or drowns.

Oh! try with bliss his moments to beguile;
Strive not to make your Sovereign frown, but smile.
Sublime are royal Nods, most precious things:—
Then, to be *whistled to* by Kings!

To have him lean familiar on one's shoulder,
Becoming thus the Royal arm-upholder,
A Heart of very Stone must glad.
Oh! would *some* King so far himself demean,
As on *my* shoulder but for *once* to lean,
Th' excess of joy would nearly make me mad:
How on the *honour'd* Garment I should doat,
And think a Glory blazed around the Coat!

Blest, I should make this Coat my Coat of Arms,
In fancy glittering with a thousand charms;
And show my Children's Children o'er and o'er;
"Here, Babies," I should say, "with awe behold
This Coat, worth fifty times its Weight in Gold:
This *very, very* Coat, your Grandsire wore.

" Here," pointing to the shoulder I should say,
" Here Majesty's *own* hand so sacred lay."
Then perhaps repeat some Speech the King might utter;
As, " Peter, how go Sheep a score? what, what?
What's *cheapest* meat to make a Bullock *fat?*
Hæ, hæ? What, what's the price of country Butter?"

Then should I, strutting, give myself an air,
And deem my House adorn'd with Immortality:
Thus should I make the Children, Calf-like, stare,
And fancy Grandfather a Man of Quality.
And yet, not stopping here, with cheerful note,
The Muse should sing an Ode upon the Coat.—

Poor lost America, high honours *missing*,
Knows *nought* of Smile, and Nod, and sweet Hand-kissing;
Knows *nought* of golden Promises of Kings;
Knows *nought* of Coronets, and Stars, and Strings.

In solitude the lovely Rebel sighs,
But *vainly* drops the *penitential* tear;
Deaf as the Adder to the Woman's cries,
We suffer not her wail to wound our ear:
For food, we bid her hopeless children prowl:
And with the Savage of the Desert howl.

ODE X.

" MAN may be happy, if he will :"
I've said it often, and I think so still :
Doctrine to make the Million stare.
Know then, each Mortal is an actual Jove :
Can brew what weather he shall most approve ;
Or wind or calm, or foul or fair.

But here's the mischief: Man's an ass, I say ;
Too fond of thunder, lightning, storm, and rain ;
He hides the charming, cheerful ray
That spreads a smile o'er hill and plain.
Dark, he must court the scull, and spade, and shroud :
The Mistress of his Soul must be a Cloud.

Who told him that he must be cursed on earth?
The God of Nature?—No such thing.
Heaven whisper'd him, the moment of his birth,
" Don't cry, my lad, but dance and sing ;
Don't be *too wise*, and be *an ape :*
In Colours let thy soul be dress'd, not Crape.

" Roses shall smooth life's journey, and adorn:
Yet, mind me; if, through want of grace,
Thou mean'st to fling the blessing in my face,
Thou hast full *leave* to tread upon a Thorn."—

Yet some there are, of men I think the worst,
Poor imps! unhappy if they can't be curst,
For ever brooding over Misery's eggs;
As though life's Pleasure were a deadly Sin;
Mousing for ever for a gin
To catch their Happinesses by the legs.

Even at a Dinner, some will be unbless'd;
However good the viands, and well dress'd:
They always come to table with a scowl;
Squint with a Face of Verjuice o'er each Dish,
Fault the poor Flesh, and quarrel with the Fish,
Curse Cook and Wife, and loathing eat and growl.
A Cart-load, lo! their stomachs steal,
Yet swear they cannot make a Meal.

I like not the blue-devil hunting crew;
I hate to drop the discontented jaw:
Oh let me Nature's simple smile pursue,
And pick even Pleasure from a Straw!

ODE XI.

TREAT Sovereigns, Sirs, with more respect, I beg:
To Thrones, with due decorum *make a leg;*
Even *those* are sacred, though but empty Chairs:
There lurks in Thrones a *something*, though but wood,
That thrills with awe the vulgar mass of blood,
And fills the mouth and eye with gapes and stares.

Wishing by no means to affront,
I wonder what's the meaning on't.

Louis Quatorze was quite the Frenchman's God;
Who made all Nations tremble at his nod;
Married Scarron's old Widow, dry and frowsy;
Got deep in debt, the constable out-ran;
And, to complete the farce, this God-like man
Died—*lousy**.

The Crown, so powerful, made him every thing:
There's somewhat marvellous in it, I must own.
Lo! folly is *not* folly on a Throne;
For Whiting's Eyes are Diamonds in a King.

* He actually had the *morbus pediculosus*.

I dare not say that *no exception* springs
Against this mighty magic power of Kings.
Not all a Monarch's smiles, and powers of place,
Can wipe Vulgarity from Brudenell's Face;
Nor, though a whole eternity they try,
Blot Art, infernal Art, from Hawkesbury's eye;
Blot *beast* from Salisbury, who no legend needs,
Pertness from Dick, and Vacancy from Leeds.

ODE XII.

Lo! Majesty admireth yon fair Dome*;
And deemeth that he is admired again.
The King is wedded to it; 'tis his home:
He watches it; and *loves* it, even to pain.
And yet this lofty Dome is heard to say,
"Poh, poh! pox take your love; away, away!"

To this, with energy I answer, "Shame!"
Such bad behaviour puts me in a flame:
This is unseemly, nay, ungrateful carriage;
And brings to mind a little Ode to Marriage.

* The Royal Academy.

ODE TO HYMEN;

OR,

THE HECTIC.

God of ten million charming things;
Of whom our Milton so divinely sings,
  Once dove-tail'd to a Devil of a Wife!
Hymen, how comes it that I am so slighted?
Why with thy mysteries am I not delighted,
  Which I have tried to peep on half my life?

God of the down-clad chains, dispel the mist:
Oh put me speedily upon thy list!
A Civil List, like that of Kings, I'm told,
Bringing in swelling bags of glorious gold.

What have I done, to lose thy good opinion?
  Against thee was I ever known to rail;
And say (abusing thus thy sweet dominion),
  "Curse me if this boy's Trap shall catch my Tail?"
No, no: I praise thy Knot with bellowing breath;
Which, like Jack Ketch's, seldom *slips* till death.

Lo! 'midst the hollow-sounding vault of night,
Deep-coughing by the taper's lonely light,
The hopeless Hectic rolls his eye-balls, sighing:
" Sleep on," he cries, and drops the tenderest tear;
Then kisses his Wife's Cherub-cheek so dear:
" Blest be thy slumbers, Love, though I am dying:

" Ah! while *thou* sleepest with the sweetest breath,
I pump, for Life, the putrid well of Death;
I feel of Fate's hard hand th' oppressive pow'r;
I count the iron tongue of every hour,
That seems in Fancy's startled ear to say,
' Soon must thou wander from thy Wife away.'

" Dread sound! too solemn for the soul to bear,
Murmuring deep melancholy on my ear:
And sullen, lingering; as if loth to part,
And ease the terrors of my fainting heart.
Yet, though *I* pant for life, sleep *thou*, my Dove;
For well thy Constancy deserves my Love."—

And, lo! all young and beauteous, by his side,
His soft, fresh-blooming, incense-breathing Bride,
Whose cheek the dream of rapturous *kisses* warms,
Anticipates her Spouse's wish so good;
Feels Love's wild ardours tingling through her blood,
And pants amidst a *second* Husband's arms:

Now opes her eyes, and, turning round her head,
" *Wonders* the *filthy fellow* is not *dead!*"

ODE XIII.

You quarrell'd with Sir Joshua some time since,
Of Painters easily allowed the Prince;
The Emperor, let me say without a flattery:
Yet wantonly against this Emperor, lo!
An overflowing tub of bile to show,
You foolish planted an infernal battery.

The Mind of Man is vastly like a Hive;
His thoughts so busy ever, all alive.
But here the simile will go no further:
For Bees are making *honey* one and all;
Man's Thoughts are busy in producing *gall*,
Committing, as it were, self-murther.

But let the Spirit that surrounds *my* frame
Sit easy on it, just like an old Shoe:
When Disappointment sets my house in flame,
Let Reason all she can to quench it do.
Reason has engines plentiful and stout,
With water at command, to put it out.

I hate to hear men quarrelling through life,
Themselves the fabricators of the strife;
For ever hunting, with a Hound-like nose,
That Hornet's Nest, the tribe of Woes:
And when the Woes *invited* greet 'em,
They *wonder* how the devil they meet 'em.

ODE XIV.

Ah! could you wish your President to change*?
Ah! could you, Pagans, after false Gods range?
Swop *solid* Reynolds for that *shadow* West?
In Love-affairs, Variety's no sin:
Travellers may change at any time their Inn:
Here 'tis Paint-blasphemy, I do protest.

In Love's warm regions I should like, I own,
'Midst *different* climes to fix my throne:
David's physicians order'd Change of Dame†.
And, lo! t' improve our Cows, we bid 'em pass
Into *variety* of Grass:
With *Bulls*, I guess, th' advantage is the same.

* The Author has *some* reason to imagine that a part of the Academic Rebellion was meant to attack the President; the disappearance of whose Works in the present Exhibition, has been fatal. One Picture from Sir Joshua's hand would have atoned for a host of Daubs.

† Abishag, the fair Shunammite.

And as I *Monsieur Cupidon* employ,
To manufacture Pieces of my joy,
I would not mad run counter to the fashion.
A little Sylvia, with the sweetest smile,
Possesses power some moments to beguile,
And in Elysium lap the prettiest passion:—

But not *toujours perdrix*, the vulgar thing!
Then, Pleasure soon would spread her wanton wing:
No, no: Variety the game must start;
Come oft, and make her curtsey to my heart;
And, like the Orange-girls, my taste to suit,
Cry, "Choice of fruit; fine fruit, Sir; choice of fruit."

Dull Constancy is quite a Quaker's Hat;
So formal, changeless, in its great broad brim:
Variety's a fine young playful Cat;
A hopeful imp of spirit, sport, and whim;
Who, when all other objects fail,
Runs after its own tail.

ODE XV.

DEAD is Idolatry, and faint the praise
That Sceptred People meet with now-a-days:
All unmolested, lo! the Virtues sleep.
Their roof with fair applause but rarely rings:
Sweet Panegyric moves with Snail-like Creep,
But Defamation on the Lightning's Wings.

Too pleased to pluck the soaring plume of Pow'r,
You bless an opposition-hour:
Too fond, alas! of roasting *harmless* Kings.
Too well I know what freedoms you would take:
Beat the *dear* Creatures just like Bears at stake;
Just like a poor tame Gull's, would clip their wings:

Poor Bird, whom fate oft cruelly assails!
Forced from his bold aërial height,
Sweeping the Sun amidst his flight,
To hop a Garden, and hunt Snails.

Such is the fate of *Louis Seize*,
Whom Pity with a sigh surveys;

Whom Frenchmen daringly have laid a curb on:
Who now no more *full royally* indites;
No more "*Sic volo*" to his Kingdom writes,
But, "I'm your humble servant, Louis Bourbon."

Lettres-de-cachet, now no longer known,
Shall *lull* no more an Empire's *idle* groan;
Bastilles, those schools of *peace* and *sweet morality*,
Instruct no more the Mob, and Men of Quality.

Bastilles, the haunt of philosophic gloom,
Surround the *imps* of Liberty no more:
In dust each iron and colossal door,
Which closed in thunder on a *rebel's* room;
That, pealing with reverberated sound,
Rung through the caverns of the dread profound;
Where Meditation ponder'd, pensive maid;
And Horror, Death-like, paused upon the shade.

Oh let us cherish then the Royal race,
The *fount* of *honour*, *freedom*, *pension*, *place!*—
On *me* would Kings their treasure *fling away*,
Most humbly grateful would I say,
"Thus Libya's Forests a kind shade supply,
And for the meanest Savage form a den;
And thus the Mountains that invade the sky,
Kind in their shaggy bosoms warm the Wren."

ODE XVI.

Amid the deepening gloom of time
Your puny Names shall scarce appear;
While those of Kings, in characters sublime,
Shall blazing bid a World revere:
Their peerless acts, with *every* virtuous quality,
Shall grace the Pyramid of Immortality.

There shall their glorious Names be seen so bright:
As on a Birth or Coronation Night,
Amidst the evening's honour'd shade,
Fast by the Grocer's or the Chandler's shop,
Or Lace or Pinman, or the Man of Mop,
By loyal Thumb-bottles display'd;
That, burning with a rival glow,
Beam on the gaping Multitude below.

Know, when we slumber, not so sleeps the King.
He watches; yes, he ponders through the night:
To buried Genius lends a *fancied* wing,
And lifts him from his darkness into light.

Thus nightly on the Mevagizzy* shore,
When Horror breathes upon the heaving deep,
Amid the wild and solemn roar,
These eyes have seen the crafty Heron creep;
Now dart his beak so sharp for Fish's blood,
And snatch a wriggling Conger from the flood.

Here *differeth* this comparison of ours:
The King *preserveth*, but the Fowl *devours*.

ODE XVII.

Go, Sirs, with Halters round your wretched necks,
Which some Contrition for your crime bespeaks,
And much-offended Majesty implore.
Say, piteous, kneeling in the Royal view:
" Have pity on a sad abandon'd crew;
And we, great King, will sin no more:
Forgive, dread Sir, the crying sin,
And Mister Laurence shall come in."

Your hemp cravats, your prayer, your Tyburn mien,
May pardon gain from our good King and Queen,

* A fishing-town in Cornwall.

For they are not inexorable people;
Although you thus have run their patience hard;
And though you are, to such great folk compar'd,
Candle-extinguishers to some high Steeple.

For Kings (I speak it to their vast applause)
Can *pardon*, if you let them *gain* their cause:
So gracious, they will give you such *kind* looks
As fell upon the *shaved* and *humble* Cooks;
Kind as a Gardener's *charitable* eye
On some *crush'd* Snail, or *bird-limed* Fly;
Kind as the Epicure's, who, fond of Mites,
Mingleth *compassion* with his *bites*.

How vile, to make the front of Monarchs lour!
I see him, all like Vinegar so sour,
Look black; but still Good-humour's in his soul:
And now I mark it, stealing forth so sweet;
Stream of forgiveness, what a treat!
I see his eye, with love re-kindling, roll.

Thus, when the Demon of the Storm has driven
The Sun, that youth of splendour, from his heaven,
Drown'd every vale, and blasted every bloom;
Cast o'er poor Nature's smile a sable shroud,
Each beauty blotted with his inkiest cloud,
And given a cheerful World to gloom:

Lo! through the giant shade, a lonely Ray
Peeps from the opening west with timid air
(Till forced by shouldering clouds away),
Informing man, "To-morrow will be fair."

Oh, had you reverenced a great King's commands,
What *trouble* he had taken off your hands!
For Art you had not ranged the Realm around:
His keener eye the precious Gem had *found.*
Then what an *honour*, to have seen appointed
Your very Nightman by the Lord's Anointed!

ODE XVIII.

A LITTLE more, and I have done:
The Muse's tittle-tattle must go on.

The World is very fond of calling "Fool:"
It looks with rapture on a simple head;
Of puerilities the rich hot-bed,
So pleasing to the taste of Ridicule:
Rare crops; that, thickening into life,
Start, like Asparagus, to tempt the knife.

And, should the head belong to some great Duke,
Hawk Satire eyes it with the keenest look:

Still, should the owner hap to be a King,
Sharp for her quarry, how she prunes her wing!
Such is the proneness to assail *great* folk,
And make High Birth and State a standing Joke.

Oh for an ointment to destroy the scab
Call'd Envy! which, alas, too many know.
The Heart should be a Medlar, not a Crab;
Milk, and not Verjuice, from its fount should flow:
But Greatness, Sun-like, from the muddy stream
Draws the foul Vapour that obscures its beam.

Indeed the People are a lawless crew:
Why strive I then, Quixotic, to reform?
As soon a Feather may the Waves subdue,
And Spiders bind the pinions of the Storm.

Yet 'tis not strange that Kings should lose repute,
Considering Man's so great a Brute.—
Even Saints themselves have lost their reputation:
Rome formerly had thirty thousand gods;
And now, I warrant ye, 'tis odds
They own *scarce one* through all the Romish Nation.

Alas! who now believes in sticks and stones,
Old rags, and hair, and marrow-bones?

Saint Agnes, that sweet Lady void of sin,
Was stripp'd, poor Gentlewoman! to her skin;
And, for Religion, carried to the Stews:
When, as the Lady was so bare,
God gave her such a quantity of Hair
As reach'd unto her very Shoes.

When to the Bawdy-house arrived the Dame,
An Angel from above commission'd came,
And spread around her such a heavenly light
As dazzled every body's sight.

However, a young Officer*, a buck,
Wishing prodigiously to *have a look*,
Dash'd forth, to pierce the middle of the light,
Meaning to *violate* the Dame so good;
Which meaning when the Devil understood,
He *choak'd* the wanton rogue outright.

Such is the tale, true every crumb;
Now no more heeded than Tom Thumb.

* The son of a Prefect.

TO MR. PITT.

Dear as a Diamond to the Best of Queens;
Dear as, to Cormorants, of Fish a shoal;
Dear, to a German Hog as beds of Beans;
Dear as a Sixpence saved, to Misery's soul;—

Dear as the Doctors' Bill to this good Nation,
Which Parliament with tears of *joy* survey'd;
Which brought about a much-desired salvation,
For which the Doctors have been *poorly paid*;—

Dear as the Royal Message to the Nation,
By which *more money* humbly is implor'd;
" More Money for the Children's Education;
Hard times! more money for the Children's Board*;"

Dear as to *valiant* Gloucester Sword and Gun;
Dear, as a Dock-leaf to a hungry Ass;
Dear, to the famed George Selwyn as a Pun;
Dear as, to Legs of Mutton, Caper-sauce;—

* What a niggardly set of Representatives we send to Parliament! To suffer his Majesty so *frequently* to be begging for a *little* Money, is shameful in the extreme. In God's name, let him have the Treasury *at once*. *Had he* been worth ten or eleven Millions, an economy *would have been* pardonable.

Dear as the voice of Flattery to the Proud;
Dear as to Hackney-coachmen signs of Rain,
Who count their *shillings* in a coming *cloud*,
And, *pious*, pray for *Noah's flood* again:—

So dear to Monarchs is that idol Pow'r;
So dear is prompt Obedience to a King.
Far, of Resistance be the trying hour!
God bless us, what a melancholy thing!

Yet opposition-fraught to Royal wishes,
Quite counter to a gracious King's commands,
Behold! th' Academicians, those strange Fishes,
For Wheatley* lifted their unhallowed hands.

. . . . . .

So then! those fellows have not learnt to crawl,
To play the Spaniel, lick the foot, and fawn?
Oh, be their bones by tigers broken all!
Pleased, by wild horses could I see them drawn.—

O Pitt! with thee I'm sorry, very sorry:
Not make a poor Associate—such a *thing!*
Who tried to tarnish thus the Royal glory?
What Rebel balloted against his King?

* The Rival Candidate of Mr. Laurence.

Then, Sir, he is so *bountiful* a man!
A Cataract of Charity, I'll say.
Inform me any body, if you can,
Unmark'd by liberality a day.

Where'er he walks, where'er his wild career,
Through Cheltenham, Weymouth, Exon, Plymouth, lo,
With joy his staring Subjects all, so dear,
See from each step a Stream of Glory flow.

Thus, when that pretty animal an Ass,
At night, on pavement gallops like the Wind;
Fire kindling at his heels, behold him pass!
How bright the Sparkles that hop out behind!

Nurs'd on the Dunghill of the Smiles of Kings,
What Mushrooms daily, to surprise us, start!
So nimbly the fair vegetable springs:
Such warmth prolific can a smile impart.

Such is of Royalty the envied power.
Then perish every Academic plant!
Oh, may they feel nor sun, nor fostering shower!
Blow round them, O ye cold, cold Winds of Want!

What Nabob Structures rise, with wings outspread,
Whose owners' necks well merit to be lopp'd!
With what sublimity they lift the head,
By Death and Ruin's Atlas-shoulders propp'd!

But such thy Master's purity of soul,
His eyes upon the Sword of Justice feast:
"Curse on the Pearl," he cries, "by rapine stole!
Curse on the Diamonds of the bleeding East!

"Curse on the villains that whole realms despoil!
Curse on the cruel hand" we hear him cry
"That steals the fruit of Labour's honest toil,
And draws the tear of blood from Pity's eye!"

O Pitt! what punishment shall we contrive,
To suit this saucy self-important crew?
How shall we smoke this Academic Hive,
That stinging makes us look so very *blue?*

Oh, bid our Monarch draw his purse-strings tight;
Contract his *open* Heart, of Giant stature;
Use every species of little spite,
And violate *for once* his noble nature.

Oh, bid our Sovereign take it not to heart;
For downright Brutes are Britons, nine in ten:
At curbs and whips behold us Asses start,
And insolently claim the Rights of Men!

And yet, I *moderation* wish to Kings:
Yes, yes; they should be *merciful*, though strong.
As Sceptres have been found in France with *wings*,
One would not lose an Empire for a *Song*.

ODES TO MR. PAINE,

AUTHOR OF "RIGHTS OF MAN;"

ON THE INTENDED CELEBRATION OF THE DOWNFALL OF THE FRENCH EMPIRE,

BY A SET OF BRITISH DEMOCRATS,

ON THE 14TH OF JULY.

AUDE aliquid brevibus Gyaris, vel Carcere dignum,
Si vis esse Aliquis. JUVENAL.

ODES TO MR. PAINE.

ODE I.

O Paine! thy vast endeavour I admire.
How brave the hope, to set a Realm on fire!
Ambition smiling praised thy giant wish.
Compared to *thee*, the man, to gain a name,
Who to Diana's temple put the flame,
A simple Minnow to the Prince of Fish.

Say, didst thou fear that Britain was *too blest*,
Of Peace thou most delicious Pest?
How shameful that this Pin's Head of an Isle,
While half the Globe's in grief, should wear a smile!
How dares the Wren amidst his hedges sing,
While Eagles droop the beak, and flag the wing?

Oh! must the scythe of Desolation sleep;
So keen for carnage, stay its mighty sweep?
And Havoc on his Hunter drop his lash;
Spurr'd, arm'd, and ripe to storm with groans the Sky,
To chase an Empire, and enjoy the cry,
The cry of Millions?—what a glorious crash!

What pity thy combustibles were bad!
How Death had grinn'd delight, and Hell been glad,
To see our liberties o'erturning;
And War, whose expectation tip-toe stood,
Ready for hills of slain, and seas of blood,
Who drops his Death's-head Flag, and puts on mourning!

Why, Cur-like, didst thou sneak away, nay fly?
Dread'st thou of anger'd Justice the sharp eye?
Return, and bring Mesdames Poissardes along;
And lo, with Friendship's squeeze and fire to meet em,
And oaths of every hue to greet 'em,
The Sisterhood of Billingsgate shall throng.

The jails may open all their dreary cells,
Where Horror brooding on damnation dwells,
And vomit forth their grisly bands;
Surrounded by this squalid host,
Paine shall their leader be, and boast:
Paine, Gordon, and Rebellion, shall shake hands.

Importance, in a nut-shell hide thy head!
I deem'd myself a Dare-devil in Rhyme;
To *whisper* to a King of modern time,
And try to strike a Royal *foible* dead:
While dauntless *thou* of treason makest no bones,
But strikest at *Kings themselves* upon their Thrones.

ODE II.

HELL hears our prayer: all is not lost.
Behold a chosen few, a host,
Stand forth the champions of the glorious cause!
The jails are opening: hark, the iron doors!
Chains clank, the brazen throat of Tumult roars;
And lo, the destin'd Victims of the Laws!
Disgorged, they pour in darkening tribes along,
And mingle with our Democratic throng.

Bedlam unlocks her melancholy cells;
Forth rush the Maniacs grim, with joyful yells;
They tear their blankets, clap their frenzied hands:
They grind their teeth, they dance, they foam, they stare;
They rend with bursts of laughter wild the air;
And join, they know not why, our thickening bands.

Thou Sun, withdraw thy hated day,
To Ethiop Darkness yield thy reign:
And hide in clouds, O Moon, thy ray,
Nor peep upon our spectre scene!
Though faint thy solitary light,
We feel *thy* feeble beam *too bright.*

Ah, Peace, thy triumph now is o'er;
Thy cheek so cheerful smiles no more;
Thine eye with disappointment glooms.
Our Music shall be Nature's cry:
Our ears shall feast on Pity's Sigh:
Lo, haggard Death prepares his tombs!

Hot with the fascinating grape, we reel;
The full proud spirit of Rebellion feel.—
Son of Sedition, daring Paine,
While speech endues thy treason-tongue,
Bid the roof ring with damned Song,
And Erebus shall echo back the Strain.

SONG BY MR. PAINE.

Come, good fellows all; Confusion's the toast,
And success to our excellent cause:
As we've nothing to *lose*, lo, nought can be lost;
So perdition to Monarchs and Laws!

France shows us the way, an example how great!
Then like France let us stir up a riot:
May our names be preserv'd by some damnable feat,
For what but a wretch would lie quiet?

As we all are poor rogues, 'tis most certainly right,
At the doors of the rich ones to thunder;
Like the Thieves who set fire to a dwelling by night,
And come in for a share of the plunder.

Whoever for mischief invents the best plan,
Best murders, sets fire, and knocks down,
The Thanks of our Club shall be given to that man,
And *hemlock* shall form him a Crown.

Our Empire has tower'd with a lustre too long:
Then blot out this wonderful Sun;
Let us arm then at once, and, in confidence strong,
Complete what dark Gordon begun.

But grant a defeat; we are hang'd, and that's all:
A punishment light as a feather.
Yet we triumph in death; as we Catilines fall,
And go to the Devil together.

THE REMONSTRANCE;

TO WHICH IS ADDED

AN ODE TO MY ASS;

ALSO

THE MAGPIE AND ROBIN, A TALE;

AN APOLOGY FOR KINGS;

AND

AN ADDRESS TO MY PAMPHLET.

Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus, &c. HOR.

THE Man of dove-like Innocence a sample,
So sweet, so mild,—*myself* now, for example,—
Disdains of Gossip Fame the tittle-tattle:
He begs no News-paper to fight his battle:
Unmoved, with equal eye on all he looks;
The Lord's Anointed, and his lousy Cooks.

I DEEM'D rude Clamour, in my days of youth,
The solemn voice of all-commanding Truth;
But now, no more creating awe and wonder:
Old empty Hogsheads, rumbling in a Cart,
That make some people gape, and stare, and start,
As well may tell me, "We're the noble Thunder."

P. PINDAR.

THE

REMONSTRANCE.

ODE.

WIDE gapes the thoughtless mouth of moon-eyed wonder,
While "gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuss, and thunder,"
With Calumny's dark Hounds, the Bard pursue.—
" Bring on his marrow-bones th' Apostate down,
The Turncoat is a Flatterer of the Crown;
Burn all his Verses, burn the Author too."

Such is the sound of Millions; such the roar
Of Billows booming on the rocky shore.
" How changed his note!" they cry: " now spinning Rhymes,
In compliment to Monarchs of the times,
Who lately felt no mercy from his rancour!
The star-bedizen'd Sycophants of State,
Blue-ribbon'd Knaves, have bribed his pliant hate:
Behold him at Saint James's snug at anchor!"

Thus on my ear, so patient let me say,
They pour their rough rude peals of groundless Clamour;
Battering pell-mell upon my Head away,
Just like on Anvils the smith's Sledge and Hammer.

Howe'er the World in scorn may shake its head,
Nor knave nor fool through me shall current pass;
Too honest yet, I thank my stars, to spread
The Muse's Silver o'er a lump of Brass.

I own the voice of Censure very proper:
Greatly resembling a Tobacco-stopper;
Confining all the seeds of fire so stout,
And quick in growth when left to run about.

But possibly I'm *harden'd:* yes, I fear
Her frequent strokes have form'd a *callous* ear.

There was a time when Peter ghost-like stared
When Censure thunder'd; stared with awe profound:
With sighs, to deprecate her wrath, prepared;
So chill'd with horror at the solemn sound.
But harden'd, soon he gave his ague o'er;
Look'd up, and smiled, and thought of her no more.

Thus when an Earthquake bids Jamaica tremble;
On Sunday all the folks to Church assemble,
To sooth Jehovah, so devoutly studying:
Prostrate they vow to keep his holy laws.
Returning home, they smite their hungry craws,
And scarce indulge them with a slice of pudding:
Deeming, in *earthquake time*, a dainty Board
A sad Abomination to the Lord.

Ere Sunday comes again, their hearts recover;
The tempest of their fears blown over,
Fled every terror of the Burning Lake.
They think they have no business *now* with Church;
So calmly leave th' Almighty in the lurch,
And sin it—till he gives a *second* Shake.—

The Ladies too have join'd the general cry:
What, those Divinities in Peter's eye!
Angels in Petticoats!—It ill behoves 'em.
What! bite the constant Stentor of their praise;
Who robb'd the Muses of their *sweetest* Lays,
To tell the World how much he loves 'em!

The Bard who vouches for their *harmless* souls,
And like another Cicero persuades;
The frenzied eye of admiration rolls,
Ready to kneel and worship 'em! O jades!

Ladies and Gentlemen,
Know that I scorn a prostituted pen:
No Royal rotten wood my Verse veneers.
Oh! yield me for a moment, yield your ears.

Stubborn, and mean, and weak, nay fools indeed,
Though Kings may be, we *must* support the breed.
Yet join I issue with you: yes, 'tis granted,
That through the World such Royal folly rules,
As bids us think Thrones *advertise* for *fools;*
Yet is a King a Utensil much wanted:

A Screw, a Nail, a Bolt, to keep together
The Ship's old leaky Sides in stormy weather;
Which Screw, or Nail, or Bolt, its work performs,
Though downright ignorant of Ships and Storms.

I knuckle not: I owe not to the Great
A thimble-full of obligation;
Nor luscious Wife have I, their lips to treat,
To *lift* me to Preferment's sunny station;

Like many a *gentleman* whom Love promotes,
Whose lofty Front the Ray of Gold adorns;
Resembling certain most *ingenious* Goats,
That *climb up* precipices by their *horns.*

I'm not obliged (believe my honest word)
To kiss—what shall I call't?—of any Lord:
Not pepper-corn acknowledgment I owe 'em;
Nay, like the God of Truth, I scarcely know 'em.

By me unpraised are Dukes and Earls;
At such most commonly my Satire snarls:
My pride like *theirs*, the high-nosed elves,
Who love what's *equal* only to *themselves*.

As for Court Virtues, wheresoe'er they lie,
I leave them all to Mister Laureat Pye,
The fashionable Bard whom Courts revere;
Who trotteth, with a grave and goodly pace,
Deep-laden with his Sovereign, twice a year,
Around Parnassus's old famous base:
Not only *proving* his great King *alive*,
But that like Docks the Royal Virtues *thrive*.

But I'm not qualified to be a Hack;
Too proud to carry lumber on my back.
Too dainty is my Lady Muse, I hope,
Into a Coal-shed to convert her Shop;
Her shop indeed a very handsome room,
Fill'd with rich spices and Parnassian bloom.

Court Poets must *create*, on *trifles* rant,
Make *something* out of *nothing*: Lord, I can't!
Bards must bid Virtues crowd on Kings in *swarms*,
  However from such company *remote*;
Just as *good-natured* Heralds make up *arms*
  For Nabob-robbers born without a *coat*.

I'm a poor botching Taylor for a Court,
  Low-bred on *liver* and what Clowns call *mugget**:
Besides, what greatly too my gains would hurt,
  I cannot sew Gold Lace upon a Drugget.

Say not I'm *turn'd* towards the sceptred Great.
Talk not of Kings; I deem one half a Cheat:
  Felt is their weakness; Husks, mere Husks of men.
Yes, they *create* Nobility, I know it;
The veriest idiot of them all can do it,
  And on the Falcon's perch can place the Wren.

But can a King command th' ethereal Flame
That clothes with Immortality a name?
  Oh, could the race *that* Fire ethereal catch!—
But no such privilege to Kings is given:
So very *low* their interest lies in Heaven,
  They can't command *enough* to light a *match*.

* Part of the entrails of certain cattle.

No, Sirs, and therefore pray be civil;
I've not yet bargain'd with the Devil.

Yet grant me sold; I've *precedents* a store:
Besides, we Poets are confounded poor;
And, ah, how hard to starve, to please Morality!
For Hunger, though a favourite of old Saints,
Whose pinching virtue pious History paints,
Is reckon'd now a fellow of bad quality:
Not deem'd a *gentleman;* can't show his face,
Even where Saint Peter's Children* give the grace.

A rosy Sinner, Luxury yclept,
Long in his place hath eat, and drunk, and slept.

Yes, as I've said, we Bards are mostly poor,
Can scarcely drive gaunt Famine from the door:
That Helicon's a *hellish* stream, God knows;
Ah me! most rarely it *Pactolian* flows.
Though sharp as Hawks, and hungry too, and thick,
Few are the *golden* grains that Poets pick;
And yet, each new Adventurer of the Nine
Deems all Parnassus one mere Golden Mine.—

All this by way of wild Digression:
And now for my Political Confession.

* Archbishops, Bishops, &c.

Again, ye Crown-and-Anchor Sinners,
I reprobate your Revolution Dinners.
Nature at times makes wretched wares,
Among the smiling Corn like Tares:
  Men with such miserable souls,
Nought pleases, from the moment of their birth;
With horror for a while they blot the Earth,
  Then Crab-like crawl into their Burying-holes.

How like a dreary dull December Day,
  That shows his muddy discontented head,
Lours on the World awhile, then moves away
  In gloom and sullenness to bed!

Have not our Revolution Host a few
Of souls of this same Ethiop hue?

Permit me, Sirs, to tell you, ye are mad;
Your case, although not mortal, yet quite bad:
  An ugly Inflammation of the Brain.
Although a dull Physician, I could find
Something to calm the hurry of the mind,
  And bring you back to common sense again.
The Stocks would do it, Gentlemen, or Jails:
A *heavy* nostrum, yet it rarely fails.

Lo, Drunkenness, a blustering, bullying blade,
The cock'd hat covering half one eye so brave;
As though dread Valour were his Meat, his trade,
Nature a Driveller, and the World his Slave!
He rants, roars, prays, howls, swears; on boldly goes,
To seize Sun, Moon, and Planets, by the nose;

When lo, Night's long-staff'd Guardian to him steals,
Squints with one eye on him, and then the other:
To pillow well his head, trips up his heels;
And lays him on old Earth, our common Mother:—

Thence at the Round-house, in about an hour,
Renews his poor debilitated power
Of comprehending, feeling, hearing, seeing;
Yet is this Watchman too a *heavy* being.——

Keel up lies France: long may she keep that posture!
Her knavery, folly, on the rocks have toss'd her;
Behold the thousands that surround the wreck!
Her cables parted, rudder gone,
Split all her sails, her main-mast down,
Choak'd all her pumps, broke in her deck;
Sport for the winds, the billows o'er her roll.—
Now am I glad of it with all my soul.

France lifts the busy Sword of Blood no more;
Lost to its giant grasp the wither'd hand:
Oh say, what Kingdom can *her* fate deplore,
The dark Disturber of each happy Land,

To Britain an insidious damn'd Iago?—
Remember, Englishmen, old Cato's cry,
And keep that patriot model in your eye;
His constant cry, "*Delenda est Carthago.*"

France is *our* Carthage; that sworn foe to truth,
Whose perfidy deserves th' eternal chain:
And now she's down, our British Bucks forsooth
Would lift the stabbing Strumpet up again.

Love I the French? By Heavens, 'tis no such matter:
Who loves a Frenchman, wars with simple nature.
What Frenchman loves a Briton? None.
Yet by the hand this enemy we take:
Yes; blundering Britons bosom up the Snake,
And feel themselves, too late indeed, undone.

The converse chaste of day, and eke of night;
The kiss-clad moments of supreme delight,
To Love's pure passion only due;

The Seraph smile that soft-eyed Friendship wears,
And Sorrow's balm of sympathizing tears;
Those iron fellows never knew.

For this I hate them. Art, all varnish'd art!
This doth experience every moment prove:
And hollow must to all things be the heart,
That foe to beauty, which deceives in love.

Hear me, Dame Nature, on those Men of Cork:
Blush at a Frenchman's Heart, thy handiwork;
A Dunghill that luxuriant feeds
The gaudy and the rankest weeds:
Deception, Grub-like, taints its very core,
Like Flies in Carrion. Prythee, make no more.

Not but a neighbouring Nation to the French
Have morals that emit a stronger stench,
That Christian noses scarcely can withstand:
The Heart a Dungeon, hollow, dark, and foul;
The dwelling of the toad, snake, bat, and owl,
Demons, and all the grimly spectre band.

Mad fools! And can we deem the French *profound*,
And pleased their infant politics embrace,
Who drag a noble Pyramid to ground,
Without one Pebble to supply its place?

Yet they are followed, praised, admired, adored.
Be with such praise these ears no longer bored!
This moment could I prove it to the Nation all,
That verily a Frenchman is not rational.

Yes, Frenchmen, this is my unvarying creed,
You are not rational indeed;
So low have fond conceit and folly sunk ye,
Only a larger kind of Monkey.

" What art thou writing now," the World exclaims,
" Thou Man of Brass?"—
Good World, no names, no names: I beg, no names.
Writing?—an Ode to my old favourite Ass.

Not making Royal *varnish;* no:
My Ass's *virtues* bid my numbers flow:
Peter his name, my Namesake, a good beast;
A servant to my family some years.—
To me is Gratitude a Turtle-feast;
It is a virtue that my soul reveres:
And *therefore* I've been fabricating Metre
All in the praise of honest Peter.

ODE TO MY ASS, PETER.

O THOU, my solemn friend, of man despised;
But not by *me* despised, respected long!
To prove how much thy qualities are prized,
Accept, old Fellow-traveller, a Song.

My great great Ancestor, of Lyric fame
Immortal, threw a glory round the *Horse;*
Then, as I light my Candle at his Flame,
That candle shall illumine *thee* of course.

For why not thou, in Works and Virtues rich,
In Fame's fair temple also boast a niche?
How many a Genius, 'midst a vulgar pack,
Oblivion stuffs into her sooty sack:
Calmly as Jew Old-clothes Men, in their bags,
Mix some great man's Laced Coat with dirty Rags;
Or Satin Petticoat of some sweet Maid,
That o'er her *beauties* cast an *envious* shade!

And what's the reason?—Reason too apparent:
Ah! "*quia Vate sacro carent;*"

As Horace says, that Bard divine,
Whose wits so *fortunately* jump with mine.

Ah, Peter, I remember, oft, when tired
And most unpleasantly at times bemired,
Bold hast thou said, "I'll budge not one inch further;
And now, young Master, you may kick or murther."
Then have I cudgell'd thee; a fruitless matter:
For 'twas in vain to kick, or flog, or chatter.

Though, Balaam-like, I curs'd thee with a smack;
Sturdy thou dropp'dst thine ears upon thy back:
And trotting retrograde, with wriggling tail,
In vain did I thy running rump assail;
For lo, between thy legs thou put'st thine head,
And gavest me a Puddle for a Bed.

Now this was fair; the action bore no guile:
Thou duck'dst me not, like Judas, with a smile.
Oh were the manners of *some* Monarchs *such*,
Who smile even in the close insidious hour
That kicks th' unguarded Minion from his pow'r!—
But this is asking perhaps of Kings *too much*.

O Peter! *little* didst thou *think*, I ween,
When I a School-boy on thy back was seen,

Riding thee oft, in attitude uncouth;
For Bridle, an old Garter in thy mouth;
Jogging and whistling wild o'er hill and dale,
On sloes, or nuts, or strawberries, to regale:

I say, O Peter! *little* didst thou *think*,
That *I*, thy Namesake, in immortal ink
Should dip my pen, and rise a *wondrous Bard;*
And gain such Praise, Sublimity's reward:—

But not the Laurel, honour much *too high;*
Given by the King of Isles to Mister Pye;
Who sings his Sovereign's Virtues twice a year,
And therefore cannot "chronicle Small Beer."

Yet, simple as Montaigne, I'll tell thee true;
There are, who on my Verses look *askew*,
And call my Lyric Lucubrations *stuff:*
But I'm a *modest*, not *unconnyinge* elf,
Or I could say *such things* about *myself*—
But God forbid that I should puff!

Yet natural are *selfish* Predilections:
Like Snakes, they writhe about the heart's affections,

And sometimes too infuse a poisonous spirit;
Producing, as by naturalists I'm told,
Torpid insensibility, so cold
To every Brother's rising merit.

Wits to each other just like Loadstones act,
That do not *always* like firm Friends *attract;*
Though of the same rare nature, (strange to tell!)
The little harden'd rogues as oft *repel.*

But lo, of *thee* I'll speak, my long-ear'd friend!—
Great were the Wonders of thy Heels of yore:
Victorious, for laced hats didst thou contend;
And ribbons graced thy ears, a gaudy store.

Buff Breeches too have crown'd a proud proud day;
Not *thou,* but which thy *rider* wore away:
Triumphant strutting through the world he strode,
Great soul! deserving an Olympic Ode.

Thy Bravery often did I much approve;
Raised by that Queen of Passions, Love.
Whene'er in Love's delicious frenzy crost
By long-ear'd Brothers, lo, wert thou a host!

Love did thy Lion Heart with courage steel;
Quicker than that of Vestris moved thy Heel:
Here, there, up, down, in, out, how thou didst smite!
And then, no Alderman could match thy bite!

And is thy race no more revered?
Indeed 'tis greatly to be fear'd!

Yet shalt thou flourish in *immortal* Song,
To *me* if Immortality belong;
For stranger things than *this* have come to pass.
Posterity thine history shall devour;
And read with pleasure *how*, when vernal show'r
In gay profusion raised the dewy grass,
I led thee forth, thine appetite to please,
And mid the verdure saw thee up to knees:—

How, oft I pluck'd the tender blade;
And, happy, *how* thou camest at my command;
And wantoning around, as though afraid,
With poking neck didst pull it from my hand;
Then scamper, kicking, frolicsome, away,
With *such* a fascinating bray!

Where oft I paid thee visits, and where thou
Didst cock with happiness thy kingly ears;
And grin *so* witchingly, I can't tell how,
And dart at me *such* friendly leers;

With *such* a smiling head, and laughing tail:
And when I moved, *how* grieved thou seem'dst to say,
" Dear Master, let your humble Ass prevail;
Pray, Master, do not go away."—
And *how* (for what than friendship can be sweeter?)
I gave thee grass again, O pleasant Peter!

And *how*, when Winter bade the herbage die,
And Nature mourn'd beneath the stormy sky;
When waving trees, surcharged with chilling rain,
Dropp'd seeming tears upon the harass'd plain;
I gave thee a good stable, warm as wool,
With oats to grind, and hay to pull:
Thus, while *abroad* December ruled the day,
How Plenty show'd *within* the blooming May.

And lo, to future times it shall be known,
How, twice a day, to comb and rub thee down,
And be thy Bed-maker at night,
Thy Groom attended, both with hay and oat;
By which thy back could boast a handsome Coat,
And laugh at many a fine Court Lord and Knight,

Whose strutting Coats belong perhaps to the Taylor,
And probably their Bodies to the Jailor.

What though no Dimples thou hast got?
Black sparkling Eyes (the fashion) are thy lot,
And oft a witching Smile and cheerful Laugh:
And then thy *cleanliness*, 'tis strange to utter;
Like Sin thy heels avoid a Pool or Gutter;—
And then the stream so *daintily* dost quaff;
Unlike a Country Alderman, who blows,
And in the mug baptizeth mouth and nose.

What though I've heard some Voices *sweeter?*
Yet exquisite thy Hearing, gentle Peter.
Whether a judge of music, I don't know:
If so,
Thou hast th' *advantage* got of many a score
That enter at the Opera door.

Some people think thy Tones are *rather* coarse;
Even lovesick Tones, address'd to Lady Asses,
Octaves indeed of wondrous force:
And yet thy Voice full *many* a Voice surpasses.

Lord Cardigan, if rightly I divine,
Would very gladly give *his* Voice for *thine:*

And Lady Mount, her Majesty's fine *foil**,
For whom perfumers, barbers, vainly toil,
(Poor Lady! who has quarrell'd with the Graces,)
Would very willingly *change Faces.*

How honour'd *once* wast thou! but ah, no more!—
Thus too, *despised* the Bards *esteem'd* of yore.
How rated once, the tuneful Tribes of Greece;
Deem'd much like Diamonds, thousands worth apiece!

How great was Pindar's glory! On a day,
Entering Apollo's Church to pray,
The Lady of the sacred Fane, or Mistress,
(Or, in more Classic term, the Priestess,)
Address'd him with ineffable delight:
" Great Sir," quoth she, " in Pigs, and Sheep, and Calves,
Master insists upon't that you *go halves:*
To Beef his Godship also gives you right."

Thus did the twain most hearty dinners make,
Pindar and Phœbus eating steak and steak;
When too (Pausanias says), to please the God,
Between each mouthful Pindar sung an Ode.

* Her Majesty is always *happy* to have Lady Mount Edgecumb by her side, as being *one* of the ugliest women in England; in short, his Lordship *in petticoats.*

Thus *half* a Deity was this great Poet.—
Now this was grand in Phœbus, vastly civil.
How changed are things! the present moments show it;
For *Bard* is now synonymous with *Devil.*

Just to three hundred years ago, I speak:
How *simple scholarship* was wont to rule!
A man like Doctor Parr, that *mouth'd* but *Greek,*
Was almost worshipp'd by the sage and Fool;
Deem'd by the World indeed a first-rate star.—
How different *now* the fate of Doctor Parr!

Unknown he walks; his name no infants lisp:
Not only reckon'd *not* a First-rate Star
Is this our Greek man, Doctor Parr,
But, Gods! not equal to a Will-o'-wisp.

Plague on't! how niggardly the trump of Fame,
That wakes not Bellendenus on the shelf!*
The World so still too on the Doctor's name,
The man is really forced to praise *himself.*

* The Preface to Bellendenus was a *coup d'essai* of the Doctor's for a Bishopric: it was the Child of his Dotage. The pap of Party supported it some little time; when, after several struggles to remain among us, it paid the last debt of nature.

" Archbishops, Bishops," so says Doctor Parr,
" By *Alpha*, *Beta*, *merely*, have been made;
Why from the Mitre then am *I* so far,
So long a Dray-horse in this thundering trade?
O Pitt, shame on thee! Art thou *still* to seek
The *soul* of Wisdom in the *sound* of Greek?"——

Peter, suppose we make a bit of Stile,
And rest ourselves a little while?

IN CONTINUATION.

Thus endeth Doctor Parr; and now again,
To Thee, *as good* a subject, flows the strain.

Permit me, Peter, in my Lyric canter,
Just to speak Latin: " *Tempora mutantur.*"

Kings did not scorn to press your backs of yore;
But now, with humbled neck and patient face,
Tied to a thievish Miller's dusty door,
I mark thy fall'n and disregarded race:
To Chimney-sweepers now a common hack;
Now with a brace of Sand-bags on your back.

No gorgeous saddles yours, no ivory cribs;
No silken girts surround your ribs;
No Royal Hands your cheeks with pleasure pat;
Cheeks by a roguish Halter prest:
Your ears and rump, of insolence the jest;
Dragg'd, kick'd, and pummell'd, by a Beggar's Brat.

Thus, as I've said, your Race is much degraded:
And much too is the Poet's Glory faded.

A time there was, when Kings of this fair land,
So meek, would creep to Poets, cap in hand,
Begging, as 'twere for Alms, a grain of Fame,
To sweeten a poor *putrifying* name.—
But past are those rich Hours; ah, hours of yore!
Those Golden Sands of Time shall glide no more.

Yet are we not in *thy discarded* state,
Whate'er may be the *future* will of Fate;
Since, as we find by Pye (what still must pride us),
Kings *twice a year* can condescend to *ride us.*

An After-reflection.

Now, World, thou seest the stuff of which I'm made:
Firm to the honour of the tuneful trade;
Leaving, with high contempt, the Courtier class,
To sing the merits of the humble Ass.

Yet should a *miracle* the Palace mend,
And high-nosed Salisbury to the Virtues send,
Commanding them to come and chat with Kings;
Well pleased *repentant* sinners to support,
So help me Impudence, I'll go to Court!—
Besides, I dearly love to see *strange things*.

PROËMIUM

TO

THE MAGPIE AND ROBIN RED-BREAST.

How varied are our tastes! Dame Nature's plan,
All for *wise* reasons, since the World began.
Yes, yes, the good old Lady acted right:
Had things been *otherwise*, like Wolves and Bears
We all had fall'n together by the ears;
One object had produced an endless fight.

Nettles had strew'd life's path instead of Roses;
And multitudes of mortal faces,
Printed with histories of bloody noses,
Had taken leave of absence of the Graces.

Now, interrupting not each other's line,
You ride *your* hobby-horse, and *I* ride *mine:*
You press the blue-eyed Chloe to your arms,
And *I* the black-eyed Sappho's browner charms.
Thus situated in our different blisses,
We squint not envious on each other's kisses.

Yet are there some exceptions to this rule:
We meet with now and then a stubborn fool,
Dragooning us into *his* predilections;
As though there was no *difference* in affections;
And that it was the Booby's firm belief,
Pork cannot please, because *he* doats on *beef*.

Again: how weak the ways of some, and sad!
One would suppose the Man-creation mad.

Lo, this poor fellow! Folly-drunk he rambles,
And flings himself into Misfortune's Brambles,
In full pursuit of Happiness's treasure;
When, with a little glance of circumspection,
A mustard-grain of sense, a child's reflection,
The fool had cours'd the velvet Lawn of Pleasure.

Idly he braves the Surge, and roaring Gale;
When Reason, if consulted with a smile,
Had towed through Summer Seas his silken sail,
And saved a dangerous and Herculean toil.

Yes, as I've somewhere said above, I find
That "many a man has many a mind."

How I hate Drunkenness, a nasty Pig;
With snuff-stain'd neckcloth, without hat or wig,

Reeling and belching *wisdom* in one's face!
How I hate Bully Uproar from my soul;
Whom nought but whips and prisons can control,
Those necessary implements of grace!

Yet altars rise to Drunkenness and Riot:
How few to mild Sobriety and Quiet!

Thou art my Goddess, Solitude: to thee,
Parent of dove-eyed Peace, I bend the knee.
Oh, with what joy I roam thy calm retreat,
Whence soars the lark amid the radiant hour;
Where many a varied, chaste, and fragrant flow'r
Turns coyly from rogue Zephyr's whisper sweet!
Blest imp, who wantons o'er thy wide domain,
And kisses all the Beauties of the plain:—

Where, happy, mid the all-enlivening ray,
The Insect Nations spend the busy day,
Wing the pure fields of air, and crawl the ground;
Where, idle none, the Jew-like myriads range,
Just like the Hebrews at High Change,
Diffusing hum of Babel-notes around:—

Where Health so wild and gay, with bosom bare,
And rosy cheek, keen eye, and flowing hair,

Trips with a smile the breezy scenes along,
And pours the spirit of content in song.

Thus tastes are various, as I've said before;
These damn most cordially, what *those* adore.

THE
MAGPIE AND ROBIN RED-BREAST:
A TALE.

A MAGPIE, in the spirit of romance,
Much like the famed Reformers now of France,
Flew from the dwelling of an old Poissarde;
Where, sometimes *in* his cage, and sometimes *out*,
He justified the Revolution rout;—
That is, call'd names, and got a Sop for his Reward.

Red-hot with Monarch-roasting coals,
Just like his old fish-thundering Dame,
He left the Queen of Crabs, and Plaice, and Soals,
To kindle in Old England's Realm a flame.

Arrived, at evening's philosophic hour
He rested on a rural antique Tow'r,

Some Baron's Castle in the days of old:
When furious wars, misnomer'd *civil*,
Sent mighty Chiefs to see the Devil,
Leaving behind their Bodies for rich Mould;
That pliable from form to form patroles,
Making *fresh* Houses for *new* Souls.

Perch'd on the wall, he cocks his tail and eye,
And hops like modern Beaus in Country-dances;
Looks devilish knowing, with his head awry,
Squinting with connoisseurship glances.

All on a sudden, Maggot starts and stares,
And wonders, and for somewhat *strange* prepares:
But lo! his wonder did not hold him long;
Soft from a bush below, divinely clear,
A modest warble melted on his ear,
A plaintive, soothing, solitary song:—

A stealing, timid, unpresuming sound,
Afraid dim Nature's deep repose to wound;
That hush'd (a death-like pause) the rude sublime.
This was a novelty to Mag indeed,
Who, pulling up his spindle-shanks with speed,
Dropp'd from his turret, half-devour'd by time,
A la Françoise, upon the spray
Where a lone Red-breast pour'd to Eve his Lay.

Staring the modest Minstrel in the face,
Familiar, and with arch grimace,
He conn'd the dusky Warbler o'er and o'er,
As though he knew him years before;
And thus began, with seeming great civility,
All in the Paris ease of volubility:

" What, Bobby! damme, is it *you*,
That thus your pretty phiz to Music screw,
So far from hamlet, village, town, and city,
To glad old Battlements with dull Psalm-ditty?

" Sdeath! what a *pleasant*, *lively*, *merry* scene!
Plenty of Bats, and Owls, and Ghosts, I ween;
Rare midnight screeches, Bob, between you all!
Why, what's the name on't, Bobby? Dismal Hall?

" Come, to be serious, curse this queer old spot,
And let thy owlish habitation rot:
Join *me*, and soon in riot will we revel.
I'll teach thee how to curse, and call folks names,
And be expert in treason, murder, flames,
And most *divinely* play the devil.

" Yes, thou shalt leave this spectred hole,
And prove thou hast a bit of soul:

Soon shalt thou see old stupid London *dance.*
There will we shine *immortal* Knaves;
Not steal *unknown,* like Cuckoos, to our graves,
But imitate the Geniuses of France."

"Who'd be that monkish cloister'd thing, a Muscle?
Importance only can arise from bustle:
Tornado, thunder, lightning, tumult, strife;
These *charm,* and add a *dignity* to life.
That thou shouldst choose this spot, is monstrous odd:
Poh, poh! thou canst not like this life, by God."—

"Sir!" like one thunder-stricken, staring wide,
"Can you be serious, Sir?" the Robin cried.—
"Serious!" rejoin'd the Magpie, "aye, my boy:
So come; let's play the devil, and enjoy."—

"Flames!" quoth the Robin, "and in riot revel;
Call names, and curse; *divinely* play the devil!
I cannot, for my life, the fun discern."—
"No? Blush then, Bob, and follow me, and *learn.*"—

"Excuse, me, Sir," the modest Hermit cried;
"Hell's not the Hobby-horse I wish to ride."—
"Hell?" laugh'd the Magpie; "Hell no longer dread;
Why, Bob, in France the Devil's lately *dead:*

" Damnation, vulgar to a Frenchman's hearing;
The word is only *kept alive* for swearing.
Against Futurity they all protest;
And God and Heaven are grown a standing Jest.

" Brimstone and Sin are downright out of fashion;
France is *quite alter'd*, now a *thinking* nation:
No more of penitential Tears and Groans!
Philosophy has crack'd Religion's bones.

" As for your Saviour of a wicked World,
Long from his *consequence* has *he* been hurl'd:
They *do* acknowledge *such a man*, d'ye see;
But then, they call him simple *Monsieur Christ*.

" Bob, for thy ignorance, pray blush for shame:
Behold, thy Doctor Priestley *says the same*.

" Well; now thou fully art *convinc'd*: let's go."—
" What cursed doctrine!" quoth the Robin: "no:
I won't go, no: thy speeches make me shudder."—
" *Poor* Robin!" quoth the Magpie, "what a pudder!
Be damn'd then, Bobby;" flying off, he raved.—
" And," quoth the Robin, "Sir, may *you* be *saved!*"

This said, the tuneful Sprite renew'd his Lay;
A sweet and farewell Hymn to parting Day.

In Thomas Paine the Magpie doth appear:
That I'm poor Robin, is *not quite* so *clear*.

POSTSCRIPT.

TO THE CANDID READER.

I REALLY think that this Tale of the Magpie and Robin ought *immediately* to have *followed* the Remonstrance: but as *dis*order, instead of *order*, is the leading feature of my sublime Lyric Brethren of old, I shall take the liberty of sheltering myself under the wing of their *sacred* names. The Fable was written in consequence of a strenuous application of a red-hot Revolutionist to a Poet in the country, pressing him to become a Member of the Order of Confusion.

AN APOLOGY FOR KINGS.

As want of candour really is not right,
I own my Satire too inclined to *bite;*
On Kings behold it *breakfast*, *dine*, and *sup:*
Now shall she *praise*, and try to make it up.

Why will the simple World expect *wise* things
From *lofty* folk, *particularly* Kings?
Look on their poverty of education!
Adored and flatter'd, taught that they are Gods;
And by their awful frowns and nods,
Jove-like, to shake the pillars of Creation.

They scorn that little useful imp call'd Mind,
Who fits them for the circle of mankind:
Pride their Companion, and the World their Hate;
Immured, they doze in ignorance and state.

Sometimes indeed great Kings will *condescend*
A little with their Subjects to *unbend.*
An instance take:—A King of this great land
(In *days of yore*, we understand)

Did visit Salisbury's old Church so fair:
An Earl of Pembroke was the Monarch's guide;
Incog they travell'd, shuffling side by side;
And into the Cathedral stole the Pair.

The Verger met them in his blue silk gown*,
And humbly bowed his neck with reverence down,
Low as an Ass to lick a Lock of Hay.
Looking the frighten'd Verger through and through,
All with his eye-glass, "Well, Sir, who are *you?*
What, what, Sir? hey, Sir?" deign'd the King to say.

"I am the Verger here, most mighty King:
In this Cathedral I do *every* thing;
Sweep it, an't please ye, Sir, and keep it clean."—
"Hey? Verger, Verger? you the Verger? hey?"—
"Yes, please your glorious Majesty, I *be*,"
The Verger answer'd, with the mildest mien.

Then turn'd the King about towards the Peer,
And wink'd, and laugh'd; then whisper'd in his ear,
"Hey, hey? what, what? fine fellow, 'pon my word:
I'll *knight* him, knight him, knight him; hey, my Lord?"
Then with his glass, as hard as eye could strain,
He kenn'd the trembling Verger o'er again.

* The Reader will be pleased to observe, that the Verger, of *all* the Sons of the Church, was the *only* one intrusted with the Royal intention.

" He's a poor *Verger*, Sire," his Lordship cried;
" Sixpence would *handsomely* requite him."—
" Poor Verger, Verger, hey?" the King replied:
" No, no, then, we won't knight him; no, won't knight him."

Now to the lofty Roof the King did raise
His glass, and skipp'd it o'er with sounds of praise;
For thus his marveling Majesty did speak:
" Fine Roof this, master Verger, quite complete;
High, high and lofty too, and clean and neat.
What, Verger, what? *mop*, *mop* it once a week?"—

" An't please your Majesty," with marveling chops
The Verger answer'd, " we have got no Mops
In Salisbury that will reach so high.'—
" Not mop; no, no, not mop it?" quoth the King.—
" No, Sir, our Salisbury Mops do no such thing:
They might as well pretend to scrub the *sky*."

MORAL.

This little Anecdote doth plainly show,
That ignorance a King too often lurches;
For, hid from art, Lord! how should Monarchs know
The *natural history* of *mops* and *churches?*

STORY THE SECOND.

From Salisbury Church to Wilton House, so grand,
Return'd the mighty Ruler of the Land.
" My Lord, you've got fine Statues," said the King.—
" A few, beneath your Royal notice, Sir,"
Replied Lord Pembroke.—" Stir, my Lord, stir, stir;
Let's see them all, all, all, all, every thing.

" Who's this? who's this? who's this fine fellow here?"—
" Sesostris," bowing low, replied the Peer.—
" *Sir Sostris*, hey? *Sir Sostris*? 'pon my word!
Knight or a Baronet, my Lord?
One of *my making?* what, my Lord? *my making?*"—
This, with a vengeance, was mistaking!

" *Se*sostris, Sire," *so soft*, the Peer replied;
" A famous King of Egypt, Sir, of old."—
" Poh, poh!" th' *instructed* Monarch snappish cried,
" I need not *that*, I need not *that*, be told.

" Pray, pray, my Lord, who's that big fellow there?"—
" 'Tis Hercules," replies the *shrinking* Peer.—

" Strong fellow, hey, my Lord? strong fellow, hey?
Clean'd stables; crack'd a Lion like a Flea;
Kill'd Snakes, great Snakes, that in a cradle found him.—
The Queen, Queen's coming: wrap an *apron* round him."

Our Moral is not merely Water-gruel.
It shows that Curiosity's a Jewel:
It shows with Kings that Ignorance *may* dwell:
It shows that Subjects must not give opinions
To People reigning over wide dominions,
As *information* to *great folk* is *hell*:—

It shows that Decency *may* live with Kings,
On whom the bold *virtu*-men turn their backs;
And shows (for numerous are the naked things),
That *saucy* Statues should be lodged in *sacks*.

ADDRESS TO MY BOOK.

AN ELEGY.

CHILD of my Love, go forth, and try thy fate;
Few are thy friends, and manifold thy foes:
Whether or long or short will be thy date,
Futurity's dark volume only knows.

Much criticism, alas! will be thy lot;
Severe thine ordeal, I am sore afraid.
Some Judges will condemn, and others not:
Some call thy form substantial; others, shade.

Yes, Child, by multitudes wilt thou be tried:
Wise men, and Fools, thy merits will examine.
Those, through much prudence may thy *virtues* hide;
These, through vile rancour, or the dread of famine.

Proved will it be indeed (to make thee shrink),
What metal Nature in thy mass did knead:
A melting process* will be used, I think;
That is to say, large quantities of *lead.*

* Called *eliquation.*

By some indeed will Nitre's fuming spirit
Be o'er thy form so *sweet*, so *tender*, thrown:
Perchance a Master-hand may try thy merit;
Perchance, an imp by Folly only known.

Now, now I fancy thee a timid Hare,
Started for Beagles, Hounds, and Curs, to chase:
A Mongrel Dog may snap thee up unfair;
For Spite and Hunger have but little grace.

Long are thy legs (I know), and stout for running;
And many a trick hast thou within thy brain:
But Guns and Greyhounds are too much for Cunning,
Join'd to the ravenous Pack of Thomas Paine.

And now a Lamb:—What devils now-a-days
The butchering Shop of Criticism employs!
Each beardless villain now cuts up, and flays;
A gang of wanton, brutal, Prentice-boys.

Ah me, how hard to reach the dome of Fame!
Knock'd down before she gets half-way, poor Muse!
For many a Lout that cannot gain a name,
Rebus and Riddle-maker, now *reviews*.

Poor jealous Eunuchs in the Land of Taste,
Too *weak* to reap a harvest of fair praise:
Malicious, lo! they lay the region waste;
Fire all they can, and triumph o'er the blaze.

Too oft, with talents blest, the cruel few
Fix on poor Merit's throat, to stop her breath:
How like the beauteous Fruit, that turns of Dew
The Life ambrosial into Drops of Death*!

Sweet Babe! to Weymouth shouldst thou find thy way,
The King, with curiosity so wild,
May on a sudden send for thee, and say,
"See, Charly, Peter's child! fine child, fine child!

"Ring, ring for Schwellenberg; ring, Charly, ring:
Show it to Schwellenberg; show, show it, show it.
She'll say, *Got dem de saucy stoopid ting:*
I hate more worse as Hell what come from Poet."—

Yet will some Courtiers all at once be glad:
Leeds, Hawkesbury, Salisbury, Brudenell, will *rejoice;*
Forget how oft thy Brothers made them mad,
And *echo* through the Realm the Royal Voice.

* The mortifying powers of Dew or Rain falling from the Manchineel-tree, are universally known.

And then for *me* his Majesty may send
(Making *some people* grumble in their gizzards):
With Drake's new place, perchance, thy Sire befriend;
First Fly-catcher to good Queen Charlotte's Lizards*.

* The story of the Lizards is as follows:—At a Board of Green Cloth lately, which assembled, as usual, with due *decorum*, to deliberate on the *species* of *food* proper to be given to the *lions* at Buckingham-house, the solemnity of the meeting was interrupted by the sudden Gothic irruption, and self-introduction, of a Servant of Sir Francis Drake, one of the *honourable* Board; which Servant, a true Devonshire Dumplin, opening an ell-wide pair of jaws, exclaimed thus: "Zur Vrancis, I'm a zent to ax if yow've a cort enny more vlees. Have ye cort enny, Zur Vrancis?" The Baronet hemmed, winked, nodded, knitted his brows, stared, shrugged up his shoulders, blew his nose, bit his lips, at poor Numps; but all the face-making hints were thrown away.—"Why, Zur Vrancis, I zay," continued Numps, "Madam Zwellingburg wanth to know if yow've a nabb'd enny more *vlees?*" The Board stood amazed: Sir Francis *blushed*, for the *first* time. At length, recovering from his confusion, and bidding the fellow, in an angry tone, go about his business, he very candidly informed the Board, that her Majesty had lately received a present of Lizards; that she had ordered Mistress Schwellenberg to catch *flies* for them; but that, to oblige Mistress Schwellenberg, who kindly invited him to dine with her three or four times a week, he promised to assist her in her fly-hunt:—in short, to be her *deputy* Fly-catcher; and not *first* Fly-catcher, as the Elegy erroneously proclaimeth.

MORE MONEY!

OR

ODES OF INSTRUCTION

TO

MR. PITT:

WITH

A VARIETY OF OTHER CHOICE MATTERS.

—*Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,*
Auri sacra fames? VIRGIL.

O GOLD, thou precious fascinating evil!
Say, with what soul hast thou not play'd the devil?

Flectere si nequeo Superos, Acheronta movebo.
VIRGIL.

Go to *the House;* beg, threaten, nay, compel for't:
We must have Money, though we shake all Hell for't.

READER,

THE rumour of an intended and speedy Application to Parliament for *more money* for the King, gave birth to the following Odes. Though by no means an advocate for Mr. Paine's violent system of Revolution, I am too much the Poet of the People, not to sing for a *reformation.*— To the Odes is subjoined a sort of make-weight Poetry. As the Pieces are alluded to in the Odes, I deemed it not amiss to publish them. To be sure, they add to the *price* as well as the *bulk* of the Pamphlet; but as I still profess myself free from political corruption, notwithstanding a wicked report to the contrary (for *great poets,* as well as *great kings,* may be traduced), I flatter myself that thou wilt be proud of the opportunity of paying a small tribute to *public virtue.*

P. P.

MORE MONEY!

OR

ODES TO MR. PITT.

ODE I.

More Money wanted! 'Tis a brazen lie:
'Tis Opposition's disappointed cry;
A poison'd shaft to wound the Best of Kings.
More Money! 'Tis a poor invented story,
To cloud with dire disgrace the King of Glory;
Damn'd Shears to clip his Fame's exalted Wings.

More Money! 'Tis a little dirty tale,
To sink of Popularity the gale
That wafts the name of George to utmost earth;
A Snake that should be strangled in its birth.

More Money! 'Tis a party-trick so mean,
To make us sick of our *good* King and Queen.
We have *no more* to give; a truce to grants,
That make the State a Field devour'd by Wants*:

* Another name for a Mole.

The Rust that eats the Cannon; the rank Weed
That dares the Vessel's course sublime impede;
The Worm that gnaws its native Keel, th' ingrate,
And opes the World of Waters for its fate;
A spreading Cancer that demands the knife,
That Wolf-like preys upon the Nation's life.

More Money! What a sound! the solemn bell
That tolls the Constitution's Knell.

Clap a hot iron on the *patriot* tongues,
For loading *spotless* Majesty with *wrongs:*
Nay, tear those tongues, th' offenders, from their holes;
Foul Pumps, that pour the Froth from poison'd souls.
The Monarch *scorns* to ask a penny more:
Tax'd to the eyes, his *groans* the State deplore.
Away then Defamation's baleful breath,
That blows on Virtue's Bud the Blight of Death!

Yet *should* it happen that the Best of Kings
Should whisper to his Minister *strange things,*
And bid thee Money ask, the tempting curse;
Then *firmly* thou, the Nation's Steward, say
(With *reverence* due to Royalty, I pray),
" Dread Sir, have mercy on your People's Purse.

" O King, your *calculations* have *misled ye:*
Millions on Millions you have had *already.*

Oh! let Discretion from the Virtue Band
Be call'd to Court, to take you by the hand*.

" You really do not know how rich you are:
Your Wealth so wondrous makes your Subjects stare,
Squeezed from great cities, towns, and hovels.
Hawkesbury and Coutts can show *such* Heaps of Treasure;
Such Loads of Guineas for the Royal pleasure,
Heaved into iron chests with shovels!
Then how can Majesty be *poor?*
Your Coffers, Sir, are running o'er."

ODE II.

Say to the King (but with profound respect,
For who would manners unto Kings neglect?),
" Dread Sir, to Hospitals you *little* grant,
Your magic *name* supplying every want:
And then, how seldom 'tis you give a Treat!
And then your mutton, veal, and beef, you kill,
The stomachs of your favour'd few to fill;
And Butchers swear 'tis very pretty meat.

* This is fruitless advice, I fear. The Passions are too powerful for the *gentle* Virtues. See my *beautiful* Address to those Ladies, in this Work.

" And lo, you kill your own delightful Lambs,
And beat old Bakewell* in the breed of Rams,
And never wish to keep a thing for *finery:*
Thus are *parterres* of Richmond and of Kew
Dug up for Bull and Cow and Ram and Ewe;
And Windsor Park, so glorious, made a Swinery.

" And lo, your Dairy thriving, let me say;
As not one drop of milk is *given away:*
So says your little Dairy-maid so sweet,
Whose beauties many a smile so gracious meet;
And, smiling like the blooming May,
Who shows the *milk-score* every day.—
How then can Majesty be *poor?*
Your Chests, Sir, must be running o'er.

" Your Oratorios, that expenses bred,
And Duke of Cumberland so *dear*, are dead†,
That gave *('tis said)* your Majesty much pain.
The Nation kindly paid your Doctors' Bills,
I mean the Willises, for toil and pills,
That brought you to your *wisdom*, Sire, *again.*
Then how can Majesty be *poor?*
Your Coffers must be running o'er.

* We have more reverence than to say, a *brother*-grazier of the North.

† By the death of the Duke, a large annual income reverted to his Majesty.

" Cabbage and Carrot without end,
The Windsor Gardeners daily send;
Proud that *their* vegetables load the board
Of Britain's high and mighty Lord*.

" Of this, their glad Posterity shall boast;
For such an *honour* never should be lost.
Thus shall they cry in triumph to their Neighbours,
' Crown'd were our great, great, great, Forefathers' labours;
Whose praise through Fame's long trumpet ever rings,
For *giving* Cabbages to Kings.'

" *Presents* of every sort of thing are made,
Without the slightest *danger* of *offending*,
Either from Gentlemen, or Men in Trade;
Your Majesties are both so *condescending*:
Folks for *acceptance* never *beg* and *pray*;
For *presents* never yet were *turn'd away*.

" People meet much *encouragement* indeed,
For sending *rarities* and *pretty things*;
Although such rarities you *do not need*:
Such is the sweet *humility* of Kings.
Then how can Majesty be *poor*?
Your Coffers must be running o'er.

* *Not now.* See the Progress of Admiration, page 521.

" Card-entertainment 'tis you chiefly give,
By which the Chandlers scarce can live:
For, soon as e'er you leave the little rout,
The Candles are immediately *blown out;*
So quickly seized on by some Candle-shark,
Ladies and Gentlemen are in the dark*.
Where what has happen'd, Heaven alone can tell;
As Darkness oft turns Pimp t' *undo* a *belle*."

ODE III.

SAY to thy King (but, as I've said before,
With due respect), " By God, you can't be poor.

" Sometimes a little Concert is *made up*,
Where nought is given to eat or sup;
Where Music makes an economic pother:
Where, with a solitary tweedle-tweedle,
A pretty melancholy Fiddle
Squeaks at the absence of his little Brother;
Whose presence would be much enjoy'd,
But *costs too much* to be employ'd:—

* At the breaking up of a Royal Card-party, this is constantly done: the poor Maids of Honour, and the Gentlemen, may grope their way how they can.

" Where Fischer's Instrument (a frugal choice)
Serves both for hautboys and for voice;
As Billington and Mara to the King,
And that perverse Storace, would not sing*.

" Lo! by *some woman's* order (fie upon her!),
The pretty, harmless, modest, Maids of Honour,
Are forced to furnish for their beds the Sheet;
The Pillow-cases too, says Fame,
By order of *some* high-commanding Dame,
To whose sweet soul economy is sweet.

" Dear Maids of Honour, what a sin of sins,
That Britain can't accommodate your skins!

" Poor Generosity is sadly lamed;
And yet the noble beast was ne'er rode hard:
Pale cold Economy seems quite ashamed,
Who never plays an idle card:
Nay, Avarice, her mother, with surprise
Turns up the whites so sad of both her eyes.

* When Monsieur Nicolai, his Majesty's *first* Favourite, *first* Fiddle, and *first* News-monger, went with his Majesty's *commands* to Madame Storace, to assist at a *sort* of a Concert at Buckingham-house, the Songstress, smiling on him with the most ineffable contempt, asked him, " What, Nicolai, I am to sing at the *old price*, I suppose?" meaning *nothing*: " my *compliments* to your Master and Mistress, and tell them I am *better engaged*."

" To Wit you nothing give, to Learning nought:
Lo, in his garret Mathématics pines,
Where, hungry after bread and cheese and thought,
He forms with Brother-spiders useless lines.

" Th' expense of New-year's Ode is felt no more;
Thus is that needless, tuneless hubbub o'er:
All praise must centre in the Birth-day Song.
The Virtues must be lump'd together, yes;
And *then* (if *Subjects* may *presume* to *guess)*
The Laureat need *not* make it *very long.*

" A *load* of Praise is nauseous stuff.
Sire, don't you think, at times, *one line* enough?
What's christen'd Merit, often wants a crutch:
Thus then a *single line* may be *too much.*

" In vain the First of Poets tunes his pipe;
His whistle ne'er squeezed sixpence from your gripe:
Vain all Epistles, vain his heavenly Odes.
No, no: poor Peter may his strain prolong;
The devil a farthing will reward *his* Song,
The Song that should have celebrated Gods.

" In vain for Royal Patronage he sigh'd;
In vain (some say) the modest Bard applied,

To gain his Book your patronizing name:
And if this Bard, whom all the Nine inspire,
Instead of generous Oil to feed his fire,
Finds cold cold Water flung upon his flame;
If *he*, ah! vainly sighs for Dedication,
Woe to the *witlings* of the Nation!

" What though uncouth his shape, and dark his face,
Whose breeding Mother might for Charcoal long?
Still may the Bard abound in Verse and Grace;
And Love for Majesty, *divinely* strong.

" Then heed not, Sire, a clumsy Form so fat,
And *sombre* Phiz, Dame Nature's work unkind:
Great Mousing-qualities, with many a Cat
Of perfect Ugliness, a lodging find.

" Observe a fat, black, greasy Lump of Coal:
Lo, to that most ungraceful piece of earth,
A warm and lively Lustre owes its birth;
A Flame, *in this world* pleasant to the soul.

" To shapeless Clouds, that Waggon-like along
Move cumbrous, scowling on the twilight Heaven,
At times, behold, the purest Snows belong!
To such, of Rain the lucid drops are given:

Nay, mid the mass so murky and forlorn,
Behold, the Lightning's vivid beam is born!"—

Say: "Mighty Monarch, modest Merit pines,
Hid like the useless Gem amid the mines.
Your gracious smile, which all the World reveres,
Your wealth, had open'd her pale closing eye;
Which Hope once brighten'd with a spark of joy,
And cruel Disappointment quench'd with tears."

ODE IV.

Then unto Majesty shalt thou repeat
The lines that are to Majesty a *treat*,
Proverbs that economic souls revere;
To wit: "A pin a day's a groat a year:—
A little saving is no sin:—
Near is my shirt, but nearer is my skin:—
A penny saved, a penny got:—
'Tis money makes the old mare trot."—
Then say, "With such *wise counsellors*, I'm sure
No Monarch ever can be *poor*."

Say too, "Great Sir, your Queen is very rich:
Witness the Diamonds lodged in every stitch

Of Madam's Petticoat, of broad effulgence*;
Where flame such Jewels on its ample field,
As only to her *charms* and *virtues* yield;
So very noble, God's and man's indulgence."

Now mayst thou raise thy tone a little higher:
(Not "Squire," for that's impertinent, but) "Sire,"
Firm shalt thou say, "the Realm is not a Wizard;
Quick, with a word, to make the Guineas start,
To please a Monarch's gold-admiring heart:
In short, Britannia grumbles in her gizzard.

"Sire, let me say, the Realm will smell a rat,
And cry, 'Oh oh! I know what you are at:
Is this your cunning, Master Billy Pitt?
What, Master Billy! try to *touch* his Grace,
To keep your most, most honourable place?
Is this your flaming *patriotic* fit?

"'Thick as may be the head of poor John Bull,
The Beast hath got *some* brains within his scull:
A pair of *dangerous horns* too, let me add;
Dare but to make the generous creature mad.'"

* This famous Petticoat affordeth a pleasant history; one part of which is, that it was watched *all night* by a *certain* Great Man, on a particular occasion, to prevent its being stolen.

Thus may'st thou decently thy voice exalt,
And add; "Soft fires, O Monarch! make good malt;
The kiln, much forced, may blaze about our ears,
And then may Fate be busy with her shears:
For then, with all his Fame, your daring Squire
May, Rat-like, squeak unpitied in the fire."

Proclaim that Reputation is a Jewel;
And Life, without it, merely Water-gruel.
Say that a King who seeks a deathless name,
Turns not to *newspapers* to find a Fame;
Where paragraphs (a ministerial job)
Report the half-crown Howlings of a Mob.

Inform the Monarch, "When he goes to *heaven*,
Verse to his parting Spirit may be given;
Even Peter's Verse, for which a thousand sigh:
Verse which the Poet even to Brutes can give,
To bid their lucky names immortal live*;
Yet to a King the sacred gift deny."

Say, "Sire, we've crippled the poor People's backs;
Dread Sir, they are most miserable Hacks:

* This is literally true. I, the Lyric Peter, assert that I have written a most beautiful Elegy to an old Friend, a dying Ass, with more *feeling* than I could compliment the deaths of half the Kings in Christendom with.

How 'tis they bear it all, is my surprise.
I cannot catch another Tax indeed,
With all *your* fox-hounds' noses, and *my* speed;
Your humble Greyhound though all teeth and eyes.

"The State, Sir, you will candidly allow,
Has been t'ye a most excellent Milch-cow;
For you, ah! many a bucket has been fill'd:
But trust me, Sir, the Cow must not be *kill'd*.

"So numerous are your wants, and *they* so keen,
That verily a Hundred Thousand Pounds
Seem just as in a Bullock's Mouth a Bean;
A Pound of Butter midst a Pack of Hounds.
Have mercy on us, Sir; you can't be *poor:*
Your Coffers really must be running o'er."

Say, "Sire, your *wisdom* is *prodigious* great;
Then do not put your Servant in a sweat:
He hates snap-dragon; 'tis a game of danger.
The sound, 'More Money,' the whole Realm appals;
Still, still it vibrates on Saint Stephen's walls:
Our Beast, the Public, soon must eat the manger."

Say, "Good my Liege, indeed there's no more Hay;
Kind-hearted King, indeed there's no more Corn:
Our hack, Old England, sadly falls away;
Lean as old Rosinante, and forlorn."

Say, "Sire, your Parliament I dare not meet;
For verily I've *some* remains of grace:
If forced with Money-messages to greet,
Your Majesty must lend me Hawkesbury's face*.

"I know what Parliament will say, so mad:
'More money, Master Billy! very fine!
The *impudence* of Highwaymen, my lad,
By God, is *perfect modesty* to *thine*.'

"Sire, sire, the moment that I mention Money,
I'm sure the answer will be, Ninny nonny."

* The cry of "More money! more money!" brings to recollection a little Dialogue among the many that happened between the King of the Mosquitoes and Myself, in the Government-house at Jamaica, during the administration of the late Sir William Trelawny. His Majesty was a very stout black man, exceedingly ignorant, nevertheless possessed of the *sublimest* ideas of Royalty; very riotous, and grievously inclined to get drunk. He came to me one day, with a voice more like that of a Bullock than a King, roaring, "Mo Drink for King! mo Drink for King!"

P. P.

King, you are drunk already.

KING.

No, no: King no drunk; King no drunk. Mo Drink for King! Broder George love Drink (meaning the King of England).

P. P.

Broder George does not love Drink: he is a sober man.

KING.

But King of Mosquito love Drink. Me will have mo Drink. Me love Drink like Devil. Me drink whole Ocean.

ODE V.

Now, Pitt, put forth a small *prophetic* sound:
Say, "Kings should keep their State, but not be rich."
Yes, say, "They never should with Wealth abound,
As Money might the Royal mind *bewitch*."

Say, "Gambling Monarchs *possibly* may spring,
And Stocks be at the mercy of a King:
And if for Boroughs sigh their *great* affections,
Rare business for the Devil at Elections!
A Monarch offering *his own heads* and notes;
A King and Cobler quarrelling for Votes!"

Then lift thine head, and also lift thine eyes,
And, drawing of thy mouth the corners down,
Exclaim (as stricken with a deep surprise),
"Not that I think a Man who wears a Crown
Would act so meanly, Sir, or *ever did:*
No; God forbid, dread Sovereign; God forbid!"

Such are my counsels, Pitt.—Thy King, perchance,
May smiling hear thee Oracles advance;

And, *pitying* thee for hinting *reformation*
To *such* a King of *such* a Nation,

May stun thee with two Proverbs all so pat:—
" What, what, Pitt? play a Jig to an old Cat?
What, preach, what, preach to *me* on *money*-wit!
Old Foxes want no Tutors, Billy Pitt."*

* *Reformation* is a most difficult and dangerous subject. Hazarding a *critique* on the Work of a very eminent Artist some years ago, what was the consequence? See the following Ode.

AN ACADEMIC ODE.

[This Ode was written some years since, and was mislaid; but is *fortunately* recovered. It hinteth at the universal Rage for Reputation, and attacketh Painters who pitifully wince at the gently-reforming Touch of Criticism.]

Alas! who has not fondness for a Name?
Lo, Nature wove it in our infant frame!
From ear-*delighters*, down to ear-*confounders*,
Each vainly fancies he possesses killing tones;
Even from the Maras and the Billingtons,
Down to the wide-mouth'd Rascals crying Flounders:—

Nay, proud too of that instrument the Rattle,
That draws the hobbling brotherhood to battle,
The Watchmen deem their merits no way small,
Proud of a loud, clear, melancholy bawl.

Yes, yes; much vanity's in human nature:
Like Mad Dogs, that abhor the Water,
The Painters hate to hear their Faults display'd;
And though I sing them in the Best of Rhymes,
Such are the reformation-cursing times,
The foolish fellows really wish me dead.

Now this is great depravity, I fear:
My Tale too proveth it, as noon-day clear.

THE TALE OF VAN TRUMP.

Mynheer Van Trump, who painteth very well,
Flamed at my gentle Criticisms like Hell.
"Poor vretch!" cried Trump: "I'm much dat rogue's
superiors:
Ven he, poor lousy dog, be ded an rot,
Van Trump by peepels vil not be forgot,
But lif in all de mouths of my Posteriors."—
Meaning indeed by this severity,
His name would live to all *posterity*.

Upon a day, some goodly folks and fine
Arrived, to barter Praise for Beef and Wine:
Academicians were the wights, I trow;
The very men to dine with *Van* and *Vrow*.

To Madame Trump did fall the carving-work:
So, sticking in a fowl's sweet breast her fork,
"I vish this fork," quoth angry Madame Trump,
Wriggling from side to side her angry rump,
"Vere now as deep in Peter Pindar's heart."—
"Vell zed; dat's clever: Jantelmans, dat's vit,"
Quoth Van: "spake it vonce more, my Dear, a bit.
Now don't you tink, Sirs, dat my Vrow's dam smart?

" Now, Jantelmans, I ax you if you please,"
Roar'd Van, up-starting, catching fire like Tinder,
" Vill drenk von dam goot bumper pon our knees :
Come, Sirs; Damnation to dat Peter Pindar."—
Plump down the great Academicians fell,
And hearty drank th' *immortal* Bard to Hell !——

Such, I'm ashamed to say, 's the devilish mind
Contaminating poor Mankind.

Here too a little Moral may be seen :—
Reformers are good folks the Million hate ;
And who, if hang'd, or shot, or burnt, I ween,
Repentant, find their folly out *too late.*

[The following Elegy was written on the Royal Scheme of *fattening* Cattle solely on *Horse-Chesnuts*, which (had it succeeded) must have been attended with *prodigious savings*. The Bullocks tried what they could do; but were forced to give up the *point*, and nearly the *ghost*.]

THE ROYAL BULLOCKS,

A CONSOLATORY AND PASTORAL ELEGY.

Ye horn'd Inhabitants of Windsor Park,
Where reign'd sweet Hospitality of yore,
Why are you not as merry as the Lark?
Why is it that so dismally you roar?

Ah me! I guess the cause. Our *glorious* King
Would *fatten* Cattle in the *cheapest* way.
It is, it is, Horse-chesnuts: that's the thing
Which gives each face the Cloud of dire Dismay.

Say, do the prickles stab each gentle beard?
You wish t' *oblige* the King: but, ah! with pain
You turn them round and round, to bite *afeard*;
And, faintly mumbling, drop them out again.

Fain would I comfort you with better meat;
God knows, I pity every plaintive tone.
Gladly your gums with Turnips would I greet,
And give the fragrant Hay to sooth each groan.

Say, are the Nuts too solid to be chew'd?
Of want of Nut-crackers do you complain?—
You make up awkward mouths upon your food;
But plaint of every sort is pour'd in vain.

Condemn'd on such hard fare to sup and dine,
And often by its stubborn nature foil'd,
Perhaps you wish it *roasted*, gentle Kine;
Or probably you wish it *stew'd* or *boil'd*.

But *coals* cost *money*; labour must be saved:
Know, this would prove a great expense indeed.
Ah, Kine! by such economy close-shaved,
Your Bellies grumble, and your Mouths must bleed.

Your Leanness mortifies the King of Nations;
Displeased, he *wonders* that you *won't* grow fat:
Your high Back-bones employ his speculations;
Much your poor Bellies exercise his chat.

The Man whose lofty head *adorns* a Crown,
That stoutly *studies* Bullocks, Pigs, and Books,
Wants much to see you knock'd by Butchers down,
And hung in fair array upon their hooks.

Yet, murmuring Creatures, life is vastly sweet;
For life, were I a Bullock, I should sigh:
Much rather make a sacrifice to meat;
Live on Horse-chesnuts, than on Turnips *die*.

A MORAL REFLECTION

ON THE PRECEDING ELEGY.

How can the eye, in Nature's softness drest,
So harden'd, see the different tribes around;
Behold the grazing Cattle all so blest,
And Lambkins mingling sport with sweetest sound;

Then glistening, in a strain of triumph cry,
"Your throats, young Gentlefolks, will soon be cut:
You, sweet Miss Lamb, most speedily shall die;
Soon on the spit you, Master Calf, be put!"

How can the tongue, amid the mingled noise
Of Goose, Duck, Turkey, Pigeon, Cock, and Hen,
Exclaim, "Aye, aye, good Fowls, your cackling joys
Soon cease, to fill with mirth the mouths of men?"

I cannot meet the Lambkin's asking eye,
Pat her soft neck, and fill her mouth with food,
Then say, "Ere evening cometh, thou shalt die,
And drench the knives of Butchers with thy blood."

I cannot fling with liberal hand the grain,
And tell the feather'd race so blest around,
"For me, ere night, you feel of death the pain;
With broken necks you flutter on the ground."

How vile! "Go, Creatures of th' Almighty's Hand;
Enjoy the fruits that bounteous Nature yields;
Graze at your ease along the sunny land,
Skim the free air, and search the fruitful fields.

"Go, and be happy in your mutual loves;
No violence shall shake your shelter'd home:
'Tis life and liberty shall glad my groves;
The cry of Murder shall not damn my dome."

Thus should I say, were mine a house and land:
And lo, to me a parent should you fly;
And run and lick, and peck with love, my hand,
And crowd around me with a fearless eye.

And you, O wild Inhabitants of Air,
To bless, and to be blest, at Peter's call,
Invited by his kindness, should repair;
Chirp on his roof, and hop amidst his hall.

No School-boy's hand should dare your nests invade,
And bear to close captivity your young:
Pleased would I see them fluttering from the shade,
And to my window call the Sons of Song.

And you, O Natives of the Flood, should play
Unhurt amid your crystal realms, and sleep:
No Hook should tear you from your loves away;
No Net surrounding form its fatal sweep.

Pleased should I gaze upon your gliding throng,
To sport invited by the summer beam;
Now moving in most solemn march along;
Now darting, leaping, from the dimpled stream.

How far more grateful to the soul the joy,
Thus cheerful, like a set of Friends, to treat ye,
Than, like the bloated Epicure, to cry,
"Zounds, what rare dinners! Gods, how I could eat ye!"

ELEGY

ON

MY DYING ASS, PETER.

FRIEND of my youthful days, for ever past,
When Whim and harmless Folly ruled the hour;
Ah! art thou stretch'd amid the straw at last?
These eyes with tears thy dying looks devour.

Blest, would I soften thy hard bed of death,
And with new floods the fount of life supply.
O Peter! blest would I prolong thy breath,
Renew each nerve, and cheer thy beamless eye.

But wherefore wish? Thy lot is that of all:
Thy Friend who mourns, must yield to Nature's law;
Like thee must sink, and o'er each darkening ball
Will Death's cold hand th' eternal curtain draw.

Piteous thou liftest up thy feeble head,
And mark'st me dimly, with a dumb adieu;
And thus amid thy hopeless looks I read:
"Faint is thy Servant, and his moments few.

" With thee no longer, blest, the lanes I tread:
Those times so happy, are for ever o'er.
Ah! why should Fate so cruel cut our thread,
And part a friendship that must meet no more?

" Oh! when these lids shall close (the will of Fate),
Oh! let in peace these aged limbs be laid
Mid that loved field which saw us oft of late,
Beneath our favourite Willow's ample shade.

" And if my Master chance to wander nigh,
Beside the spot where Peter's bones repose;
Oh! let your Servant claim one little sigh:
Grant this; and, blest, these eyes for ever close."—

Yes, thou poor Spirit, yes; *thy* wish is *mine:*
Yes, be thy Grave beneath the Willow's gloom.
There shall the sod, the greenest sod, be thine;
And there the brightest flower of Spring shall bloom.

Oft to the field as Health my footstep draws,
Thy turf shall surely catch thy Master's eye;
There on thy Sleep of Death shall friendship pause,
Dwell on past days, and leave thee with a sigh.

Sweet is remembrance of our youthful hours,
When Innocence upon our actions smiled.—
What though Ambition scorn'd our humble pow'rs,
Thou a wild Cub, and I a Cub as wild?

Pleased will I tell how oft we used to roam;
How oft we wander'd at the peep of Morn;
Till Night would wrap the World in spectred gloom,
And Silence listen'd to the Beetle's horn.

Thy victories will I recount with joy,
The various trophies by thy fleetness won;
And boast that I, thy Playfellow, a boy,
Beheld the feats by *namesake* Peter done.

Yes, yes, (for Grief must yield at times to Glee,)
Amid my Friends I oft will tell our tale;
When lo, those Friends will rush thy sod to see,
And call the peaceful region, Peter's Vale.

THE

PROGRESS OF ADMIRATION,

OR

THE WINDSOR GARDENERS.

When first their Majesties to Windsor went,
Lo, almost every mouth was rent—
With what? with gaping on the Royal Pair:
Indeed from east, and west, and north, and south,
Arrived large cargoes both of Eye and Mouth,
To feast on Majesty their gape and stare.

Not Punch, the mighty Punch, the Prince of Joke,
E'er brought together such a herd of folk.

Among the thousands full of admiration,
Appeared fair Windsor's Gardening-nation,
Blazing with Loyalty's bright torches:
They humbly came their Majesties to greet,
Begging their Majesties to come and treat,
On every sort of fruit, their grand *alforches.*—
The Couple smiled assent, and *ask'd no questions;*
Resolved to gratify their *great* digestions.

Forth went his Majesty, so *condescending;*
Forth went our gracious Queen, the Fruits commending;
Munching away at a *majestic* rate.
The Gardeners saw themselves bespread with *glory:*
Told unto all the Ale-houses the story;
Which houses did *again* the tale relate.

Yes, they were all so pleased that their *poor things*
Should find such *favour* in the Mouths of Kings;
So happy at the sudden turn of fate,
As though they all had found a great Estate.

With awe so stricken, were the Gardeners mute:
So sharp they eyed them as they ate *their* Fruit;
Marvelling to find that such as wear a Crown
Had actions very much *like theirs* in eating;
And that they moved, when Pines and Nectarines greeting,
Their jaws, like other people, *up and down;*
And that, like other folks, they ate a deal,
Making (that is to say) a Plowman's meal.

And now the Gardeners, all so glorious, wanted
To send to Majesty rare things: 'twas *granted;*
Both horse and foot *so* labour'd to embark it!

So much indeed unto their Graces came,
In consequence of this most loyal flame,
The Palace look'd like Covent-garden Market.

And lo, their Majesties went forth each day,
Their *compliments* to dainty Fruits to pay:
The Gardeners met them with best looks and bows;
And then the Royal reputation raised;
The vegetable wisdom highly praised
Of George the Glorious, and his glorious Spouse.

They told of Windsor Town the gaping throng,
What *taste* did unto Majesty belong;
As, how they pick'd the *best:* strange to relate too.
As how their eyes were of such *lofty* stature,
Fill'd with so much *sublimity* their nature,
They look'd not on an *onion* or *potatoe:*
Which show'd a noble *patronizing* spirit,
And proved that even in Fruit they favour'd *merit.*—

Reader, prepare to drop thy jaw with wonder;
Prepare thee now to hear a Sound like Thunder.
The Gardeners, lo, with Majesty grew *tired!*
No more their *gracious* Visitors desired!
In short, when Monarchs did themselves display,
The Gardeners, *bonâ fide, ran away;*

Finding a sort of *vacuum* 'mong their Fruit,
That did not much their scheme of *thriving* suit.

For Majesty *gives* nought to Subjects, mind;
Honour *and* Money, would be much *too kind;*
The Royal Smile, *and* Guineas' glorious rays,
Like Semele, would kill them with the blaze*.

They now began exalted birth to *smoke,*
And fancy Monarchs much like *common folk;*
Therefore no more, when Majesties were coming,
Whistling and laughing, smiling, singing, humming,
They gaped, and, blessing their too happy eyes,
Leap'd at their presence, just like Fish at Flies.

Thus did those fellows run from Queen and King:
Which shows the *changeful* folly of Mankind;
By growing tired and sick of a *good thing,*
To actual *happinesses* blind.

For what in this our earthly World can spring,
That's equal to a glorious King?
What in this World of Wonders can be seen,
That's equal to a charming Queen?

* The story of Semele, not being known to every one, is this:—The young Lady, ambitious of enjoying Jupiter in all his glory, perished amidst the sublime effulgence of the God.

To fancy otherwise, alas, what sin it is!
From such profane opinion how I shrink!—
There must be *something great;* for *they too* think
They're Gods, or Cousins of Divinities.

No more (the dogs!) the Gardeners ponder'd how
To say fine words, and make a pretty bow;
No more they felt a choaking in the throat:
No more look'd up and down, and wink'd askew
(Poor souls!), and, silly, wist not what to do,
When with such *awe* the Royal Visage smote.

No, no; the scene was most completely *alter'd:*
No longer, like some stupid Jack-ass halter'd
Beside a Miller's door, or gate, or post,
In seeming meditation lost,
To Majesty were drawn their heads so thick:
No, they were *off;* all admiration-sick.

Such is sad *repetition,* O ye Gods!
And this *may* really happen to my Odes.

Men of huge titles and exalted places,
Should at a *distance* commonly be seen;
Eyes should not be familiar with their faces:
Then, Wonder goes a courting to each mien.

Lo, Novelty's a Barber's Strap or Hone,
That keenness to the Razor Passions gives:
Use weareth out this Barber's Strap or Stone;
Thus 'tis by novelty enjoyment lives.—

In Love, a sweet example let us seek:
I have it, Cynthia's soft luxuriant Neck.
Fix'd on the charm, how pleased the eye can dwell!
How sighs the hand, within the gauze to creep,
Mouse-like, and on the snowy Hills to sleep,
Raised by the most delicious swell;
Like Gulls, those birds that rise, and now subside,
Borne on the bosom of the silver tide!

But let the breast be *common*, all's undone;
Wishes, and sighs, and longings, all are gone:
Away the hurrying palpitations fly;
Desire lies dead upon the gazeless eye.
Sunk into Insipidity is Rapture.—
Thus finisheth of Love the simple Chapter.

This is a pretty lesson, though not new;
A lesson fit for Gentile or for Jew.
For Love, the cooing, sweet, persuasive Pigeon,
Gains all the Globe indeed to his religion:

Throughout the World his humble Votaries pray,
And worship him exactly the *same way*.

Other Religions *kill*, are torn by strife:
Love *kisses*; and, what's *sweeter* still, *gives life*.

ADDRESS TO THE VIRTUES,

AN ODE.

Ah, Virtues! you are pretty-looking creatures;
But then so meek and feeble in your natures!—
Thou charming Chastity now, *par exemple*,
Who guard'st the luscious lip, and snowy breast,
And all that maketh wishing Shepherds blest,
Forbidding thieves on sacred ground to trample:—

Appear but Love, the savage, all is lost;
Faint, trembling, blushing, thou givest up the ghost:
Lo, there's an end of all thy mincing care!
The field so guarded, in the Tyrant's power;
Each fence torn down, despoil'd each *mossy bower*,
All, all is rudely plunder'd, and laid bare.

Virtues, you *blunder'd* on *our* World, I fear,
Design'd for some more *gentle* Sphere,
Where the wild Passions storm ye not, nor tease ye;
Where every Animal's a *mild* Marchesi.

I know, your parentage and education
(Born in the skies, a lofty habitation)

But for a *perfect* System were intended,
Where people never needed to be *mended.*

How could you think the Passions to withstand;
Those roaring Blades, so out of all command,
Whose slightest touch would pull you all to pieces?
They are Goliahs, *you* but little Misses.
Then pray go home again each pretty dear:
You but *disgrace* yourselves by coming *here.*

THE

PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

A MIGHTY Potentate, of *some* discerning,
Inquisitive indeed, and fond of learning,
From Windsor oft danced down to Eton College,
To make himself a Pincushion of Knowledge;
That is, by gleaning pretty little Scraps
Of Cesar, Alexander, and such chaps.

There would he oft harangue the Master,
On Homer, Virgil, Pindar (my relation),
Fast as a Jack-fly, very often faster:
Now jack-flies have a sweet *acceleration.*

Oft ask'd he questions about ancient Kings:
Natural; because so *like himself*, great things.

He ask'd if Cesar ever did insist,
That, if his Minister would *keep his place*,
That Minister should always have the grace
To mind Deficiencies of Civil List:—

Whether great Cesar ever sent his Sons
(To study all the Classics and great Guns,
And bring of Art and Science home a store)
To Gottingen, his money wisely hoarding;
As Gottingen is *vastly cheap* for boarding
Young Gentlemen whose Parents are *but poor.*

He ask'd if Cesar's soul was fond of knowing
What all the neighbourhood was daily doing;
What went into the pot, or on the spit;
How much in housekeeping they yearly spent;
And if like honest folks they paid their rent,
Or gave of victuals to the poor a bit:—

If Cesar ever to a Brewhouse went,
With Lords and Ladies of his Court so grand;
And hours on hops and hoops and hogsheads spent,
So wise, with some great Whitbread of the land:
And tarried till he did the Brewer tire,
And made the Brewer's Horse and Dog *admire;*
And curious Draymen into hogsheads creeping,
Sly rogues, and through the bung-holes peeping:—

Whether great Cesar was so sly an elf,
As from the very Servants to inquire,
And know much better than the Squire *himself,*
The business of each neighbouring Squire:

As, why the Coachman Jerry went away;
Which of the Drivers, Joan the Cook defiled;
Which of the Footmen with Susanna lay,
And got the charming Chambermaid with child.

He ask'd if Cesar's Servants all
Were, Cat-like, all good mousers, earn'd their wages;
Sought news from street and tavern, bulk and stall,
Like Nicolai, the Prince of Pages;
And whether Cesar, with ferocious looks,
Found a poor *travelling* Louse, and shaved his Cooks:—

If Cesar's Minister gave half-a-crown
To Shoe-blacks, and the Sweepers of the town,
To howl, and swear, and clap him at the Play;
And, when unto the Senate-house he rode,
To spread their ell-wide lantern jaws abroad,
And roar most Bull-like when he came away.

He ask'd if Julius Cesar's wife
Had ever Maids of Honour in her life,
Like any modern *economic* Queen;
And if, of *saving wisdom* full,
The *saving* Empress ever made a rule,
So keen, indeed so very keen,—

That all those honourable Maids
Who wish'd to sleep in *comfortable* Beds,

Should purchase their own Sheets and Pillow-cases,
To treat their gentle backs, and blooming faces:—

Whether great Cesar loved humility,
That is, in *subjects only*, viz. nobility;
And eke the commons, deem'd a vulgar mass,
Form'd by the wisdom of Almighty God
To carry on their backs a *heavenly* load,
Just like a Camel, Elephant, or Ass:—

If Cesar cut up Palaces for Pens,
And unto *butchering* strongly did incline;
Sold geese and turkeys, ducks, and cocks and hens,
And fatten'd cows, and calves, and sheep, and swine;
In rams surpass'd him (of ram-glory full),
Or ever beat him in a bull.

He ask'd if Cesar did not find
Some cunning fellow for a Hind,
Prepared with *strange* accounts to meet him,
And in his pigs and sheep and bullocks cheat him;
And whether Cesar did not slily *watch* him;
And what were Cesar's *traps* to *catch* him:—

If, like Peg Nicholson, on mischief busy,
A Mantua-maker drew a rusty knife,
To cleave the Emperor in twain, the hussy;
Frightening the Emperor out of his life.

He ask'd if Italy was half so blest
As England, in that Prince of Painters, West;
And if there ever lived in Rome's great town
A man who *stole*, like Reynolds, a renown;
A man indeed whose *daubing* brush
Puts Painting, the sweet Damsel, to the blush:
Then ask'd if Cesar ever had the heart
To *give a shilling* to the glorious Art.

He ask'd if Cesar, 'midst his dread campaigns,
Felt bold, whene'er well doused by rushing Rains;
Not caring even a single fig,
Although they spoil'd a bran-new Wig;
Joining the doughty Regiments of Death
On some wild Wimbledon, or huge Blackheath.

He ask'd if Cesar ever stared *abroad*
(Instead of staring, as he ought, at *home*)
For Architects, with trash the land to load,
And raise of gaudy Gingerbread a Dome;
Such as is raised by that rare Swede Sir Will,
The grinning mouth of Ridicule to fill:*—

Whether the curious Cesar sent to Greece,
For Statues costing Heaven knows what apiece;

* The Royal Academy.

Then putting *under ground* a World's rare Boast,
To *entertain* a Toad or Ghost.*——

Such were the Questions, with a thousand more,
He ask'd, to swell of knowledges the store;
That fell like Starlings on the ear, in flocks;
Sure Keys for opening Mother Wisdom's Locks:—

Rare Keys that ope the twilight Vaults of Time;
A thief who, with a sacrilegious pride,
Delighteth something every day to hide,
Sacks full of Prose and sweetly-sounding Rhyme.

* A Cast, and the only one, of the famous Farnese Hercules, having been procured by a considerable expence, as well as trouble, for the benefit of the Students of the Royal Academy, and the admiration of the World in general, is now thrust away into a dark hole; the Building being rather calculated for the support of Butterflies, than *heavy Antiques*. The following short Dialogue was written on the occasion:—

A Dialogue between two Statues, in an upper Room of the Royal Academy.

First Statue.

"What keeps old Hercules *below*,
A fellow of such rare renown?

Second Statue.

"Plague take thee, hold thy tongue; for know,
Should *he* come *up*, *we* all *go down*."

Such Questions, with a manner quite *unique*,
The Monkey Boys to mimic soon began;
And lo, of Mimicry the saucy trick
Like Wildfire through the College ran.
Lord! hinder them!—there could be no such thing:
Thus every little Rascal was a *king*.

This, Fame, who *seldom lessens* sounds, did bear,
With all its horrors, to the Royal ear.
The consequence, the School had cause to rue:
To *schools* the Monarch bade a long adieu;
Of Eton journeys gave th' idea o'er,
And, angry, never mention'd *Cesar* more.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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